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A Home and Colonial Periodical for the General Reader.

VOLUME IX.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1891.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1891.

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER I.

SOMEWHERE in St. James's there must still be a pleasant room with three tall windows looking over the wide street. A long time ago the middle one was the favourite resort of Ginckel Vanhomrigh, who knew a dozen pretty ways of leaning in the embrasure, or lounging on the little iron balcony which then projected from the front of the house. It was summer; there was a clearness, an indefinable cheerfulness about the sounds that floated in through the open window, which would have made even a blind man conscious that it was also morning and sunny weather. In contrast to the glow of sunshine outside, the room with its dark wainscoting and heavy curtains looked dim, except where the women's light dresses and a great flowered beau-pot of roses, fresh from some country garden, gleamed through the twilight. But St. James's Street was comparatively quiet, for the great world was out of town, though painted coaches and swift chaises rolled in from Kensington and Chiswick, and occasionally a Cabinet Minister or some other person of quality sauntered by on the shady side. This was fortunate for Ginckel, who otherwise might have been unable to disguise from himself that he lacked his due tribute of admiration that morning, the party in the parlour being too nearly related to him or too intent upon their own concerns to appreciate the graces which elsewhere made his unsubstantial fortune. Sarah Stone, indeed, looked at him pretty often, but the cheerful satisfaction which beamed from her prominent eyes was the reverse of complimentary. It said, as plainly as her tongue said afterwards in the privacy of the sisterly bed-chamber, "I'm sure

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I blush to think as ever I let my fancy run on that popinjay of a cousin Vanhomrigh. O Lord! Suppose he had closed with the bargain and me missed getting my Mr. Harris!"

Mrs. Stone was exerting all the dignity appropriate to her large flabby face and figure, to repress every sign of her exultation, as she detailed to her sister-in-law Vanhomrigh the particulars of Sarah's very advantageous match. Perhaps a vague feeling of pique added to the natural solemnity of her manner, for Mrs. Vanhomrigh was almost too sincerely delighted; the least suspicion of jealousy in the background of her congratulations would have made them more flattering. But in truth Madam Van took much too sanguine a view of her own daughters and their prospects, to be easily moved to jealousy, and a marriage, anybody's marriage, from the kitchen-maid's to the heir-apparent's, was to her so inexhaustibly pleasing and exciting an event, that it was too much to expect her to be annoyed at the prospect of one in her own family. As she leaned half out of her chair listening eagerly, a graceful bright-eyed woman, with one delicate thin hand clasping the ends of the lace Steinkirk which served her for a cap, she kept rapidly throwing Mrs. Stone's bits of information over her right shoulder to her son, or more occasionally over her left to her daughters; not because they could not hear their aunt's deliberate utterances if so minded, but out of sheer impatience to hand on the news to somebody.

"Ginckel, my dear! Mr. Harris has the chaplaincy to the Goldsmiths' Company, and is to preach before the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Essie shall recommend him to the Doctor. Girls, girls, d'ye hear, Mr. Harris stands six feet two in his stockings! Ginckel, only fancy! Mr. Harris has a living of £500 a year, and the most commodious new-built parsonage in the county."

This was irritating to Ginckel, who mistakenly supposed his parent to be reflecting on his own refusal to entertain the most distant idea of a match with Miss Sarah. He hoped his manner of taking snuff and brushing his coat-sleeve expressed his unabated contempt for the lady, her person, fortune, and social position.

"A living of £300," corrected Mrs. Stone in her fat dull voice, "*and* expectations—an uncle just home from the Indies, and gone up to the breast in a creeping palsy."

"O ma'am, you han't better reckon him," put in the proud but cautious bride; "he's none so old, and may last longer than some of us; they're all such fine men in the Harris family."

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"Lud, niece," cried Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "so long as you get something, what signifies if it's to-day or to-morrow? Expectations, say I, good expectations, are better any day than savings, money as you've pined and stinted yourself to lay by, and then can't get no just interest for, and very likely take out and spend for mere anger at being so treated by a pack of rascally attorneys. There's my own cousin Purvis, seventy years of age if she's a day, as upright as Sarah there, and able to do fine tambour work without her glasses; I reckon her to be as good as an annuity, saving up for my old age, and then, as I often tell the children, I'll divide all the rest of my fortune among 'em and never want anything but to see 'em happy, and my grandchildren about me."

And Mrs. Vanhomrigh ended, glancing round the circle with a triumphant smile, as one perennially unconvinced that there could exist a reasonable creature that disagreed with her. Indeed, there was a persuasiveness about her bright eyes, her quick speech with its faint reminiscence of a brogue, and, above all, her unshaken confidence in the justice of her own sentiments and, opinions, which lent a momentary respectability to the most outrageous ones she might be pleased to express.

Mrs. Stone, however, was not one to be surprised into the most trifling deviation from the straight line. "I am not of your mind, sister," she replied stiffly. "As a clergyman, I am sure Mr. Stone could not approve of such principles. But, as I was saying, what with Mr. Harris's cure and Sarah's own little fortin—for my girls won't go penniless to no man,—she'll have enough and to spare for a young woman that has been plainly brought up and not set above herself by book-learning and company that's too fine for her."

At this home-thrust Molly Vanhomrigh raised her eyes from her own pretty foot, which she had been pointing and balancing some inches from the ground, either for the pleasure of looking at it, or as an accompaniment to certain idle dreams. She glanced up with a mischievous smile at her sister, at whom her aunt no doubt more particularly aimed. At the mention of the too well-known name of Cousin Purvis the least trace of a perpendicular line had shown itself on Essie's white brow, but it was gone, and she not only seemed, but was, totally unconscious that Mrs. Stone had spoken with any special intention. Nor did it occur to her as she stood with her hands clasped behind her and her head a little thrown back, that an attitude, to her so natural that it was becoming, was unusual in a young lady, and there-

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fore laid her open to her aunt's severe animadversions and her cousins' small pleasantries. Esther Vanhomrigh was a straight, tall young woman, in figure rather robust than what is generally termed graceful; but in that very robustness there was grace of a kind—something that gave pleasure to an unvitiated eye—and her skin was white, softer in tone but not less pure than her white gown. Her cousins observed her to be dressed with a studied simplicity this morning, and whereas she had been used to wear her hair dressed in curls, it was now brushed up under a plain cap. Its rough crisp waves, rebellious to the straightening brush, were of a light golden brown. The dark eyebrows and deepset grey eyes, which she owed to her mother, and the broad forehead above them, gave an undeniable impressiveness to her face. As to its beauty there were different opinions.

The fragile Francis Earle, leaning against the mantel-piece with a book in one hand, looked at her over the top of it with an inscrutable expression; admiration, discontent, mockery—it might have been construed to mean all or any, but its most obvious meaning was mockery.

"Montaigne again!" he said. "Since last I played with this book—the Lord preserve me from reading it!—since then, I say, you have vented nine separate attacks of the spleen on these venerable pages. The nine reasons for 'em, Miss Essie, or the one reason for the nine?"

"Put it as you please," replied she, carelessly. "Perhaps they stand for the nine most intolerable times old Ann has pulled my hair while she was dressing it; and you know we durst not complain, O we durst not for our lives! Only I like to keep some sage at my dressing-table to take my scratches and lend me his philosophy."

"Sage? Sage?" questioned Francis. "Is his name Montaigne when in the flesh? Philosophy? That is a long word, and what it means in a lady's mouth I cannot possibly guess."

"Not so much nonsense as in a gentleman's, you must agree," retorted she, "since we cannot mean Aristotle and all that, of which we know nothing, and which you tell me is by far the greatest nonsense in the world."

"Alas! how should I love the nymph Philosophy whom I have not seen, when I do not love the philosophers whom I have seen? But you, Miss Essie, I believe you love 'em. Tell me now, do you not love a philosopher above everything?"

It was impossible to say if Esther was deliberately ignoring

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certain personal meanings in her interlocutor's remarks, or whether she really had not observed them.

"I cannot answer your question. I do not know any philosopher as yet," she answered; "but when I am presented to Mr. Berkeley I will tell you—no, I certainly will not tell you, if I love him."

The young man dropped Montaigne beside the roses so sharply that the little Dutch table and the china pot rattled again.

"Pooh!" he said, "you need not. If you do not love him, you will at any rate love to be acquainted with him. There never was a less artless dissembler than you, miss, and we all know your ruling passions sooner than yourself. To walk up the Mall with Doctor Swift and down it with Mr. Pope; in one round of the Ring to capture a compliment from Mr. Gay, a *Howdee* from Mr. Prior, and a bow from Mr. Addison; this, my dear Hess, is your ambition. Faith! 'tis an odd one."

"I own 'tis uncommon," she answered, sticking out a little more a chin that was too heavy for beauty; "but Prince Posterity is on my side. Is he not proud to be acquainted with Homer and Horace, and mighty little concerned to know the fat lords that fed them?"

"Fie! the comparison is as upside down as your face in a spoon. His Highness loves wit disencumbered of the wits; while *you*—Well! well! I own there is one thing you love better than to be acquainted with a wit."

"I cannot guess what that is, Master Francis."

"To acquaint us with the fact that you know them. Mr. Spectator commends our taste, Mr. Tatler our coffee. A post! a post! These with speed to all whom it does not concern! Why, such news must be spread even so far as Oxford, to so obscure a personage as Francis Earle, esquire—scholar, I mean."

If the young man's object was to annoy, he had at length succeeded. Esther coloured as she seated herself on the sofa at a little distance from him.

"O thou censorious brat!" she cried. "But be satisfied. Never again shalt thou be plagued with news, with a fine ruffle, a shirt, a bottle of sweet waters, or anything else that is good from thy kind cousins. Though there are gentlemen, mind you, and fine gentlemen too, that would be pleased enough to get 'em."

He followed, and dropped down between her and Molly, laughing silently.

"Mercy! mercy! How angry you are because I tear the

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mask from your female vanity! Yet 'tis not for diversion I do't. No! but all on poor Molly's account, because you grow arrogant and despise her. There, don't deny it, Moll, for she does despise you. What reason can she have to wear a plain cap and love philosophers, except to set herself above the misses who wear pretty shoes and love lords?"

It was Molly's turn to redden and bite her fan. It was true that she had a little of her mother's childish delight in fine company, but even of that she was ashamed before her more austere sister, and she feared Francis had some more particular meaning.

"I have not wit nor Essie malice enough to rally with you, sir," she said; "so pray take it we have hauled down our colours, and cease firing."

"Not wit, miss? Demme, not wit?" cried fat young Edward Stone, starting from an open-eyed doze, edging his chair nearer, and settling a cravat which required as much attention as some modern shirt-cuffs. "Gad, though! you've a very pretty wit. Quite enough wit for a lady, say I."

"Why, cousin, how can you tell 'tis always enough?" asked Esther with a smile, turning on her cousin that direct look of hers, which the beaux were apt to feel vaguely uncomplimentary, since it betrayed no consciousness that their approval was of importance to her. "'Enough wit for a lady' means, I suppose, enough to exercise a gentleman's wit and not enough to match it."

"Just so, miss," returned Mr. Stone, pleased to find himself conversing, for this happened to him very rarely. "Oddso! you take my meaning percisely."

"O cousin!" cried Molly, pouting, "how can you say that, when you know 'twas a compliment you meant me, and no meaning else in it whatever? Sure I'll never forgive you if you let sister go explaining away your pretty speeches to me. Indeed, sir, you shall swear you meant nothing in the world but a compliment to me."

That two young ladies on their promotion might be laughing at a solid and rising young gentleman from the City was an idea too preposterous to occur to a well-regulated mind, so Edward Stone replied by slowly involving himself in manifold excuses and protestations, staring all the time with dull but growing admiration into Cousin Molly's pretty face. It was pleasant to look at it, and pleasant too to show his mother and sisters his masculine independence of their feminine likes and dislikes by openly admiring a Vanhomrigh girl. As to Miss Molly, being

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undeniably both a coquette and a tease, it amused her equally to captivate her cousin and to scandalise her aunt.

Meanwhile, Ginckel had hurriedly left the room and flown to the street door to intercept a young man in riding-boots who came lounging past. Presently the boots were heard on the stairs. Ginckel announced "My Lord Mordaunt," and a youth, remarkably tall and also remarkably handsome, entered the room. There was an indifference that amounted to impertinence in the expression of his pale face with the heavy-lidded eyes, as he performed his bow at the door, and after a pause, apparently of doubt whether or not to exert himself so far, extended a limp hand. Mrs. Vanhomrigh had risen as he came in, and breaking through her conversation as though her sister-in-law had suddenly ceased to exist, darted towards him, joy beaming from her bright eyes. Had she not already, in day and night-dreams, embraced him as her son-in-law, and saluted her Molly as Lady Mordaunt? Her delight in the prospect was frank, but by no means grovelling; for there was no match her girls could achieve fine enough to surprise her, and she was fully as pleased to think Molly would make half of a very pretty couple, as that she would have a coronet on her coach, and eventually the finest pearls in the peerage. For Lord Mordaunt was heir to the Earldom of Peterborough. If the marriage was projected in Ginckel's head, planned down to the wedding-favour in his mother's, and tremblingly dreamed of in little Molly's, there was no reason to suppose the idea of it had found any place whatever in the young man's. He was but twenty, and by no means of an ardent disposition. As he seated himself at Molly's side, totally ignoring his hostess and every one else in the parlour, he smiled languidly as one expecting the curtain to rise on an agreeable comedy; for she was indeed pretty as some gay-feathered bird, this Molly Vanhomrigh, with her sparkling eyes, her soft irregular face, her small rounded figure and white little hands.

Esther disliked Lord Mordaunt. She sat silent and contemplated her sister with a mind full of misgiving. Meantime another person was looking across the room at her herself, somewhat similarly disquieted on her behalf. This was Mr. Erasmus Lewis, the Crown Solicitor, who had joined Lord Mordaunt on the road from Windsor, and entered a little behind him. Mr. Lewis, more courteous than his young acquaintance, paid his devoirs to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, conscious all the time of a certain sealed paper packet in his breast-pocket, superscribed *To*

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Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, Junior, at her lodgings in St. James's. It was not the first time that he had brought such a missive, and he knew the quick flush of carnation colour, the proud smile and brightening glance with which it would be received; for was it not written with the very hand of Jonathan Swift, the poet, the wit, the prince of pamphleteers, the chosen companion of brilliant Bolingbroke and all-powerful Harley? Of Swift, at this moment perhaps the most influential commoner in England, not by any accident of position, but by sheer force of his pre-eminent mind, which seemed for a too brief time able to subdue all pettier spirits under it, and weld together the mean and shifting elements of political factions.

"I recognize your flowers, Miss Esther," said Mr. Lewis at length, crossing the room and touching the roses in the beau-pot; "the poor Doctor plucked them last evening in my Lord Peterbrow's garden at Parson's Green, while the rest of us were eating the finest peaches in the world."

"'Twas my guardian spirit whispered him to get 'em for me," cried Essie; "I shall threaten him, if he runs after Mrs. Hyde, I'll recall the kind creature, and then he will 'munch and crunch,' as he says, and have a bad head."

"Recall it at once, my dear miss," said Mr. Lewis. "You have plenty of reason already. *All* the men are not out of town that beauty can afford to be thus undefended by her guardian angel." And he clapped his little red heels together, and bowed with his hat on his heart. "Besides, what unsuitable things the guardian angel of a fine young miss must whisper to an elderly divine! No no, you must recall it at once."

Essie made her curtsey in response to his bow, but, sticking two or three flowers in her bodice with a mutinous smile, "Sure, sir, I shall not be so ungrateful to Dr. Swift," she answered. "'Twould be an ill return for my nosegay."

"Miss need not be over-grateful for that," sneered Lord Mordaunt, who had a languid but sincere dislike to Esther. "The old put of a parson deserves no credit for gallantry. 'A plague on these flowers!' says he, 'I must needs pull 'em, and now what shall I do with 'em? I'll give 'em to a lady,' says he, ''tis ever the best way to rid oneself handsomely of one's rubbish,' and you may guess if Mrs. Hyde or any one else wanted 'em after that. So he sends 'em into town by his Lordship's courier that was just in the saddle coming this road."

"I must own 'twas done somewhat after that fashion,"

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Mr. Lewis apologised, "but his Lordship has barely been presented to the Doctor, and seems not familiar with his manner, while I doubt not Miss Essie knows it well."

"That I do, sir, and none pleases me better," cried she, tossing her chin up with a smile, and disdaining to look at Lord Mordaunt. Then to herself triumphantly, "He gathered them for me, whatever they may say."

And she was right, for Swift had thought of her directly he caught sight of the wide border full of late-blooming roses under Lord Peterborough's southern wall. Just such pink roses Esther had worn stuck in her blue bodice when Swift and she had walked in Kensington Gardens one evening last June. What an amusement it was to him to secretly detain Lord Peterborough's courier, to pluck them for her, and then to play "hide-and-seek," as he called it, with the ladies, till each one imagined she had had the refusal of his flowers, and then—well it must be confessed that feeing the courier for his trouble had not amused him at all, but still he had done it.

"Can you not persuade Hess to visit Windsor, Mr. Lewis?" asked Mrs. Vanhomrigh, daintily pettish. "Plague take the child! We had planned the pleasantest jaunt there, to see the Doctor, and to take tea with his Lordship on the way home, and now, if you'll believe me, she won't let us go at all. Lord! Lord! Well may the Doctor call her Governor Huff."

"Mr. Lewis, ma'am, has brought persuasion that cannot be resisted," said Esther, with rose-red cheeks and sparkling eyes, and read out from her opened letter:—

"Dr. Swift's compliments and also his duty to the three ladies Van, and he will be obliged to them to know what day they will please to honour his lodgings at Windsor, which he must not call poor, because they are not his own, and because they are very fine, madams all, and within the Castle wall—and so antique and with so fine a prospect from the window they are enough to turn some folks romantick. Ladies, your very humble servant, Dr. Swift, awaits your pleasures."

The letter was dated *Windsor, August 20th*, 1712.

Francis Earle's quick eyes noticed there was another slip of paper inside the letter, which she did not read out. It ran thus:—

"To Miss Hess Vanhom. Pray will Governor Huff accept this? *A formal, a humble invitation must I receive*, says she. Well, Miss, don't that begin formal and end humble? Besides I want some more

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of your coffee, d'ye hear? This is for Miss Essy's private eye: t'other to be shown. 'I cannot be sly,' says she. 'Yes, but you shall be as sly as I please,' says he."

"'Tis plain, child, you must go," cried Madam Van, beaming round on the company. "You see the Doctor won't let you off, though he's the good-naturedest man in the world. We must order the coach early, for there will be the Castle and the Park to visit, and Eton College, and the Doctor's lodgings, and Lord Mordaunt's fine house which we must see, and we might have a water-party too; then there are Mr. Pinchbeck's musical clocks —I wouldn't miss seeing 'em for the world—and then, my dears, we should never pass so near Cousin Purvis at Twittenham without making her our *Howdees*. 'Twill be a most delightful expedition. You must all come, all, Sister Stone, and never consider of the charges, for I'll treat you every one."

CHAPTER II.

The September sky wore its most stainless blue overhead, deepening round the horizon to a vaporous purple, flecked with the pearl-coloured edges of a few faint clouds. The wide valley of the Thames lay transfigured in the rich light and richer mist of early autumn; an atmosphere through which its familiar heights looked blue, remote, mysterious, as mountains in a dream. Nearer, the sunshine lay broad on the golden stubble-fields and smooth water-meadows, where the young grass was shooting green under the grey willows and the shimmering alder thickets that mark the silver windings of the Thames. The belts and masses of distant woodland, blurred in the haze, looked dark almost to blackness, but here and there on the pale-leaved willows and massive elms a splash of yellow gave token of the waning year, and in the hedgerows great clusters of cornel-berries glowed scarlet in the sun. In the lanes, where bush and bank were still hung with trails of gold left behind by the harvest waggons as they passed, the flickering shadows of the leaves pressed as close on each other as ever, and made a pleasant coolness, but the sun beat fiercely on the high road.

"Well, I never was hotter, nor ever shall be, if the Lord will forgive me my sins!" laughed Mrs. Vanhomrigh, waving a big fan that sent a pleasant draught through the stuffy coach. She

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spoke with the cheerfulness of one to whom the discomforts of a jaunt are part of the amusement. The youngest Miss Stone, who sat between her and Mrs. Stone, shared the heat but not her sentiments.

"I protest, ma'am, your fan makes more dust than air," cried she crossly. She had come partly to see Windsor Castle, and partly because she had understood from her mamma that the Vanhomrighs saw a great deal too much fine company, a reprehensible but perhaps agreeable practice. However, only Ginckel and Francis Earle were in the rumble. Ginckel was as much out of temper as herself, fearing the effects of the sun and dust on his pearl-coloured waistcoat and pale-blue coat, and afraid to betray his anxiety to Francis. As a man of the world he despised his cousin, whose name was but a title of courtesy, and who owed his place under their roof to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's ridiculous generosity—a form of extravagance with which her son had no sympathy—but though one might be indifferent to the youth's opinion, it was difficult to remain indifferent to his tongue, which was of the sharpest.

Francis was in reality too self-absorbed to have even a sarcasm at the service of another. He was going through that common stage in the development of persons of character, when the limits of their lives seem to have become too narrow to admit of the comfortable exercise of their powers. When they suffer from moral cramps and mental growing-pains, tear at the most immutable barriers with the sanguine impatience of some newly-caught wild creature, and rend the most harmless objects with the fury of a puppy encouraging its teeth; a stage, in short, when to themselves and others they are infinitely unpleasant. But Francis' was a practical mind. His grievances were not wholly imaginary, and his present object was perfectly definite, if difficult of attainment. Three-and-twenty years ago his mother, a cousin of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, had gone to Holland among the household of an ambassador; soon afterwards she had returned to England under the protection of some man of quality. She did not tell her family his name or communicate with them further, for though such an episode was then commonly reckoned trifling and even creditable in the career of a young gentleman, in that of a young lady its disgracefulness was fully admitted. Seven years later, when, Mrs. Vanhomrigh's uncle had unexpectedly risen to be a Canon of Chester, his grandson was brought to his door, fortunately after dark,

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by a man of business. His daughter was dead. The man of business, Mr. Wilson of Old Windsor, stated that the child's father was willing to act fairly by it; that he would pay a small sum yearly through Mr. Wilson for its education and maintenance, till it had reached the age of twenty-one, and would then consider its case; but on condition that no questions were asked and no trouble of any kind given. If its relations declined to receive it, it was to be put to school at once. The Canon was a widower, a student, a leading ecclesiastic, and this child of six, whose existence it would be difficult to explain, was not a welcome addition to his household. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had greatly admired her cousin Fanny, happened at the time to be staying at Chester on her way to Dublin, and with her usual impetuous kind-heartedness, offered to take Fanny's boy off his hands. From that time she honestly endeavoured to treat him as one of her own family, whom as children she was wont to overwhelm for three days with love and attention, and then forget for a week in a whirl of amusement and excitement. He was a shy and sickly but obstinate and fiery child, and would have fared ill at the hands of the two Vanhomrigh boys—for there were then two—had it not been for the protection of the robust Essie, who, though not a year older than himself, was as big and as ready with her hands as her brothers. Both she and Molly grew fond of Francis, who, unlike their own brothers, was clever enough to be a companion to them, and not strong enough to be domineering. But Esther was his particular ally, either because she was less sensitive than Molly to his sharp tongue, or because he was often ill and she had early constituted herself his nurse. For these or for some subtler reasons, certain contrasts and resemblances in their characters, such as blended in the indefinable just proportion, make friendships and loves that are important and of the essence of life, as distinguished from the many which are trivial and among its accidents. Such being Francis Earle's position in the Vanhomrigh family, it was almost inevitable that Swift's domestication there should not be to his taste. Be the hearthrug never so large, the dog in possession cannot resist an inclination to snarl at the canine stranger who proposes to share it with him. In this case the intruder made matters worse by completely ignoring the occupier. Francis' sharp eyes were sharpened by jealousy and dislike of Swift, and he saw more clearly than any one how day by day Esther's thoughts centred more

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entirely on her great and brilliant friend. Mrs. Vanhomrigh had given up the sum paid for his maintenance to his education, and until a year ago he had thrown all his fiery energy and stubborn determination into study, and had been not only officially but in every respect a scholar—one who looked forward to literature and the Church as his roads to distinction. Accident, the failure of sundry attempts at verse, and the chance acquirement of a military friend—either this or the natural development of his character had lately changed the current of his ambitions. When his twenty-first birthday was drawing near, Mr. Wilson wrote to say that his anonymous parent being advised of his excellent parts had authorized the continuation of his allowance till his Oxford course was completed, and would then see to it that he obtained a fellowship or a chaplaincy. Francis wrote in return that he should prefer a commission in the army. Mr. Wilson not unnaturally replied that the young man might take his client's offer or leave it. Affairs had been left in this condition, and it occurred to him that he might avail himself of the Vanhomrighs' expedition to Windsor to reopen the matter with the attorney: not indeed to sue, to plead, for that was not his way, but to demonstrate to the man by irresistible arguments how perfectly in the wrong he, Mr. Wilson, was. This seemed the easier because so far he had not discussed the matter with any one but himself.

When the coach went up hill he jumped down and walked to stretch his impatient legs, and get hotter and increase his irritation by the sight of Esther inside, looking very cool and fair, in spite of the heat. She had put on a blue damask dress, white kerchief, and straw hat, which were all particularly fresh and neat. She scarcely noticed him, but leaned back with drooping eyelids and a face sometimes grave, sometimes faintly smiling, but always dreamily happy. Molly sat by her, attired like her sister, and thinking thoughts not very unlike hers, but flushed and restless, and full of laughter and gay chatter.

So the coach rolled on, ever nearing the high Castle whose dim majestic towers rise in the background of so many pleasant homely landscapes—spired villages, elm-bordered meadows, and shining reaches of the river—crowning them all with a vision of old romance.

Before the wheels rattled over the stones of Windsor and the coachman urged his tired steeds to one last effort up the hill, two gentlemen were awaiting the coach and its occupants at a tavern

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opposite the Castle gates. The later of the two to arrive was Lord Mordaunt, who drove up in a neat chaise, very genteelly and becomingly dressed, and wearing a full brown peruke tied with a scarlet ribbon. The other, who wore a clerical gown and bands, had walked over from the Castle a few minutes before his arrival. His Lordship honoured this gentleman with the slightest possible bow and a carelessly condescending greeting; he had been taught to expect obsequiousness from parsons, and fancied that, left alone with this one, he could soon teach him his place. The parson paused in his mechanical pacing of the tavern parlour, and looked at Lord Mordaunt for about two minutes, which seemed to that young nobleman a disagreeably long time. He was too young and too ignorant to understand his antagonist's importance in the world, but he instinctively felt his boyish arrogance of rank fall shattered before a far deeper and more masterful pride than his own.

"Your servant, young gentleman," said the parson, removing the terror of his look from the youth's face and returning his bow. "You can sit down."

Before he well knew what he was doing, Lord Mordaunt had sat down, a most unwonted flush suffusing the tired pallor of his handsome features. The other continued his walk up and down, up and down, like a lion in his den. Dr. Swift—the awe-inspiring parson was no less a personage—was about forty-five years old but considerably younger in appearance, tall, of a stately presence and an impressive countenance. He wore a dark peruke, his eyebrows were black, and the closest shaving left a blue-black shade on cheek and chin; but his eyes were as azure blue as those of any Phillis or Chloe be-rhymed by the poets, and could more truly than such are feigned to do, smile as brightly or lower as terribly as heaven itself.

After a while he stopped opposite Lord Mordaunt, and looking at him attentively but after a less annihilating fashion, "Pray, are you not studying at the University, my Lord?" he asked.

The young man had by this time recovered his presence of mind, and determined to pluck up a spirit.

"Sir, I am at the University, but I am not studying," he answered, not raising his eyes, but speaking to his boot, which he was dusting with an embroidered cambric handkerchief.

"Can you read Greek, my Lord?" asked Swift.

Lord Mordaunt sat up, lifted his eyebrows, and smiled superciliously.

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"Gad, sir!" he said, "do I look like an usher or a sucking parson?"

"No, young man," returned the Doctor in a quiet but ominous voice; "you do not look like anything with an ounce of brains in its head or of virtue in its heart. And now I have answered your question you are bound in common civility to answer mine. Can you read Greek?"

Again to his infinite mortification Lord Mordaunt found himself quailing.

"Sir, I cannot," he answered sulkily.

"So much the better, my Lord," said the Doctor, keeping his eye on that of his subject, like a lion-tamer, "so much the better; now I can honestly take a guinea of you. 'Twill be a very small price you will pay for making Homer's acquaintance in an English dress pretty nearly as fine as his Greek one."

"Demme, Doctor, what d'ye mean? The fellow may be in a French dancing dress for all I care! I won't have his beggarly acquaintance at no price." And Lord Mordaunt dug at the boards with his cane. He felt that the situation was getting serious, since money was in question.

"We'll pass you that then," said the Doctor. "You shall pay for the honour of assisting the greatest poet of this age."

"O sir," replied Lord Mordaunt with a sneer, "you should ha' told me before 'twas for yourself! I didn't know you was in difficulties."

Swift made a gesture of impatience: "Mr. Alexander Pope is the gentleman to whose translation you will have the honour to subscribe."

"Gad, Doctor, you must excuse my mistake, but Lord, how the fashions change!" His Lordship took snuff after the manner of Lord Bolingbroke. "Last year they told me *you* was the greatest poet of the age."

"Then they lied," replied the Doctor drily, "or they were fools that believed 'em! If you wish to know what poetry is, young man, you must read the works of Mr. Pope."

Lord Mordaunt's little attempt to turn the enemy's position having failed, he relapsed into sulkiness. "Damn poetry!" he said, assuming an attitude of resistance, his hands in his pockets, and his legs stretched out straight before him. "What's poetry to me? I am a man of quality."

"Aye, that's just it," roared the grim parson, flashing on him again that terrible look, "that's what your Lordship must pay

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for. Why do you suppose we free Britons keep such creatures and worship 'em too? Because, think you, 'tis only men of quality that can be idle and profane, ignorant and debauched? On my conscience your lacqueys can do that part of your business as well as you. No, sir, we keep 'em, that they may be splendid, be generous, that they may pay, pay—pay poets for us to read. Come now, your poll-tax, your guinea. A lord and mean? Oh, fie, fie!" And he took out a pocket-book in which a long list of subscriptions, already entered, attested the success of his labours elsewhere.

Lord Mordaunt sat sulkily immovable in body, but swayed this way and that in mind. In the first place, deeply as it galled him, he could not but bow to the dominance of Swift's overpowering personality; in the second, he felt all the dislike of a splendid youth of twenty to the appearance of stinginess. Yet like many other splendid youths, it was only from the appearance of it that he shrunk; for his lavishness to himself was only equalled by his meanness to others.

There was a clatter of hoofs and a rattle of wheels.

"There come the ladies," said his persecutor looking out of the window. "What! Shall they find me dunning you for a guinea—a paltry guinea?"

"'Tis but a guinea, as you say—a cursed guinea," and with an angry laugh the young man fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and flung the coin on the tavern table. Dr. Swift pocketed it and bowed with grave civility. "Your servant, my Lord," he said. "I am obliged to you. Mr. Pope shall be informed of your Lordship's donation," and he opened the door for Lord Mordaunt to pass out.

They were both on the threshold of the tavern, as the arrivals drove up, but before either had time to touch the coach door, it was flung wide, and Esther leaped to the ground and stood with both white ungloved hands stretched out in greeting. The unclouded sun that streamed full on them all turned the blond curls on her neck to gold. Her eyes smiled shining in the transparent shadow of her straw hat; her young red mouth smiled too, not dreamily now, but full of a happiness too eager and too innocent for self-observant restraint.

For a moment she stood so, and then drawn by an irresistible magnetism and scarcely conscious of what he did or of who saw him, Swift stepped forward, and took her hands. He wondered, as he loosed them, with a shock of dismay, how long he had

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been standing there with her hands in his, and his eyes smiling down into hers. But it was not a noticeable fraction of time to any but those two. Lord Mordaunt, still very excusably sulky, ostentatiously ignoring the other occupants of the coach, bowed to Molly with an air of ownership, and leaned on his cane till it should be her turn to descend, wondering meantime where the hectoring beggar of a parson had picked up his fine bow. For he had an undeniably fine bow and, when it so pleased him, fine manners too, which were all the more attractive, because his courtesy was apt to have a vein of satire beneath, and his rudeness to be the veil of some refined kindness. He stood bareheaded at the steps, handing down the impetuous Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who was talking too fast to be answered, and jumped out so precipitately that her petticoat hitched on the step, and she would have fallen had he not caught her with one hand and dexterously disentangled it with the other.

"I'm obliged to you, Doctor," she cried. "Ginckel couldn't have done it cleverer. There's a compliment for you." She smiled at him slily, aware in spite of her maternal feelings, that Ginckel held no particular place in the Doctor's esteem. So long as Esther did, what matter?

"Well, yes, Madam Van—from his mother," replied the Doctor drily, and glanced at Ginckel, who having brushed off the dust of the journey and combed his flaxen peruke with a pocket-comb before entering the town, now stood ecstatically conscious of his irreproachable clothes and of several fashionable ladies looking in the direction of the party.

At this juncture Erasmus Lewis arrived to the relief of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had begun to fear that the Doctor would be forced to devote too much attention to herself to be as assiduous to Essie as she could wish. She flung herself on Mr. Lewis, and the Crown Solicitor, conscious of a worthy spouse in London whose existence preserved him from all entanglements, mightily enjoyed the attentions of the graceful and lively widow.

So the procession moved on to the entrance of the Castle, whose beauties and treasures their two privileged entertainers, the divine and the lawyer, were to show them.

"Miss," said Lord Mordaunt in a low voice, leaning over Molly and pressing the arm which lightly, as for form's sake, was locked in his, "you'll be most infernally tired if you visit this Castle—a Gothic dungeon fitter for mice than men. Come

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now, why shouldn't we sneak off and divert ourselves in the Park, and let 'em find us when they've done?"

As he spoke, his long brown eyes and thin but well-curved lips smiled with an appealing, almost pathetic sweetness. This smile of his was not his personal property; it was a family heir-loom, like the Peterborough pearls, only it came from the maternal side, and it had quite as little relation to his inner man as the jewel on his finger. Molly did not know that; she could not help returning his look with eloquent bright eyes and rose-red blush, and hesitating to articulate a cruel denial. Esther, however, did not hesitate. Even the absorbing interest of Swift's society, and the nervous dread lest he should find her conversation tedious or insufficient, which always beset her on meeting him after an absence, could not overpower her anxiety on her sister's account. At the moment Lord Mordaunt spoke her own cavalier happened to be in consultation with Mr. Lewis, and she turned round sharply on the youth with a frosty smile.

"You bear a conscience, indeed, my Lord," she said. "Here are we poor females at the expense of coach-hire to see Windsor Castle, and never a word of warning you give us till we stand at the gate, when you tell us there's nothing to see."

"'Pon honour, ladies, I did not understand the Castle was your object," returned his Lordship, with a certain insolence in his manner of meeting her gaze which increased Esther's dislike to him.

"Come, Molly," she said, "we will not be frightened out of seeing it, now we're here."

"Oh, pray, Miss Vanhomrigh, see it ten times over, if so please you," he answered coldly, throwing the lace ends of his Steinkirk over his shoulder. "But 'twould be a sin to wear out Miss Molly's charming little feet on such a pilgrimage."

"'Tis to the shrine of Loyalty, my Lord," returned Molly, passing through the entrance in obedience to her sister's wishes and her own sense of decorum, but casting back such a look of regret and apology as must have softened the most justly irritated lover. Lord Mordaunt, however, was not a lover.

"Your servant, ladies," he said, taking off his hat. "Vanhomrigh, you have seen this confounded rat-hole fifty times. Let's take a stroll in the town."

Ginckel willingly made his bow to his Cousin Anna, and the two young men went off together. It was then observed that Francis Earle was not of the party.

He had by this time reached Mr. Wilson's red-brick house,

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and was sounding a brave rat-tat on the mahogany door. The lawyer was an old gentleman, and having transacted a good deal of business between his eight o'clock dish of tea and his breakfast, he was now resting and would not have disturbed himself for fifty Mr. Earles. Francis waited in the bare room, where two elderly and unconversational clerks sat at their desks. The windows looked into the dingy foliage of a shrubbery, and the only object of interest was a large map of North America hanging on the walls, with the British and French forts and plantations accurately marked. One of the clerks told him it had been given to their master by his client, the Earl of Peterborough, who had an interest in the Plantations. For a long dull time he waited. A special courier arrived and was shown in to Mr. Wilson before him. The Dutch clock ticked on and on; the cogency of the arguments he had prepared to support his appeal seemed evaporating at every tick, like some volatile essence exposed to the air.

When at last he had entered Mr. Wilson's handsome library, had seated himself near the leather arm-chair that contained the old man, and been subjected for a few minutes to a short dry cough, and drier questions, the process of evaporation was complete. The effect of this sense of defeat upon Francis was only to rouse his temper and his obstinacy. Had Mr. Wilson been in his shrewder prime, he might have lent a more sympathetic ear to the young man's demands, as recognizing, not their reasonableness, but the signs of uncommon parts in him who preferred them. As it was, he looked with a passing curiosity at this youth with the small alert figure, the thin face at once mobile and determined and hawk-like glance. He was struck by a likeness, less in feature than in general air, in tricks of manner and expression, to a distinguished person of his acquaintance. But there was nothing surprising in that. Presently such superficial curiosity vanished in the consciousness that he was engaged with a self-willed disagreeable fellow; a fellow with the most amazing notion of his claim to have what he wanted in life, instead of being thankful for what he could get; who, last but not least in the catalogue of his offences, seemed to think that he could oblige him, Benjamin Wilson, to take trouble, and to trouble that distinguished person, his anonymous client. Mr. Wilson stated clearly that he was paid, not to importune his client, but to save him from importunities of this nature; in Mr. Earle's own interest he had not communicated and should

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not communicate to that gentleman the peevish and ungrateful remonstrances of his dependant. So, pale with suppressed rage, the young man made his bow, and a sober-suited serving-man closed the big mahogany door behind him.

The little cloisters at Windsor are, as every one knows, very little indeed. There are to be found no length of groined roof, no carven arches opening on the green turf of College quadrangle or Cathedral close. The ancient lodgings of the Prebends surround a small oblong court, their projecting upper stories rest on timber supports, and below these on a rough-cast wall; a similar gangway with timber supports on each side runs across the court. The low irregular doors that open on to the flagged path seem of all ages and sorts; here the modern paint or varnish, there the Tudor oak clamped with iron, or the gracefully wrought knocker of the later Stuarts. The houses too bear within the mark of every generation. Yet the sunshine travelling round the court summer after summer for the last 180 years finds little altered there, as it throws sharp shadows on the gabled roof, and gilds the rough-cast walls, and darkens the shade within the cloister, just catching the jewelled gleam of some trailing nasturtium or Virginia creeper that overflows into the light from its box on the ledge of the cloister wall. Whether any one of the sixteen Prebends who owned these lodgings in the reign of Queen Anne kept a flower-box opposite his door, is doubtful, but it is certain that the path to it was no wider then than now, and therefore that Mrs. Stone and her hoop-petticoat must have had some difficulty in manœuvring as far as Dr. Swift's house. Even slight Mrs. Vanhomrigh presented a somewhat squeezed appearance, as she stood with her flowered-silk mantua billowing unevenly about her, the dust of a dungeon into which she had been the first to descend, and which she had pronounced "vastly diverting," still visible on her smart French hood. Esther and Molly, belonging to that numerous body of ladies whom Mr. Spectator had led to resist hoops and content themselves with full petticoats, were not inconvenienced by the narrowness of their quarters. The five ladies were following Doctor Swift, who carried a basket covered with a white cloth out of the cloisters.

"'Tis no manner of use, Doctor," cried Mrs. Vanhomrigh, shaking her fan at him. "The provender is waiting for us at the Park gates, and you that pretend to hate waste, stand wasting good time which you know they say 's money."

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"Wasting money! Ay, those be the words to fling in my face, Madam Van!" replied Swift pettishly; "because I am a good prudent manager you must needs treat me as a curmudgeon that will not spare his friends a dinner."

"There are dinners and dinners," murmured Molly, making a little grimace, "and for my part, I would rather have one of Essie's providing than of his."

Esther frowned upon her pertness.

"Sure, Doctor," cried Madam Van, rather frightened, "it's nothing of the sort I'm meaning. But 'twould be monstrous to trouble a poor bachelor like you to provide food for us eight hungry mortals on a jaunt, that will eat like eighteen."

"Well, well, if you will not peck, you shall at any rate booze at my expense," said he, and held up his basket with an air of triumphant hospitality not fully justified by its size or contents, which consisted of two rather small bottles of French wine. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, conscious of a store in her own basket better fitted to satisfy the wants of her son and Lord Mordaunt, expressed her thanks with effusion.

"And pray, Miss Essie," asked Swift gravely, waiting at the cloister-entrance as the ladies squeezed out, "what do you reckon that I should have lost by you all, had Madam Van condescended to accept of my dinner? I don't ask *her*, for 'tis my belief the agreeable wretch knows no more about money than that silver is cleaner than bronze and gold prettier than silver!"

"Lord, Doctor, why should I trouble to know, while I have Esther to manage for me?" said Mrs. Vanhomrigh gaily, more than contented to suffer any condemnation that involved praise of her daughter, especially from his lips, and quite unaware that to manage for her was an impossible task. Esther smiled teasingly.

"If you ask, sir, with the intention of offering us half-a-crown apiece, the question is useless,"—had she not known him attempt such a benefaction?—"few of us would like to take it, and nobody would dare."

"Half-a-crown?" repeated Swift, quite startled. "My dear Hess, could I not give my friends a simple dinner for less than that? Wine, mind you, is provided." And he again held up his basket.

Esther looked down and blushed for him, and then looked up and began courageously; "You could, no doubt, if you chose to be"—— and there her courage failed.

"Parsimonious!" said he, sharply finishing her sentence.

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"You need not speak the word. I have heard it before. But I did not expect it from you."

"'Twas yourself, not I, that said it," she replied.

They walked on together, both silent, and Swift moody. When they had passed through the picturesque gateway into the Horseshoe Cloisters, he stepped aside to the west door of St. George's Chapel, near which was chained a venerable poor-box. Then he turned—a tall, black-robed figure against the grey background of the Chapel wall—and faced the ladies with a look half-serious, half-mocking, and wholly bitter, on his countenance.

"Madams all," he said, holding up a coin to the sun, "I take you to witness that I refuse to make anything by Madam Van's greediness and extravagance, which prompted her to bring her own dinner. I would divide the money between her daughters, but the hussies are too proud to take it; so here goes a pound to the poor of the parish, and many a good dinner may it buy!" And they heard the gold drop in among the few and humble coins already in the box.

Mrs. Stone was staring, fanning herself slowly and mechanically with a half-closed fan; she had not exactly taken in the sense of the little scene, but it deepened her general impression that for a doctor of divinity and one living in the shadow of a prebend, if not actually a prebendary, Dr. Swift was reprehensibly unusual. Anna had come prepared to make small jokes on Esther's elderly gallant, and though up to this moment she had been overawed by his appearance and manner, she now put her handkerchief to her mouth and giggled to her heart's content. Even Molly's smile was not quite good-natured, for seeing how remorselessly Esther marked the flaws in her sister's idol, she could not expect her own, however respected, to pass uncriticised. It must be owned that the flourish with which the Doctor parted with his pound showed it to be rather dearer to him than it should have been. Essie did not look at his action so closely, but accepted it as completely atoning for anything that might have displeased in his former conduct. As they walked side by side to the Castle gate, he said in a low voice:

"It cuts me to the heart, Miss Essie, that you should call me parsimonious."

"I did not, I did not," she whispered vehemently. He continued:

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"To be neither liked nor understood by the greater part of mankind is the lot of every man of sense, and I trust I can take my share of ill words without whining. But I own when one I have supposed my friend, even though 'tis but such a brat as you, repeats the dull censure of the crowd, I feel it beyond reason; for sure 'tis not in reason to expect to find a perfectly true friend more than once in a lifetime."

He paused, and thought, which "puts a girdle round the earth in fifty seconds," brought before him another and a lovelier Esther. Alas! poor Essie! She had better cause than she knew to turn upon him that silent reproachful look.

"So help me, child," he went on. "You know the thing I save by my parsimony, though I write it in pounds, shillings, and pence, is in truth my independence. *I* love money? Yes, I love it as much now, as when I sent back the Lord Treasurer's thousand pounds, though he owed me a million. 'Twas more than Steele or Peterborough or Bolingbroke, ay or Addison, would have done. To what do I owe it that I am the friend of Ministers, and not their slave? To my parsimony, young woman—and if I have enough to spare for folk less fortunate than myself, 'tis again because I am parsimonious—or called so, by them that squander so much food and drink on the well-fed that they have none left for the starving."

"But I know all that, sir," she said in a low voice. "Why do you defend yourself? It is not needed. I fancy I understand you very well, and I am sure I know what I owe you. Ah! Don't you remember how different I used to be, when you first came to London? 'Twas you that taught me to seek order and cleanliness before fineness, and to count it dishonest to spend more than I had got. It is hard, very hard sometimes"—— and she caught a little sigh and stopped it half way—"but I always try to do what you would think right."

"You are a good child, Hess," he said gently. "If you were not, you might say what you liked of me. And you have a good head on your shoulders too. As to that poor dear creature, your mother, if she will not be guided by you, I sometimes fear she will end in no better company than the bailiffs."

"Poor mamma! She at any rate is no example of your saying that a spendthrift is first cousin to a miser. She is all generosity. But there are others—— Ah! if our blood were gold, *he* would suck it."

"The Colonel?" returned Swift drily. "Yes. Nature was a

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fool to let such as him wear the breeches. Not that he is worse than other young men of fashion; but the difference is, he need not have been one. Bah! what a generation it is! Do you think him worse than his friends?"

"No," she answered shortly, and for a few moments walked on, frowning straight in front of her with her Chinese fan pressed hard against her red under-lip, and biting the top of it with her strong white teeth. Then—"I sometimes think I hate men," she cried.

There was no accent of coquetry in the words; they sounded bitterly sincere. Yet they were no sooner spoken than with a sudden charming change of countenance she turned to Swift. "But I don't really," she said. He met her smile with that incomparably arch glance of his blue eyes which sufficed to bring even strangers under his spell.

"Then we agree, as an Irishman would say, for I sometimes think I hate women. The truth is that once on a time I loved 'em well enough, if only they were fine and witty and kind; but now I can take tea with half-a-dozen of the finest drabs of quality in London to wait on me and be so dull all the while I wish myself anywhere else. Lord! I have even said to myself," and he made a wry mouth, "I would almost rather be drinking ratsbane in the Sluttery and hear Governor Huff scold, scold, scold, all the time."

Essie laughed a little laugh full of the music of love and happiness. They were now in the street of the town nearing the Park gate, where the provisions and the young men were to meet them, and at that moment Francis Earle joined their party. Esther's laugh jarred upon him.

The Colonel, Erasmus Lewis and Lord Mordaunt, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh's man carrying her basket, were waiting for them at the gate, and the party moved on through the chequered shadows of the Long Walk, at first in a compact body, but gradually straggling into groups. Dr. Swift being a fast walker, he and Esther were soon a little in front of the others, while an accident to Molly's shoe-ribbon made an excuse for Lord Mordaunt to loiter behind and offer to tie it for her, which he did not, however, do. But while she was tying it, he was graciously pleased to observe that thenceforward he should not think quite so meanly of the leather shoes the ladies had taken to wearing, since on some feet even those looked genteel. Molly expressed an opinion in favour of them for country walking, but his Lord-

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ship declared that though for men who could hunt and shoot and drink the country might be tolerable, he never could imagine what could take an elegant female there.

"Why, Philomel! Romantic shades! Purling brooks! to be sure," laughed Molly, shrugging her shoulders; and then they both laughed together at the absurd notion of enjoying the beauties of nature.

"You miss out the most important item, dear miss," said Lord Mordaunt. "Sighing swains are to be found there, the poets assure us."

"'Tis the yawns that break into sighs, and the poets, poor things! mistake 'em," returned she.

"No, no! I feel the rural fit is on me," and he heaved a gentle sigh or two. "Tell me, Miss Molly, when 'tis on you, for I have heard say the shepherd nymph is kinder to her Corydon than you belles of the town are to us poor fellows."

He cast a languid glance at the figure beside him, so fresh and neat in the blue damask dress and white neckerchief, and at the soft young face, which, however, quickly drooped beneath his eyes, and left him nothing but the top of a Leghorn hat to contemplate. So they paced on side by side beneath the elms, to all appearance a well-matched boy and girl couple pursuing the same harmless happiness, but in their real thoughts and feelings as immeasurably divergent from each other as the innocent must be from the wicked.

Meantime Mrs. Stone was prosing on about her sons, the prosperity of Edward and the genius of George, not caring much whether any one answered her or not, and between the answers which politeness now and then dictated, Mrs. Vanhomrigh passed silently through a number of exciting and delightful experiences. First she had to choose the preferment that would be most suitable to Dr. Swift, and having secured, as the first step, the Deanery of Windsor, she passed on to arrange the more delicate affair of Molly's marriage. Lord Peterborough would of course be averse to the match at first, but the intercession of his admired friend and her own son-in-law Dr. Swift, and the prayers and tears of his last remaining son would at length melt his paternal heart; he would consent to see her Molly, and own the young lady's charms made full amends for her inequality of birth and fortune. By this time Mrs. Stone's conversation had moved on from her sons to her daughters, or rather to the daughter about to be married.

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"We ha'n't made up our minds if 'tis to be in St. Martin's or in St. Paul's, Covent Garden," she was saying.

"Well, St. Martin's for a single wedding, say I," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh briskly. "But if the two sisters was to be married the same day, why, St. Paul's is the roomier."

"The same day!" repeated Mrs. Stone in slow astonishment. "We've had luck enough I'm sure in getting Mr. Harris, that's a good match for any young woman, though with a fortin of her own, without marrying 'em both off the same day."

"You're right, Sukey," returned Madam Van, half listening, half reflecting with genuine regret on her own future deserted condition. "'Twould be a sad thing for a mother to lose both her daughters at once, and might cause a mortification to the elder, if her younger sister should have a bridegroom greatly superior in rank to her own—for, of course he must take the *pas*."

This was a new and anxious question, and brought a wrinkle to the widow's smooth brow.

"I wish I could think as well of Anna's chances as you do, Esther," replied Mrs. Stone in a burst of unwonted confidence. "But I sometimes say to Stone the men can't be so blind as not to see her temper in the corners of her mouth;" then recollecting herself, "not that there's cause to be anxious about the girl. She's got her health, and what with that and her pious bringing-up and her little fortin and all, we may be sure, as Mr. Stone says, the Lord will provide. Yet I can't think she'll go off better than Sarah, or be married the same day."

"As to the same day," rejoined Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "you are certainly right. 'Twould be more convenient to have a twelve-month, say, between 'em. For 'twould be but sense in buying their clothes to consider the different rank of the bridegrooms; and yet 'tis a difficult matter for a mother not to treat both her dear girls the same. 'Tis true the money might be made up in household stuff and furniture."

"'Tis a terrible costly matter to marry a daughter," said Mrs. Stone, shaking her head gloomily. "Even Mr. Stone and me that have been sober saving people all our lives, and, thank the Lord, not poorer than most, can scarcely bear the expense. As to clothes, Sarah is inclined to be tasty, but I tell her 'twould be most unbecoming in a clergyman's wife to be dressed up modish."

"Oh, an ordinary clergyman's wife, I grant you," broke in

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Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "'Tis a different matter with the wife of a Dean or Bishop. *She* should be quietly but handsomely dressed — grey lute-string say, branched with silver."

"'Tis true Mr. Harris is like to rise in the Church," replied Mrs. Stone complacently. "Sarah would be glad to have a talk with you, sister, about dresses and mantua-makers, in case you could recommend a reasonable one. For my part I think myself too old to value such vanities; but the child already begins to trouble about 'em, and bade me not forget to ask Molly for the pattern of the new Macklin commode she was wearing o' Tuesday."

The subject of lace commodes and mantua-makers was one of irresistible interest to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and so at this point the two ladies' divergent streams of thought met and flowed in the same channel.

Mr. Lewis had been walking with Anna Stone, and the remarks of that gossip-loving young lady seemed to have caused him some uneasiness. Drifting from her side he took young Earle's arm and walked on with him in silence for a bit. Then after clearing his throat nervously once or twice—

"Mr. Earle," he said, "if Colonel Vanhomrigh can be trusted to act with secrecy and discretion, there is a confidential subject on which I would willingly offer him advice."

"Ha'n't I seen a parrot and a weather-cock at your lodgings in town, sir?" returned Francis, who was in no very amiable mood. "Your confidence and your advice would be a deal better bestowed on them than on the Colonel."

This expression of opinion was offensive to Mr. Lewis's cautious mind; he muttered something deprecatory about his young friend Vanhomrigh, and cleared his throat several times before resuming. However, in the course of a long if not intimate acquaintance he had had reason to think well of Francis Earle's judgment, and he knew him to be practically a member of the Vanhomrigh family; so he made up his mind to go on.

"It being admitted that the Colonel's discretion is not wholly to be depended upon, I turn to you, sir, as having influence with these ladies."

"Influence? I? Not a penn'orth, sir," replied Francis; and in a less biting tone—"But I am certainly bound to be very much at their service."

"I imagined you not ungrateful, young man," said Mr. Lewis,

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"and Mrs. Vanhomrigh told me that you have influence with the person most concerned." He cleared his throat again. "I think you must know that Miss Esther Vanhomrigh's name is beginning to be mentioned in connection with that of my friend, Dr. Swift?"

The idea suggested was not exactly new to Francis, but it gave him a new prick of annoyance thus brought to him from without. His cold answer, however, betrayed nothing of his sensations.

"In that case," he said, "I hope soon to hear that Dr. Swift has made proposals in form."

"Ah, my young friend," almost whispered the lawyer, pressing his arm and speaking into his ear, "that is just what is so very unlikely to happen."

"May I ask why, sir?" returned Francis haughtily. "Has not Miss Vanhomrigh enough wit, beauty and fortune to satisfy a parson on his promotion—one that's no chicken either?"

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear sir; there's no fault to find with Miss Esther. The obstacle is quite different."

"What is it then?" asked Francis.

"Another woman, Mr. Earle."

"Oh, that's it, is it," said Francis, and uttering a malediction on the Doctor, he stood still. He had uttered it without raising or much altering his voice, but Mr. Lewis flushed with nervousness and vexation.

"Hush! young man, hush! Such language is most unbecoming."

"My language becomes his conduct, if it don't his cloth."

"Pray do not imagine I hint at any unbecoming conduct," Mr. Lewis hastened to say. "But I happen to be acquainted with a young woman named Johnson, who was brought up at Sir William Temple's. My friend Swift was secretary there, when she was a little child, and took a fancy to her. She afterwards invested the little money Sir William left her in Ireland, and went herself to reside there, when Dr. Swift was secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. 'Twas a strange step for a young woman to take, to be sure, but she hath always with her a respectable widow as companion, and I never heard aught against her character, except that she had a mind to be Mrs. Swift. In Ireland they have thought these five years that he would marry her, were it not for their lack of fortune. I have known Mrs. Johnson for years, and she is as beautiful

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and agreeable a young woman as ever I saw. Sure he would have done more prudently and honourably to marry her without waiting for preferment. But remember, sir, this in confidence," he added, glancing uneasily at the not very distant figure of Swift. "My friend has never spoken of Mrs. Johnson to me as of a lady to whom he was in any way contracted, but on the contrary as an intimate friend and a kind of ward of his."

Francis was silent for a little; then he said, "You may trust me, Mr. Lewis, not to chatter about your friend's or any one else's affairs, but what use I am to make of your information I know not. 'Tis plain I cannot tell Miss Vanhomrigh he is contracted to another. Besides," he added coldly, "is it not an impertinence on our part to imply that the matter is of moment to her?"

Mr. Lewis shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Pray, my dear Mr. Earle, don't let us talk nonsense," he answered.

"Besides it would do no good for an insignificant creature like myself to tell Miss Vanhomrigh anything to Dr. Swift's disadvantage," continued Francis.

"To his disadvantage!" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, shocked. "Certainly not. There is nothing to be told. Never was a man more careful of his reputation. Only as a friend to both ladies I—— in short think it better Miss Vanhomrigh should know of the other's existence."

"Then pray, sir, tell her yourself. I am not the man to do it, for," Francis cried with a sudden burst of frankness to himself and to the lawyer, "for I hate Swift."

Mr. Lewis had just time to hold up his hand in silent reprobation before Ginckel and Anna joined them. The party now gradually fell together, and coming to a wide grassy space they spread their cloth at the edge of it.

The turf, still somewhat yellow from the August drought, had been nibbled short by a herd of deer, that were now grazing on the other side of the wide space, under a group of Scotch firs, whose stems and the grazing herd beneath them, showed in patches of tawny red, where the sunshine caught them through the scattered shade of the branches. Behind the improvised table of the party, and on either side of them, the forest stood away, still dark with the leafage of late summer, but from to time there was heard among the branches a long low breath, the sigh of the coming autumn, and a flight of yellow leaves drifted slowly to the ground.

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It was a merry dinner party. Swift was in his happiest mood, witty, kind and courteous to all the world, the Vanhomrighs in high spirits, and every one in good temper except Francis Earle, whom nobody minded. Madam Van, as having in her the strongest Irish vein, was the most amusing and also the noisiest of her family. When it came to her challenging the company round to sing "Hopped she" against her, and several had attempted it and ridiculously failed, Lord Mordaunt thought it time to go. In singing this ancient song the prize is awarded to the person who can longest continue the chorus—

"Once so merrily hopped she,
Twice so merrily hopped she,"

taking a sip from his glass between each line, without being guilty of a falling-off in tune or time, which is beaten by an impartial person. His Lordship, who was somewhat silent and habitually reserved in general society, would not for worlds have played the fool to it; a part which indeed it takes much native gaiety and spontaneity to play with grace. He looked at his watch, and rising, remarked to Ginckel that it was nigh on three o'clock and time for them to be starting. It had been arranged that he and Ginckel should drive on to his house to make preparation for the ladies, who were to follow by boat, for Mrs. Vanhomrigh had quite made up her mind that a water-party must not be omitted from the day's pleasuring. Their coach with an escort was to call for them at Lord Mordaunt's, and take them back to town. The two young men walked off arm in arm, and the rest proceeded to help pack up the dinner; a proceeding only interrupted by a lively passage of arms between Swift and Madam Van, who would willingly have left the site of their encampment marked by the half-devoured carcases of fowls, a dozen sandwiches, and the wreck of a pasty. Swift having vainly pressed her to collect these remains, at length did so himself, and making a parcel of them—

"This will be a good meal for Patrick and Mrs. Brent and myself," he said gravely; "and afterwards a rare basketful for the poor soul that comes for the broken meat. Ay, ay, you may laugh, Madam Van, but you are a proud, extravagant hussy, and will come to a bad end. And so will Moll there, that laughs too because I speak wisely."

(*To be continued.*)

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SEA POWER.

WHEN Sir Harris Nicolas commenced in 1847 his 'History of the British Navy'—a work not destined to be completed—he stated in the preface: "That England, though long the first maritime country in the world, has no adequate history of the foundation, rise, or establishment of that mighty Navy to which she owes alike her own security and her pre-eminence among nations, is well known." It cannot at the present time be said that this want has yet been supplied in the fullest sense.

Accounts—and very able accounts—have from time to time been written of the incidents which have led to the supremacy of the British Navy. The volumes of Mr. James dealing with the period between 1793 and 1827 are, in most respects, an accurate and impartial chronicle of the actions and expeditions which distinguished those years, and exercised so important an influence on the general history of this country. But of the strategy which preceded those events, and the effect that was produced by them on a vast area of warfare, we find little. The same may be said of the tactics employed, and it has often been expressed to me as a matter of surprise by foreign naval officers that no comprehensive and critical British naval history exists. They have felt the want at their naval academies for the purposes of instruction, being fully aware that though our Navy has a long record of victories, much more than this is required if full benefit is to be derived from the lessons they teach. They know also that reverses are even more instructive, and that our fleet has not been free from them at various times. But the historian hitherto has lightly glossed over the dark days, and the lesson remains untaught.

But what a fruitful theme is to be found in that period previous to 1793, when Mr. James takes up the story! The

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straits to which this country was put to retain its maritime power when, hampered by the struggle with its revolted American Colonies, it then had the fleets of France and Spain arrayed against her, have never been adequately recorded. The efforts to buy off Spain by tempting her with the restoration of Gibraltar were not in 1780 the first time such a step had been mooted. In 1757 Pitt had himself proposed the exchange of the Rock for Minorca and a Spanish alliance, but the offer came too late. The memorable siege of this great fortress which was maintained between 1779 and 1782 for three years and a half, is pregnant with instruction. That a small Spanish squadron should be allowed to blockade the immediate waters seems at first sight an unjustifiable neglect on our part. Rodney's arrival with provisions, and his departure shortly afterwards, leaving the garrison to their own resources, appears equally to demand explanation. But in the Western hemisphere his presence at that time was of more importance. The fleets of our enemies were in the West Indies, and had captured St. Vincent and Grenada. George III. was still resolved not to grant independence to the revolted States, and the retention of Gibraltar seems to have been with him a secondary object. Fortunately the nation was strongly opposed to its loss or cession, and the fortress was revictualled again by Admiral Darby in 1781, and Lord Howe in 1782. Not long afterwards the siege was raised. When peace was signed in 1783 only the difficulties of England could account for the terms she was willing to make.

If any indication is given as to the influence which all these and previous incidents had in building up this vast Empire, it is to be found rather in the words of the general historian than in any naval chronicle. The reign of Elizabeth may perhaps be considered as marking most clearly the time when England began to have a clear perception of the dormant strength attached to maritime institutions. Speaking of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Mr. J. R. Green says: "What Wolsey and Henry had struggled for, Elizabeth had done. At her ascension England was scarcely reckoned among European Powers. The wisest statesman looked on her as doomed to fall into the hands of France, or to escape that fate by remaining a dependency of Spain. But the national independence had grown with the national life. She now stood on a footing of equality with the greatest Powers of the world. She had sprung at a bound into a *great Sea Power*."

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It has been reserved for an American naval officer to show in a very clear and striking manner what effect this power had on struggles in which we were engaged for over a century. 'The Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660–1783,' by Captain A. T. Mahan, United States Navy, supplies in a great measure the want to which I have alluded at the beginning of this article. The author, in a way that has never before been attempted by the naval historian, shows throughout these pages what maritime strength can do if properly applied. What has often been attributed to chance is here plainly traced to strategy happily conceived; and the tactics employed on all sides are criticised with an impartiality which is seldom displayed. As he says in the introduction relating to strategy: "How many look upon the battle of Trafalgar, the crown of Nelson's glory and the seal of his genius, as other than an isolated event of exceptional grandeur? How many ask themselves the strategic question, 'How did the ships come to be just there?' How many realize it to be the final act in a great strategic drama, in which two of the greatest leaders that ever lived, Napoleon and Nelson, were pitted against each other? At Trafalgar England was saved, and why? Because Napoleon's combinations failed, and Nelson's activity kept the English fleet ever on the track of the enemy, and brought it up in time at the decisive moment." True as this is in a general sense, the arrangements of Napoleon failed previous to Trafalgar, when his admiral, having returned to Europe, suffering only slight molestation at the hands of Calder, decided to go to Cadiz instead of steering for Brest. Whether if he had effected the junction with Gantheaume, as desired by the Emperor, and entered the Channel, the allied forces would not have suffered an even greater disaster, is also open to argument.

In his views on Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, Captain Mahan is no less clear as to the influence naval operations had strategically on the campaign. As he states: "The issue of the enterprise in Egypt depended upon keeping open the communication with France. The victory of the Nile destroyed the naval force by which alone the communications could be assured, and determined the final failure. The same principle is valid now, and would be equally so in the days of the galley as of the sailing ship or steamer."

The argument might be strengthened by showing the abortive efforts made by France to relieve the garrison, frustrated by

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the vigilance of our naval force. In Bourrienne's Memoirs we have a vivid picture of the impotency at sea to which the French were reduced in the return of Napoleon to France. His stealing away from the army, the momentous passage home, and the detour made to avoid British cruisers; the fearful anxiety of the French naval commander lest he should meet any of our ships, and the narrow escape the great soldier of fortune had of being captured.

Captain Mahan's reflections on the part which sea power played during that period with which he deals are especially apt in reference to the struggle of our American Colonies for independence, and the principal cause which led to their success. He is not in accord with some American writers, who consider that from the beginning this country had no chance of subduing the thirteen States that took up arms. I have seen it stated that this war was a duel between George III. and Washington, in which the former was doomed to failure. Captain Mahan, however, takes up the question in a different spirit, and with an impartiality which is so often absent in the ordinary historian. He shows that though the different States derived great strength from forming a considerable extent of territory free to communicate by land, while if they had been separate communities with only a water frontier, no combination would have been possible, it was the reduction of the sea power of England by the alliance of France and Spain against us which enabled the Colonies to maintain the struggle and eventually attain success.

Thus the stress on our naval resources, which I have alluded to as prompting the offer to cede Gibraltar, receives from Captain Mahan ample recognition. But it is perhaps in his remarks on commerce-destruction as a primary object of naval warfare that this author shows the clearest appreciation of true as opposed to false maritime strength. As he justly says: "Only by military command of the sea, by prolonged control of the strategic centres of commerce, can such an attack be fatal; and such control can be wrung from a powerful navy only by fighting and overcoming it. The distress caused to a country by serious interference with its commerce will be conceded by all. It is doubtless a most important secondary operation of naval war, and is not likely to be abandoned till war itself shall cease; but regarded as a primary and fundamental measure, sufficient in itself to crush an enemy, it is probably a delusion, and a most dangerous delusion, when presented in the fascinating garb of

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cheapness to the representations of a people. Especially is it misleading when the nation against whom it is to be directed possesses, as Great Britain did, and does, the two requisites of strong sea power, a wide-spread, healthy commerce, and a powerful navy." This is the view usually held by naval officers in this country; but recognizing the damage that an enterprising enemy could inflict in this direction if not met by a navy powerful enough to control the great strategic centres of commerce, their efforts have rather been concentrated upon its attainment than in refuting arguments clearly negatived by history, and the weakness of which is so forcibly exposed by Captain Mahan.

A greater danger to be apprehended is the influence of panic at the outset of hostilities and the rise of insurance, tending to restrict commercial enterprise. For that an excellent remedy has been proposed under the name of national insurance. It is by no means intended as a substitute for direct protection, but merely as an auxiliary, and an additional means by which a regular supply of food and other necessaries may be ensured to this country.

In all the wars between 1660 and 1783 the general prosperity of this country was only affected materially when attacks on our commerce were supported by fleets willing to dispute the supremacy of the sea. Failing to secure this, the result was, as a French historian admits, "The English fleets having nothing to resist them, swept the seas. Our privateers and single cruisers, having no fleet to keep down the abundance of their enemies, ran short careers. Twenty thousand French seamen lay in English prisons."

This view seems clearly supported by a study of the causes which led to the acquisition of Hindoostan by this country. The persistent and long-continued attacks on our commerce in this part of the world by the corsairs of France could not be adequately dealt with until the question of naval supremacy between the two nations had been decided. Whatever losses might accrue to our merchants, there was a greater prize at stake, and this was Hindoostan itself. And it is strange, that in all the histories of India there is no recognition of the fact that this possession is the gift of sea power. The able authorities—military and civil—who have dealt with the battles and internal administration of former India, by which our grasp was strengthened and influence spread, all fail to observe that in the

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first instance the country was indisputably gained by the power which was able to maintain its own sea-communications, and interrupt those of a rival. Four European nations had successively disputed the inheritance. Portugal, first in the field, was unable to follow up what she had gained by the voyages of Vasco di Gama and Albuquerque. Goa only remains as the trophy of the latter. The Dutch, backing up their claims to trading facilities on the East coast with armed forces, had to succumb there as elsewhere on the sea. Finally, France and England were alone left, and the victory was to the strongest sea-power, because only under its protection could supplies and reinforcements be received to carry on the struggle. At the most critical period, when Sir Eyre Coote had been cut off from Madras by Hyder Ali, he maintained his position for five months through his sea-communications being open, and eventually defeated Hyder at Porto Novo, which saved Southern India to us. Historians have blamed the French naval commander for retiring to Mauritius, and view it as an act of cowardice; but they are unable to understand that, under certain conditions, such a step may be absolutely necessary. No critical account of the naval operations in India as affecting the possession of the country has been written; but it would, I think, show in a very striking manner the paramount influence they had on the result. Yet it seems clear in the mind of one man at least, who had assisted in building up that vast Empire. Many years ago there was a talk of transferring the seat of government in India from Calcutta to one of the cities higher up the country, as Agra. This was strongly opposed by the Duke of Wellington, who held "it is indispensable for the maintenance of our Indian Empire that the capital should continue in some situation where our naval superiority may, if necessary, be brought into play." It had not escaped the keen intellect of Bacon, who says in his essay on the 'True Greatness of Kingdoms:' "The wealth of both Indies seems in great part but accessory to the command of the sea." Captain Mahan, however, in following the struggles between the English and French in India, sees clearly the importance of the maritime element, and few portions of his work are more interesting than that dealing with the efforts of Clive and Dupleix in the Carnatic. Hitherto, it has been to a French historian that we owe the admission, "naval inferiority was the principal cause that arrested the progress of Dupleix."

But if the obliquity of vision in this country as regards the

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acquisition of India is so remarkable, still more astounding is it to find that in all the lectures and publications on the present defence of that Empire, there is no word to be found appreciative of the influence maritime supremacy must have in that question. Volumes have been written on the position of Russia in Central Asia, and her advance to the borders of Afghanistan; but in none do we find any recognition that, should ever there be an attempt to attack us in this quarter, the issue will depend upon the relative efficiency of unlimited water communication, as against a single line of railway, several hundred miles long, traversing for the most part a desert. As long as we keep the sea route to India open, whether by Suez or the Cape, I venture to predict that our resources must prevail, even as they did in 1855, in the Crimea, when we desisted from the struggle in a better condition for war than when we commenced. Can the same be said of our adversary?

Since writing these lines, I have read another paper on "The Defence of India, and its Imperial aspect," by Colonel Bell, V.C., in the *Journal of the United Service Institution*, but can find little or no estimate of the part our "amphibious strength" plays in the question. How can such treatment be considered Imperial? When the author does allude to sea power, it is to place it in a false position. In his opinion, "the Empire" (British) "may be lost through the loss of India, and not by the loss of the command of the sea alone, as some suppose." In his view, apparently, Russia in possession of India would mean the further loss of our other Eastern possessions, whether we had retained command of the sea or not; and Australasia would at once have to prepare for attack. We are treated to the view of a Persian Gulf teeming with hostile ironclads and torpedo boats, as a "nursery-ground for predatory expeditions," while presumably our own squadrons are conveniently absent or destroyed—the usual hypothesis of writers—though there is nothing in the history of this country for several centuries to warrant the assumption. Discussion on these views seem superfluous, even if space here permitted refutation. We gained India by sea power; we shall not lose it as long as this remains unimpaired.

And if the influence of sea power upon history is so clearly indicated up to the year 1783, it is perhaps still more demonstrable from that date to 1815, and in all the wars in which we have since been engaged. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the extent to which the career of Napoleon and the fate of Europe

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were influenced by that command of the sea which enabled us first to free Portugal, and eventually Spain, from the invader, to culminate a few years after in the surrender of Napoleon, owing to his inability to overcome or pierce the tenacious blockade of his coast by our fleet.

We may, however, come to a much later period to see this same influence, apparently little recognised at the time, directly enabling us not only to defend the Ottoman Empire on its own ground, but actually to acquire a footing on the shores of the great Eastern Empire of Europe, and maintain it until our object was achieved. In the Memoirs of Lord Iddesleigh just published, he states that the Crimean war showed both our strength and our weakness; but apparently in the former he does not include the principal item, namely our sea power, which enabled us to place a force of 27,000 men and 60 guns on a hostile beach, and maintain it for two years in defiance of the enemy. It may be said that this could not have been undertaken without the assistance of the French land and sea forces. But the fleet of our Allies, crowded with troops on the passage from Varna, would not have been of great assistance had the Russian fleet ventured on opposition. I speak with diffidence as to whether we could have undertaken the expedition, as regards the land force, without the French army, which numbered 30,000 men.

But at a time when we were free from other calls upon our land forces, surely an army of 50,000 men could have been sent from this country. In 1809 we had in Walcheren about 40,000, in Sicily 15,000, and in Spain and Portugal about 45,000 men. It was stated by Mr. Windham in Parliament that England without imprudence could despatch to a distant shore no less than 100,000 men.* Had in 1854 our resources so diminished that to produce one half this number was an impossibility? It seems perfectly clear that if Lord Raglan could have been in supreme and undivided command of 50,000 men on the morning of the Alma the campaign would have had an entirely different result. The ill-conceived bombardment of the sea forts by the combined squadrons on the 17th of October, 1854, and the small effect produced, has perhaps obscured the influence which command of the sea placed in our hands; while the assistance which the navy gave in landing some 3000 men and about 80 guns cannot be considered unimportant when the Allies launched upon the siege of a place for which at first it was but little prepared.

* Hansard, vol. xii. p. iv.

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In a minor degree the successful expedition to Kertch in this campaign exemplified the advantage of moving over a perfectly secure sea. It appears to me also to exhibit in a striking manner the weakness of fixed defences for guarding a coast line. In this case the Allies had choice of landing-place, and in default of knowing the exact spot the enemy could not assemble an opposing force in time. Fearing to be cut off from Sebastopol, the coast batteries were destroyed by the Russians, and the Allies landed undisturbed. As Kinglake says of the Russian General: "He (Baron Wrangel) succumbed to the power (of which the world will learn much in times to come), the power an armada can wield when not only carrying on board a force designed for land service, but enabled to move swiftly, whether this way or that, at the will of the chief."

But if these words are applicable to such a minor undertaking, with what greater emphasis may we point to that first landing in the Crimea as an example of using "amphibious strength with a wondrously cogent effect?" That Mr. Kinglake should have been struck with the silent influence of maritime strength in the expedition of which he has given so interesting an account, prophesying that more will be heard of it in the future, must be attributed to the failure of former historians to lay sufficient stress upon this portion of their subject, for previous to that period there had been innumerable examples of this nature equally striking, but which, as Captain Mahan says, have received scant recognition. His method of treatment is therefore comparatively novel, and has attracted a degree of attention from the general public which is not usually accorded to ordinary naval history as a bare record of sea fights. In any case it comes at an opportune moment to strengthen the hands of those in this country who desire to place our sea power upon a footing which will enable it to exercise a similar influence in the future that it has maintained in the past.

From another source, and one which will carry even greater weight than the historical retrospect of Captain Mahan, there has emanated a singular confirmation of this view of maritime power. The efforts of a few in this country to show that for some years we have unconsciously been induced to favour unduly the development of passive defence, and hence necessarily to curtail our sea power, have now received the support of an authority which none will dispute. A body which includes such high officials as the Inspector-General of Fortifications, the Directors

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of the Naval and Military Intelligence Departments, and other officers, must be recognized as fully qualified to deal with all great questions of Imperial defence from a broader point of view than has hitherto been accorded to the subject. In two remarkable Memorandums by the Colonial Defence Committee on the defence of Australasia and the West Indies, the ground is cleared of several misconceptions which have led to an ill-directed application of money for the purposes of defence.

As regards the Australian Colonies, the statement arose out of a report by Major-General Edwards, commanding the troops in China, who was sent to inspect the military forces of those Colonies. Certain recommendations which he submitted were based on the supposition that the concentration of 30,000 or 40,000 men might be required for defence against territorial aggression by an enemy. The Committee point out in great detail in their Memorandum the difficulties attached to the despatch of any large hostile force from a distant base, and declare there is no British territory so little liable to aggression as that of Australasia. They consider that very moderate fixed defences for harbours will suffice, and that no larger gun than one of 6-inch calibre should be employed. In fact, it is clearly implied by the Committee that the principal defence of Australasia is to be found in the sea power of the mother-country, which either prevents the escape of a raiding force at its source, or grapples it on arrival at its destination with a squadron of superior strength. The true safeguard for Australasia is the same as it is for this country—a command of the sea, by which only can its commerce be protected and its shores kept from insult. With such a document for their guidance ten years ago, some of the Colonies would not have launched upon the heavy expenditure they have incurred in preparing for the attack of a hostile fleet, and under the supposition that our own was absent or destroyed.

In the Memorandum on the defence of the West Indies, the Colonial Defence Committee point out that whereas formerly these islands were direct sources of wealth to the Power which held them, and were fought for owing to their intrinsic value, the conditions are now greatly changed; mere territorial aggrandisement is not likely to be the aim of any European Power, but that the objective of an enemy would be to acquire, if possible, certain strategic points calculated to give him advantages in naval warfare, and in the event of success thus injure also the prestige of this Empire. The Committee go on to say, in words

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replete with wisdom: "History—and especially the history of the fighting which has taken place in the West Indies—clearly shows that territorial aggression cannot be successfully carried out in face of a superior naval force. It would therefore be the object of Her Majesty's Government to maintain in war a superior naval force in West India waters. Further, in the case of all European Powers, operations intended for purposes of territorial aggression could only be carried out by specially equipped expeditions which must start from European ports. It would therefore be the function of Her Majesty's Navy in European waters to prevent the starting of such expeditions, or, if that were impossible, to reinforce the naval strength in the West Indies to the extent that may be required. So long as command of the sea in West India waters can be maintained, territorial aggression in this portion of the world is a practical impossibility."

No such accurate enunciation of the principles upon which Imperial defence should be based has previously emanated from an official source, and it is quite evident they apply equally to other parts of the Empire. The influence of sea power is thus given its legitimate place, and restored to the position it had attained one hundred years ago. But though this great factor has been obscured by the special pleading of experts leading Governments astray, the nation has not been convinced, but remains of the same opinion as when, in 1789, the Duke of Richmond wrote to Pitt: "I perfectly agree with you that the popular prejudice in favour of the Navy and against fortifications is so great that it would be much easier to avail ourselves of the former than to combat the latter."

Is it not evident under the light of history as demonstrated by Captain Mahan, and the further examples of sea power I have endeavoured to supply, strengthened by the clearly expressed opinion of the Colonial Defence Committee, that what the Duke calls "popular prejudice" is really an accurate judgment based on experience? It is confirmed by one who formed a true estimate of sea power. In one of the many conversations Napoleon had with O'Meara at St. Helena, the former is recorded as saying: "You are superior in maritime force to all the world united, and while you confine yourself to that arm you will always be dreaded."

Since that time the balance of naval power has been disturbed. New navies have been created, while the older fleets are being

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added to with a steady perseverance which shows that some day the struggle for maritime supremacy may be renewed. We have begun not a day too soon to increase our sea power in proportion to the greater interests now confided to its protection; and it is no less evident that even with this acquisition of strength we shall still be far from that perfect security which will enable us to meet any eventuality with confidence alike in the possession of adequate sea power and effective organization for its use.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT,
Captain R.N.

PASSING.

THROUGH the dark valley thou wilt pass to-night;
To the drear labyrinth of troubled years,
The fruitless sighs, the unavailing tears,
At last the end grows slowly into sight.
Death doth but wait for day's retreating light,
For that tranced hour when eve's first beacon peers,
And vespers gently fall on jaded ears,
To give thy soul the signal for its flight.
Then, with a brow unclouded as of old,
A heart no longer scathed by Sorrow's scars,
Out of Life's mists and vapours manifold,
Into that clime no shadow ever mars
Thou wilt emerge, and rapt communion hold
With the beloved, long-gathered to the stars.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

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THE POETRY OF MR. LEWIS MORRIS.

AFTER a period of silence, in an hour all too barren of poetry, the voice of Mr. Lewis Morris has been heard again in our midst. "A Vision of Saints," his later-day epic of Christianity, is amongst the longest and most ambitious poems published during the last few years. With the exception of "The Epic of Hades," it is much the most conspicuous piece of work that Mr. Lewis Morris has given us; and we are not, we think, taking too much for granted if we conclude that upon these two poems their author would himself base any claim he might possess to a lasting appreciation. It is not, therefore, without interest at the moment to take a survey of Mr. Lewis Morris's work, and a short estimate of its value. The difficulty of such an estimate has been increased by the inconsistent attitude of his critics. Mr. Lewis Morris has hardly ever been judged calmly. He has been obliged at one time to live up to, at another to live down, a series of judgments expressed in ill-justified superlatives. The appearance of his earlier work was attended by a clamour of the critics; the Press, with an all but unanimous voice, hailed him as a poet of peculiar promise. Then, just as his greatness seemed ripening, a reaction of taste set in, and those who had begun to foretell him Prince of Poets were content to crown him King of the Philistines. Praise and blame are rarely accorded with perfect justice; excess in either direction is generally ill-advised. The whirligig of Time brings in its juster estimates; and we are, it may be, now reaching a state of mind in which we can value "A Vision of Saints" not only with less enthusiasm, but also with less prejudice.

Mr. Lewis Morris was educated at Sherborne and Oxford, and it was apparently in the service of his school that his earliest poem appeared. When the first number of 'The Shirburnian' was published in 1859, its first page was occupied by some lines entitled "Euthanasia," which were, we understand, the work of Mr. Lewis Morris, and this, as far as we can discover, is the first

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published poem by the author of "The Epic of Hades," who did not give any work to the general public for another thirteen years. At Oxford it was the Chancellor's Prize for an English Essay, not the Newdigate, that gave evidence of his literary taste.

The poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris cannot, therefore, be accused of precocity: perhaps of all prominent English poets he developed latest in life; his voice is no midnight sob of

"An infant crying for the light,"

but the ripe, full song of maturity as it moves across its harvest-field of life.

The poetry of maturity is naturally approached by criticism in a spirit different to that with which it would encounter the first essays of boyhood. In the poetry of extreme youth, we expect a certain amount of imitation—both in manner and matter; the views of the author are as yet undeveloped, they are the result rather of study than experience, and admiration of a single author leads to a wholesale adoption of his thought and language. It is through this period of imitation that the perfection of originality is gradually evolved. But when the poet has gained in experience, his verse should gain in maturity; we may then fairly expect that the ideas he suggests will no longer be the ideas of the master at whose feet he sat as a boy; that he will have constructed for himself an individual style, and an independent philosophy of life, affording us fresh material for thought, the creation of his own powerful personality.

But any just estimate of the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris cannot overlook the fact that, in many cases, whole poems in his volumes are indebted for their leading ideas to the works of other writers. The circumstances of "Drowned" are identical with those of "The Bridge of Sighs;" and the thoughts which Mr. Lewis Morris gathers from the spectacle differ only from Tom Hood's in the absence of that saddened resignation which gives to the latter poem its peculiar charm. Mr. Lewis Morris breaks through his usual quiet faith to raise his voice in a momentary rant against "fate so strong, and we so weak;" and while he compares our humanity to "rats in a cage," he leaves us far too little strengthened by his indignation. "Love in Death," again, owes to Lord Tennyson's manner and matter more than a passing inspiration; while "Two Voyages" is an almost exact replica of one of the best-known poems of Arthur Hugh Clough.

Poetry cannot always find new subject-matter; but when it

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adopts an old theme it should at least endow it with a new manner. This is what Mr. Lewis Morris so seldom succeeds in doing. He cannot shake off his models, nor strike out an entirely new line for himself. This is particularly noticeable in his use of epithets. The old scenes are painted in the old colours: the reader is continually searching for some peculiar touch which shall make the landscape the poet's own, and is continually disappointed. He is often an artist, but always of the old school; the grouping, the colouring, the impression produced are invariably familiar. This failing is the more to be regretted, since the poet seems to have conceived at the outset a rather novel form of moral. Wordsworth, seeking repose from the unrestful revolution of Shelley, found in "the unideal aspect of the fields" a fruitful source of inspiration, and delighted to draw from the simplest wayside flower "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Mr. Lewis Morris, turning from the day-dreams of his greater namesake, and the Greek and Italian models of Swinburne, sought among the perils in the city subject for reflection and exhortation. He endeavoured to pass beyond Wordsworth in the idealisation of the scenes of simple life, and to reap from fields the most prosaic a harvest of new and earnest poetry.

The aim which the poet set before himself in collecting his 'Songs of Two Worlds' was, as we read it, the establishment of a parallel between the narrow life of earth and the wide self-realisation of heaven; the lesson which he desired to teach was that the world is everywhere "bound with gold chains about the feet of God." In tracing this connection between things terrestrial and things celestial he has not unnaturally stooped to some of the lowest commonplaces of everyday life, in order to trace in them an image of the heavenly. So we find throughout 'Songs of Two Worlds' subjects chosen for poems which, in their outward being, would appear to be almost anything rather than sources of poetic inspiration. "In Trafalgar Square," "In the Strand," "In Regent Street," "In the Park," Mr. Lewis Morris is ever moving through the crowd, seeking subjects for his verse; he woos no seclusion of Rydal Mount or Freshwater, no hillside scenery or dreamy Lotus-land; he is in his element in Piccadilly, in the City, or on the Surrey side, musing over an organ-grinder and his monkey, or pondering on the snatches of a music-hall ditty, crooned under his window at midnight by two passing daughters of the people.

Now, there was, and still is room for such a poet as this; for a

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poet, shall we say of the commonplace?—at any rate, of the normal—who would throw new light upon the weariness of the more prosaic side of existence, and show that upon every kind of work attends its own peculiar honour. The poets of the day in which Mr. Lewis Morris began to sing had become rather unpractical, rather wanting in that sympathy with and expression of the needs of their age which marks the highest point of poetry; they had turned to classic models for their inspiration, and old-world stories for their themes; they were running the risk of leaving behind them the reputation of being little more than "idle singers of an empty day." They were in some sort failing through their own greatness. For Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris are by nature poets of a far finer calibre than Mr. Lewis Morris; they are poets whose delicate discrimination and taste for all that is beautiful would naturally prevent their seeking subjects for song in the "railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind" in a period of commercial progress; and so they found in the present so few incentives to song that they felt forced to turn their attention to the past. It was open to Mr. Lewis Morris to succeed through a certain absence of greatness. It was not open to Mr. Lewis Morris to become a very great poet, a poet that should live long after his generation; he lacks the music and passion of Swinburne, the restful thought of Tennyson, the movement and power of Browning. But it *was* possible for Mr. Lewis Morris to become a great poet of everyday life, to find sermons in the paving-stones of the Strand, and good in everything human. It *was* open to him to draw new lessons from familiar scenes, and to preach, in very truth, a homily of an age of prose, that should find the voice of poetry still audible above the crash and clatter of the factory.

But Mr. Lewis Morris has failed, we think, to become a *great* poet, even of the commonplace; and in his failure to become great has succeeded in becoming popular. He has failed to become great because he has so little to tell us that is new: he has succeeded in becoming popular because he has so much to tell us that is old. Many people—perhaps if we could all see ourselves as others see us we should even add, most people—enjoy nothing so thoroughly as to be told what they knew before. They like to find expressed in a novel or a poem sensations and emotions which they have themselves experienced, which they can fully understand, and into which they can enter with heart and soul. They read, and they exclaim, "How natural!" which

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becomes with them a synonym for "How good!" To such readers the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris comes as a genuine boon. A new idea is to them a stumblingblock, a subtle thought foolishness; but natural and ordinary sentiments, inspired by natural and ordinary sights, appeal to them immediately; they feel that they have here found a true poetry, fulfilling in every sense Matthew Arnold's definition, "a criticism of life."

In this kind of "natural magic," the magic of calling up old spirits, arrayed very often in graceful and picturesque garments, Mr. Lewis Morris is peculiarly skilful. We do not for a moment mean that he is a conscious plagiarist, or, perhaps, a direct plagiarist at all; but that different scenes fill him with just such emotions as they would inspire in four out of every five men of culture and refinement. These emotions the author of 'Songs of Two Worlds' frequently expresses in felicitous language; but still they are familiar emotions, and the fact of their familiarity cannot but detract from their genuine poetic value.

Mr. Lewis Morris stands under the shadow of Sherborne Abbey, and considers how little it has changed since he was a schoolboy, adding that in the years to come, when he and his are forgotten, Time will have set few marks upon its weather-beaten face. Again, he is sitting in his chambers, when a woman enters with a child in her arms and begs for alms. He wonders how the child will grow up, what it will become; and excuses himself for giving the mother a shilling. He hears the newsboys in the street crying the special edition of the *Echo*, and he reflects that, despite his narrow life, there glows in the heart of each of these children a spark of the divine flame, which it is the duty of his country to foster. The sight of his dog, his cat, his horse, fills him with thoughts upon the cruelty of vivisection, against which he raises an indignant voice.

The fault of every one of these poems lies, not only in the ordinary character of the thoughts he gives us, but in the persistency with which he forces these thoughts upon our attention. In all these poems he tells us too much, and leaves too little to the imagination. He has a thought to suggest to us, and he gives it to us in every detail; he will not allow us to think for ourselves. If his poems were a little more allusive, and a little less direct, they would gain immeasurably both in artistic merit and instructive strength. To make this plain we have only to turn to his series of four-lined "Pictures," which are more original both in conception and execution than the majority of his verses.

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Here in a few words he draws a number of vivid little sketches, which, despite an occasional coarseness of subject and delineation, are each suggestive of a distinct and often powerful thought. Every reader can build his own story round the figures, and draw his own conclusions, where the poet, had he continued, might have been inclined to adorn his tale by pointing too painfully obvious a moral.

But Mr. Lewis Morris has not remained in the city altogether, nor is his fancy confined entirely to the commonplaces of every-day life. He has rested on the hillside, and marked the beauty of the rustic maiden; he has wreathed a story round her memory, and given us "Gwen." It is unfortunate for the complete success of "Gwen" that "Maud" preceded it; for Mr. Morris recalls such lively reminiscences of the Laureate's monodrama that, even in spite of ourselves, we cannot avoid instituting a comparison. "Gwen" is a kind of inverted "Maud," in plot, in treatment, at times even in language, strangely akin to its prototype. Gwen is the humble maiden who loves the aristocratic Henry; the claims of love and the exigencies of birth meet again upon a new platform. "Gwen" is, moreover, a kind of "Maud" several years after, a "Maud" with all the latest improvements, the steam engine, the electric wire, and other achievements of a later-day science. There is a meeting at the village station, and a message "flashed" to the anxious parent when Gwen elopes with her lover. They are all there—the London express and the sixpenny telegram.

Not that "Gwen" is void of beauty: it contains much romantic scenery, and a love song here and there that cannot fail to find an echo in young hearts who feel as Gwen has felt.

> "He comes! I hear the echo of his feet.
> He comes! I fear to stay, I cannot go.
> Oh, Love, that thou art shamefast, bitter-sweet,
> Mixed with all pain and conversant with woe!
> Shine, star of eve, more bright as night draws near,
> Shine, little star, and bring my lover here."

And again:

> "I will cleave unto my love,
> Who am too lowly
> For him to take.
> With a self-surrender holy
> I will cleave unto him solely;
> I will give my being wholly
> For his dear sake."

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This is the kind of poetry that can never fail, because love can never fail; and "while a maid grows sweet and beautiful" the world is always young.

But this Henry, upon whom Gwen lavishes all the wealth of her first, unquestioning love, is at the best a shallow character enough. He is a pedant, fulfilled with modern philosophy, calculating coldly the consequences of his passion—the indignation of his father, the ridicule of his companions—which would follow his stooping to take a wife from the vulgar crowd. He is unworthy the trustful love this simple, innocent girl is ready to give him, and the duologue loses half its interest when one of its characters loses his hold upon our sympathy. Gwen dies, and Henry, while he does not wholly forget her, repairs his fortune by a wealthier match. There is something coarse and unpleasant in the fact that Gwen's Henry should have married again within a year of her death. The idea may be true to life, but by indulgence in it the poet destroys the romance of his poem, and deprives his Epilogue, which apostrophises "Love the conqueror," of its ethical significance. It vulgarises a story that was apparently intended for a countryside idyll, and vulgarises it to no purpose. Little is gained in realism, and much lost in art. Better the old and romantic than the new and radically commonplace.

"Gwen" is accompanied in book form by "The Ode of Life," a rather diffuse account of the various stages of existence from creation to the final change. The chief want of the ode is expressed in the remark that it is, for the most part, simply an account. The periods of life and the accompanying phases of development are reviewed in order, but there is very little new thought offered upon a subject that is practically unlimited in its possibilities. Occasionally we get reflections.

> "The victories of Right
> Are born of strife.
> There were no Day, were there no Night,
> Nor, without dying, Life."

And again, in another passage:

> "We are part of an infinite scheme,
> All we that are.
> . . . . . .
> We are but parts of the Eternal All."

But the greater portion of the poem is concerned with an enumeration of the phenomena of life—at one time with a doll,

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at another with a primer—even of love the poet has little to tell us that has not been told before. "The Ode of Infancy" is perhaps the most successful of the eleven divisions; but its leading and most beautiful idea is strangely like the fancy of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." Still "The Ode of Life" is by no means the least of Mr. Lewis Morris's works, nor, indeed, of contemporary poems generally. It is full of refined if not particularly new thought, it shows a keen study of human nature, and is rich in an optimistic joy in the goodness of existence. Moreover, it is a poem that can be understood by every reader; and, if only for the greatness of its subject, it will doubtless appeal to a large circle of admirers, who will find in its pages considerable food for thought upon sights, which, from their very familiarity, do not always suggest their profound significance.

From the apotheosis of the ordinary, however, Mr. Lewis Morris has turned to fresh woods and pastures new, and has at last fallen a victim to the classical spirit of his contemporaries. He has deserted his world of "snorting steam and piston-stroke" for the more picturesque simplicity of ancient Greece. Weary of the Strand and Trafalgar Square, he has taken a holiday to Cherson and the Bosphorus, and fixed there the scene of his tragedy 'Gycia.'

The decay of the poetic drama is bemoaned by critics, who see through the flimsy artificialities and superficial adornments of modern farce; culture is ever yearning for the return of a golden era of dramatic verse. One critic blames the authors; another, the actor-managers; a third, the audiences themselves. With such a discussion we are not concerned; one point alone is sufficient for our consideration.

Almost every great poet of later years has given us at least one drama, from the 'Sardanapalus' of Byron to the 'Strafford' of Robert Browning; from the 'Queen Mary' of Tennyson to the 'Gycia' of Lewis Morris. And yet not one of these pieces can be considered a good acting-play, not from the point of view of the audience alone, but from that of artistic merit in dramatic art. The poet refuses, so it seems, to conform to the technicalities of construction necessary to stage representation; and in his determination not to be fettered he loses his truest chance of freedom.

He sets restraints upon himself far heavier than those he has cast off: he splits his play up into innumerable short scenes; he severs the thread of continuity, and so misses the intensity of

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interest. But Mr. Lewis Morris has begged us in a prefatory note to 'Gycia' to consider his tragedy as an acting-play rather than a dramatic poem, and challenges criticism on the very point upon which his predecessors appear to have defied it. It is, then, as an acting-play that 'Gycia' must be judged, and as an acting-play it is weakest. The dramatic motive may be given in a few words.

Cherson and the Bosphorus have been at war, and a reconciliation between the states is sought in a marriage between Asander, prince of Bosphorus, and Gycia, daughter of the archon of Cherson. Asander is loved by Irene, a friend of the heroine, who, in revenge for her pangs of despised love, lies to Gycia, and represents her lover's past life as one of shame, in which Irene herself has been involved. Asander, moreover, combines the delights of love-making with a plan for the sudden surprise of Cherson; and this treachery is revealed by Irene to Gycia, who, to save the state, sacrifices her lover's life.

Here is a plot for a strong drama; but the story suffers in the telling. The play is broken up into a number of short, isolated scenes, and overburdened with showy rhetoric; while the comic element, forcibly introduced into rather incongruous situations, has more than a passing element of melancholy in its elaboration. The piece works up to one strong, one really powerful scene, which concludes the story, but it works up too slowly and too diffusely, without sufficient progress in incident, or enthralment of interest. The character of Gycia herself scarcely takes hold upon our sympathy till the close of the play; during the rest of the drama she is a lovesick girl, jumping to jealous conclusions on the very slightest evidence. Irene is almost too painful a villain to be clothed in woman's form; to achieve her revenge she vilifies her own life, suffering her brother to imagine her ruined, that she may be assured of his assistance in her vengeance. The final scene, certainly, is made of the true elements of tragedy; and the death of the heroine, while the mob without are crying "Long live the lady Gycia," is distinctly theatrical; for the rest, there is much to admire in the dramatic poem; but little to absorb attention in the stage-play. It still appears impossible for the present time to combine the qualities of playwright and poet, to find a dramatist equally attractive to stage and study: Mr. Lewis Morris as a writer of plays may be less impossible than Lord Tennyson, yet even the successful 'Cup' can hardly be called a good piece.

The work, however, above all others with which the name of

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our poet will be associated, which while it is his longest and most pretentious, is at the same time his most successful poem, is "The Epic of Hades." It is as the author of this work that he is most frequently alluded to, and it is to the success of this work that he owes his abundant popularity. In choosing such a subject, Mr. Lewis Morris was undoubtedly venturing upon dangerous ground. He was alligning himself perforce with Homer, Virgil, and Dante; he was borrowing from Æschylus, and re-writing Sophocles. It was a tremendous task to undertake, a task in which the poet could not avoid both failure and success at once. Failure there must be by comparison with those immortal singers of the ages; success there must be by the splendour and very immortality of the theme itself. And if it be true that "not failure, but low aim is crime," Mr. Lewis Morris need not repent his adventurous undertaking.

It was, of course, obvious that, if the subject was to be approached anew, it must necessarily be approached in a new spirit; and this did not escape the author of "The Epic of Hades." He has regarded the old myths in a fresh light; having once before endeavoured to see in the sights of everyday life a reflection of the glories of a higher world, he has here reversed the process, and tried to trace in the old Greek legend and classic mythology an allegory of the life of the modern world.

The step was unquestionably a risky one. It was an attempt to read into old-world literature a meaning that was never there, and all such attempts repel us at first by their patent artificiality. The process was perhaps an inartistic one, as all purely artificial attempts must be; and critics have not been wanting who would, upon this ground of artificiality, condemn the poem altogether. But if it be once granted that the basis of the conception is artificial, and therefore wanting in artistic discretion: if it be once granted that the old figures have lost much beauty in being draped in modern dress, there still remains to be considered the detailed portraiture of the characters, apart from the lessons they are enforced to preach, and the grandeur of these characters prevented their stories failing altogether in the re-telling. Nor is all credit to be denied to Mr. Lewis Morris for his method of treatment. In "The Epic of Hades," more than in any other of his poems, the writer has gone out of himself, has identified himself with his subjects, has shown some of that dramatic power of self-effacement which gave Robert Browning his peculiar charm as the poet of all phases of humanity. In "Songs of Two Worlds"

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Mr. Lewis Morris is always with us, permeating every topic with his personality: in "Gwen" the poet's voice is too often heard through the childish treble of the village maiden: in 'Gycia' the dialogue is prolonged and seldom truly dramatic. But in "Helen," in "Clytemnestra," in "Marsyas," in "Psyche" we get distinct and individual personalities moved by distinct and individual passions; and occasionally we get passages of a delicacy and power such as are not conspicuous in the larger portion of his work.

Moreover, if the essentials of an epic be unity and progression, the poem has not been misnamed. The traveller is led from the depths of Tartarus through Hades to Olympus; the chain is complete, from the bestial greed and lust of Tantalus to the ineffable perfection of Zeus. Then the inevitable lesson is drawn. "The weird beat of Time" alone disjoins "to-day from Hellas." Mankind was the same yesterday as it will be for ever; the same, yet better for the lapse of an era of unspeakable love.

> "And still the skies are opened as of old
> To the entrancèd gaze, ay, nearer far
> And brighter than of yore; and Might is there,
> And Infinite Purity is there, and high
> Eternal wisdom, and the calm, clear face
> Of Duty, and a higher, stronger Love
> And Light in one, and a new, reverend name,
> Greater than any and combining all;
> And over all, veiled with a veil of cloud,
> God set far off, too bright for mortal eyes."

The lesson suffers, as all Mr. Morris' lessons suffer, from a persistence in enforcing it; but that we expected, and much of the music and picturesqueness of the poem we did not expect. The subject had of necessity to be treated in a new fashion, and Mr. Lewis Morris, no doubt, has not chosen the most excellent way in which to treat it; but in the treatment of it he has come nearer to proving himself a true poet than ever before, and—we fear we must add—than ever since.

His latest volume, 'A Vision of Saints,' bears a peculiarly striking resemblance to "The Epic of Hades." We have the same scheme of construction; the same procession of figures before the gaze of the poet, the same spiritual guide, the same moral reflections as each presence passes away, even the same tricks of diction and the same epithets again and again repeated. There are as many things in Heaven—"effluent," "infinite,"

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"rapt," "innumerable," "veiled," "soaring," and "ineffable"—as there were in Hades. In one point the schemes differ. In "The Epic of Hades" it is the spirits themselves that address the poet, telling him the story of their lives; in 'A Vision of Saints' the heavenly guide acts as interpreter, describing every passing form from the Seven Sleepers to Father Damien. The change is certainly not for the better; for the introduction of a theatrical element destroys the poetic illusion at the outset. The disagreeable impression of a lecture before a painting haunts the whole poem which is thus forced to move through an atmosphere of extreme artificiality. The poet, we feel, has never really fallen into a dream; he has never for a moment become absorbed in his vision; all the while he is straining his ear to catch the words of the preacher. The beauty inseparable from the old Greek myth is gone, and has left in its place far too little beside the pointed morals and didactic applications with which the poet inevitably adorns every subject that he touches.

There are, of course, events in plenty, and Mr. Morris never hesitates to put into the mouth of his mysterious guide the detailed biography of the saint who is before him at the moment. But it is this very zeal for particulars—the same zeal that we have found marring his earlier work—which is the most marked blemish upon the poem. Historical incidents of the kind that attach to the lives of the later saints only serve to overburden the lines of the 'Vision,' and to render them cumbersome under the weight of a catalogue of heavy, unideal facts.

Thus we find in the story of John Bunyan, that,

> "Soon, when the storm
> Of warfare burst upon the Midland fields,
> A boy in years, against the faithless king
> He served a soldier, for the cause he loved,
> And saw his comrade at his side fall dead,
> Shot through the brain."

And again—the guide is describing Henry Martyn:

> "At length, a boy in age,
> To Granta's venerable halls he went,
> A student not obscure, and with hard toil
> Laboured four happy years of blameless youth,
> And took at last the foremost place."

And again, of Natalia:

> "Seeking to exorcise her painful thought
> With spinning."

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And yet once more, of Francis of Assisi:

> "All the people deemed the youth
> A madman, and his father prisoned him
> Within his house long time. But she, his mother,
> The mild Madonna Pica, came to him,
> And comforted her son, bidding him yield
> Obedience to his sire."

Now, all this is simply prose, arranged to scan—not always very musically; and of such throughout 'A Vision of Saints,' is composed.

And yet this last work, in which the poet has, in our opinion, succeeded least, is that in which most might have been expected of him. And it is the greater pity that this last work should fail to carry conviction with it, since it is a work in which his sympathy, his energy, indeed his whole soul is centred: it is a work which, treated in slighter form, has often shown his power to its fullest advantage. For though we have in the course of these remarks questioned the artistic value of his verse, we believe that its purely utilitarian value has been quite considerable. Mr. Lewis Morris has not enriched art, but he has helped life; he has lived and written with a real influence upon the wide class of readers that has bestowed upon him a popularity greater than the poetic worth of his writings would warrant.

Mr. Lewis Morris can never claim to be widely representative, to have reflected the current thought of his age as Byron or Wordsworth, as Shelley or Tennyson have done. That is denied him. But one phase of thought he has represented, and represented with honour. He was born into an age of scepticism, when the air was full of theories of Evolution and troubled with the clouds of Positivism, and he raised his voice against a philosophy which tends to blind its followers to the one ideal light of the world. Mr. Lewis Morris raises the lamp of religion in the midst of a dark world. 'The Wanderer,' one of the best of his poems, 'The New Creed,' 'Evensong,' 'Confession,' and innumerable shorter verses, all breathe the spirit of resignation to a will higher than man's, and a knowledge above the learning of the ages. His voice is not the voice of science rebuking science, nor always of higher knowledge silencing lower, nor can he always give us a sound reason for the faith that is in him. But as the poet of the religion of our fathers, protesting against the attacks launched on the old hopes and creeds by the younger sons of the household, he has spoken, and spoken not in vain.

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For above all things he is full of that sincerity which Carlyle considered indispensable to true greatness. The very determination with which he forces his thought upon us is only another phase of his own belief in the truth of the gospel he comes to preach. And much may surely be forgiven the man who is genuinely sincere.

There are those whose learning is not deep, who find their faith tottering—they know not why—when they hear of new creeds and fresh philosophies: who do not seek arguments so much as assurances, nor proofs so much as exhortations. These are the readers, in themselves no inconsiderable number, who will rise strengthened from a study of the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris. It is, perhaps, no great triumph that the most faithful in his fold should be the weakest; but it is something to have prevented weakness becoming weaker, and to have raised a voice for a faith that has found much strength in the past, and will not fail for strength in the future. Readers will not leave the poems of Mr. Lewis Morris endowed with new knowledge and new wisdom, nor enriched with any undiscovered wealth of poetic thought; but many that have read him will feel a fresh comfort and consolation which they will not scorn to acknowledge, and for which in the secresy of their hearts they will confess themselves thankful.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

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MESSER ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

(THE STORY TOLD BY THE CREMONA VIOLIN.)

IT had such a curious way of telling its story, this old Italian violin. At first, when it began to speak, the listeners could only hear vague sounds which trembled, moaned indistinctly. But ever and again there arose a whole wave of harmonies that formed themselves into words which were comprehended by some, but not by all, for the beautifullest and highest things in the world need translation before they can be understood by the common-place. It is only the nightingales that understand what it is that the nightingales sing.

But at last all heard one word—Cremona—and, as they heard it, they caught a glimmering of what Cremona must have been in the bygone, long-dead days, even before this violin had taken form. Cremona! city of music—city of love—of impassioned strains and long-drawn sighs—city of workers and toilers for the perfecting of instruments with which to make perfect music! That one word told of the soul these men had put into their art —yea, of the love they bore it. It was as if every string strung in the city of music vibrated with the sound of that one word— "Cremona."

I was born at Cremona (said the Violin). I would you could have seen our workshop. For centuries it had been the birthplace of the world-famed, world-admired violins. I, myself, am but a latter-day descendant of the old race, possessing none of the qualities of my ancestors save the accumulated knowledge that each true artist brings to the perfecting of his craft. Knowledge is the world's great inheritance—a patrimony that each son of the earth may enjoy.

But to return to the house wherein was our workshop. It was tall, many-storied, with high gables and narrow windows that

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overlooked a courtyard in the centre of which stood a fountain, or rather a well; before the noonday heats and after the sun had gone down, the women used to come with their high earthen pitchers and gossip and sing, awaiting their turn to fill their pitchers. And the songs they sang floated in to us on the warm perfumed air, and the violins learned them so that they knew music even before they were made. I tell you every particle of a violin must feel music within it, if the violin is to make it.

It was such a pretty sight, this courtyard with its white uneven flag-stones, and its pots of oleanders and orange-trees, and the great vine crawling up the house-side like a serried throng of lusty soldiers up a mountain-steep. But women were needed to make the picture complete, and there were mostly women there, for besides those that came to fetch water, there were some who lived in the houses that formed three sides of the square courtyard, which had but one narrow egress.

These women were mostly washerwomen by profession, and their variegated clothes, hung out to dry in the wind, made a stir of life in the sleepy courtyard. Besides these, there was one other woman, the keeper of the fruit-stall, and her fruits made a fine patch of colour in the most shadowy corner.

Here it was that the apprentices, who were not always as eager to work as Messer Antonio, came to quench their thirst with the ripe luscious fruit, so temptingly displayed. I knew many of them, for it takes a long time for a violin to become matured, and it is one of the apprentices whose story I will tell.

It was in the beginning of June; the strong sun was shining as brightly as if it had not been shining ever since the world began. Messer Antonio, with his sleeves well tucked up, was putting a touch of varnish on a violin. He was so sunburnt that the golden varnish almost seemed to be of the same colour as his long arms and his great hands that touched the violin so lightly and tenderly.

A woman was crossing the courtyard, tall and stately, with a dignified walk that seemed to give the lie to the peasant's dress she wore. A little child, hardly able to walk, was clinging to the shapely yet labour-marked hand. The little fingers closed so firmly round the mother's that it seemed that the child knew by the contact alone how great was the support the mother *could* give.

The woman looked up at our house, as if in bygone days

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she had known it well, scanning it narrowly as if to discover if it were indeed unaltered. She seemed irresolute and strangely timid. She hesitated a long time before she took courage to enter.

It was the hour of noonday rest, and the apprentices had all dispersed. Messer Antonio alone remained working. He always loved to apply these cunning touches of his when he was quite by himself; the idle chatter of his workmen, who were young and giddy, disturbed him. He, having so great a reverence for his art, loved to practise it in silence and alone, and I, for one, could not wonder at it.

I heard the woman's step on the stairs. I think she must have been carrying the little one, for I heard only one footfall; but at the threshold she paused, and I heard a sound as if the little one had been placed on its feet.

Then the door opened, and I felt a tremulous excitement creep over me; but Messer Antonio seemed to hear nothing, but worked on steadily, evidently much satisfied with his results, for there was a contented smile upon his face that meant, "It is well done."

The woman entered, holding her child to her closely. She was pale under the sunburn on her cheeks, but she advanced quite steadily, and came within a yard of Messer Antonio. He looked up suddenly and gave a great start; the ruddy colour forsook his face; he let fall his dearly-loved violin. It fell with a great clatter, and he gave a hoarse cry of "Maddalena!" but there was nothing soft, nothing pitiful in the cry; rather one would have said a curse than a cry.

She fell down on her knees, like the peasant women do before the image of our Blessed Lady that stands at the corner of the courtyard, and stretched out her hands in supplication; but he neither spoke nor moved.

Then—"Father!" she cried appealingly.

He looked at her angrily and the great veins of his forehead stood out like cords, and the hot passionate blood mounted to his face, and he cried roughly, "What do *you* do here?"

Then she answered almost softly: "I crave forgiveness and mercy, father."

"I do not know them," he answered coldly, and would have turned from her; but she took hold of her little one and pushed it towards him.

"Forgiveness for me, and mercy for my child," she said; but

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the little one, seeing its mother on her knees, plucked at her gown and looked defiantly at the man who was frightening her.

Messer Antonio turned an angry look upon the child, but in some wonderful fashion a little softening smile crept into the hard lines of his mouth.

"What do you here?" he asked again, but a little less roughly. "Did I not bid you go with your accursed husband, since you elected to wed him? I told you I would never look upon your face again. Is he dead, then, that you have come back to me?"

He said this so brutally, one would not have recognized Messer Antonio.

"He is dead," she answered quietly, but with a great despair in her voice that made every word she uttered seem like a knife-thrust. "Dead to me—he has left me!"

"Left you?" There was a fiendish glee on Messer Antonio's face. "Left you!—and you have come to me!"

"Listen," she said breathlessly, and rose from her knees and confronted her father. "Let me speak! I will confess at once that you were right and I was wrong. You told me he was a ne'er-do-well, a scoundrel, a beggar who married me because I was a rich man's daughter—and I, I who loved him as women love in Hell—tell you that you were right. He was all you said and more. He was so bad, so cowardly, so devilishly cruel, that I would sell my soul to be revenged on him!" (She stamped her foot, as if she could not express her anger sufficiently by any other way, and the great, passionate tears rained from her eyes.) "But I can do nothing! I am a helpless woman with a little child. Therefore I come to you; not on account of the love you have ceased to bear me, but for revenge. You were always revengeful, and I bring you Filippo. I give him to you! He is my darling; the apple of my eye; the very all of me; and I bring him to you to make of him my avenger. Do what you will with him. Here he is—but avenge me!"

She spoke in short sharp breaths, panting with anger; but at the end she exhausted herself. She would have fallen prone to the ground, but that Messer Antonio caught her and laid her, not ungently, on the wooden bench which the apprentices used. He was silent for a moment, and stood with bent head, pondering over her words.

I do not think it was emotion that subdued him, but a little wonder at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"If this is the reason of your coming, Maddalena, you are

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welcome," he said at last; and this is how Filippo, a little curly-haired child, came amongst us. But as for Maddalena, she would not stay.

"I do not come as a beggar," she answered Messer Antonio, when he spoke some words of protest at her departure, and she spoke with the self-reliant air that I knew so well in Messer Antonio. "I can work—I do work. I could not come back here and eat your bread after you had cursed me and bidden me begone from your presence; and"—with a sudden gush of feeling that melted the rigid lines in her face—"I could not return here and live here, where I dreamt my girlish, fond dreams of happiness with *him!* The very stones in the courtyard would seem to jeer at me! A thousand stinging memories would crowd in upon me to madden me. No, I could not live here, but I will leave Filippo to you, if you like! Bring him up in ignorance of me! Swear to me you will make of him an instrument to avenge me!"

And now she turned to go. "Good-bye, father," she said, and a great tremor shook her sonorous voice; she stooped and lifted little Filippo in her arms, and clasped him to her breast with hungry ferocity, and kissed him as if she fain would have left her life upon his lips; but Filippo, not understanding, burst into a passion of childish tears. "You will be kind to him," said Maddalena huskily. Then I noticed that Messer Antonio was standing with his huge back turned towards us all, and that his voice was very thick when he answered, almost gently, "I will do my duty by him."

And many a day and oft have I seen Maddalena stand at the corner of the courtyard, there where the shadows lie the thickest, to catch a glimpse of Filippo as he passed; and once when he was playing amongst the children, I saw her snatch him up and cover him with kisses. My heart went out to her, poor hungry-eyed mother, poor deserted wife! but I could not make my sympathy known to her—which is the way of the world, you see. Those who suffer most, say least; those who wish to speak, find the words wanting. They are, like I was then, a violin without strings.

And after some time Maddalena came no more, and I could but conjecture that the fire and grief within her had consumed her.

* * * * *

The years went on, and I would scarcely have marked their passing had not Filippino grown into Filippo, that is to say, from

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a curly-haired, chubby-cheeked child, into a slender brown-skinned boy, and then into the most beautiful of youths. There are few things on earth as lovely to look upon as he was, and when he grew old enough to sit with the other apprentices on the long bench, and learn Messer Antonio's craft, there was none to compare with him in beauty of person or in the deftness which he showed in the making of violins. He put his soul into his work, as indeed every artist should; but he also possessed a most wonderful instrument of his own, in the form of the loveliest voice that had ever been given to mortal man. When he sang, his voice sounded like a thousand strings in unison. There were tones in it that reminded me of the sound of church bells, which floats in through the open windows, and brings with it its divine message of peace. There was a solemnity and yet a gaiety in it that told of a reflective mind and of a gay young heart.

But the strangest thing of all was, that Messer Antonio, who could not but love the lad, yet hated to hear him sing; this was all the more curious, as he was so gifted a musician that it seemed to me as if all true music must needs have been delight in his ears.

As I have said, many years passed, and nothing of any importance happened, until one day a bearded stranger entered, who greeted Messer Antonio as if he had been acquainted with him in bygone days.

"You do not recognize me," he said; "yet, Messer Antonio, I was once an apprentice here, and it is to you I owe the renown I have gained. I am Giuseppe Nardi, whose violins almost rival yours."

Messer Antonio looked right glad to see him. "You are a great honour to me," he said. "I am always proud of you. Are you well—and married?"

Nardi shook his head. "No," he said sombrely, "I told you then, I tell you now, life ended for me when *she* left us."

Messer Antonio stood silent for a little while, and then he pointed to Filippo, who sat amongst the apprentices. None of them, so much in awe were they of their master, durst lift their eyes from their work.

"That is Maddalena's son," he said. Giuseppe Nardi gave a great start.

"Her son?" he asked. "Then where is she? was she not happy, my beloved one—tell me, for pity's sake, she is not dead?"

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"I know not," answered Messer Antonio slowly, "whether she be alive or dead. Seventeen years ago she brought me her little one, brought him to me with but one desire, that I should educate him to avenge her. That villain, her husband, still lives, and Filippo shall be taught revenge when he is man enough to understand it. It is no boy's revenge but a man's that we need; in two years he will be twenty-one, and then my day will be at hand."

Giuseppe looked at Messer Antonio. "That is very wrong," he said gravely. "Maestro, he is a beautiful youth and deft with his hands. Make of him a useful man—you have made me one—and forego your revenge."

"He is only an instrument to me," said Messer Antonio; "he means nothing but the dagger with which to stab a traitor. What! have you forgotten Maddalena? Had you seen her seventeen years ago, you would not have spoken of forgiveness—for *him*."

"Have I forgotten her?" asked Nardi. He had such a pleasant voice, it was good to listen to it, even when it rang out sharp, laden with poignant regret. "Does my life not prove that I have *never* forgotten her? Yet my every thought is of the past joyous days, when I was young, and loved, and fancied myself beloved! But this boy now—with the golden light in his eyes—why should he not be a happy man, and a stay to your old age?"

"My old age requires no stay," said the Maestro, and drew himself up proudly; and indeed he seemed so vigorous that it was almost an absurdity to talk of old age to him.

Nardi sighed. "I wish I could persuade you," he said.

"But you cannot," answered Messer Antonio. "No one, as you well know, has ever succeeded in diverting me from any purpose. I am too old to change now."

"May I speak to the lad?"

"As much as you like!"

Then Nardi walked over to the apprentices' bench and held out his hand to Filippo. "I used to sit here when I was young, and—I knew your mother, Filippo. I want you to remember that if ever you want a friend, you have but to come or to send to Giuseppe Nardi of Florence. I will always help you for the sake of bygone days."

The young man looked up in surprise. "I thank you, sir," he answered, "and will think of your words, and if aught happen to make me require friendly aid I will come to you."

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"That is right, my lad," said Nardi heartily; but he turned away with something like a sigh. He made his adieux to Messer Antonio, left, but returned of a sudden. "The singer Brondoni," he asked under his breath, "is the man—is he not? Remember, I never knew aught, save that I had lost her."

"Yes," answered Messer Antonio fiercely, "that is the cursed villain!"

"Can the lad sing?"

"Yes."

"You will make him his father's rival on the stage, then?"

"I had never thought of *that*. I had a far more vulgar way of snuffing him out—but, per Dio! you are a man of invention."

"I wish you would forego this revenge."

"I will *die* first," said Messer Antonio, and he spoke as if he meant it.

The next occurrence that impressed me with a sense of importance, was of a much softer character—indeed it was, what was then, aye and always will be, the loveliest thing in a world brimful of lovely things to me—namely, a pair of young lovers, very young, very shy, feeling love for the first time, so ignorant of love itself that they scarce knew it had come to them. Words were few between them; yet there was a subtle language, spoken by their eyes and even by the movement of their hands, that was most eloquent. I was so happy to be a witness of it, for though I had an intuition that there was something called love in the world, yet I had never seen it. I knew of vague yearnings, dim longings, confused medley of sounds that needed but one thing to make them into music. I knew of all that, ever since I came into being, only it was all so difficult to me; and of a sudden all grew quite clear. That was when first I saw Filippo and the little Maria, whom I had seen grow up from childhood into shy girlhood, together.

Maria was the daughter of the woman who kept the fruit stall which the apprentices patronized, and she had always been so pretty that she was a joy to look at. Her tawny curls ran riot over her forehead, clung to the arch of her eyebrows and strayed down from her head to dance on her shoulder. It used to remind me of a beautiful silken net in which birds might be snared. I think that neither Filippo, nor I, nor she herself dreamt that she was approaching womanhood until this very afternoon I speak of.

It was Mid Lent; Messer Antonio had given his apprentices

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leave to enjoy themselves as they saw fit on this one holiday plucked from amid the sombre fast days. All of them were away carousing, save Filippo, who, having the love of his craft strong in him, was intent on shaping a beautiful piece of seasoned wood. I heard a timid rap at the door, and when Filippo had cried "Come in," I know not who was the more surprised, he or Maria, when the latter entered.

"I have come to see Messer Antonio," said the girl shyly. "Mother sent me to ask concerning the rent. It has been told us that the padrone wishes to increase it, and indeed, we are too poor to pay more."

"I know nothing of it," answered Filippo. "Messer Antonio does not confide in any one, but I hope he will not increase your rent. He is quite rich enough as it is, he has no one belonging to him in this world to whom he could leave his money." Now I knew that Filippo ignored his relationship to Messer Antonio. "But he is not in the house just now. Will you sit down and wait?"

"Thank you," answered the girl simply, and Filippo pulled out the bench on which the apprentices sat and made room for her; I think it must have been the first time in his life that he noticed how pretty she was, for he looked at her with much attention, so much so that the girl blushed and finally asked him, "Why are you looking at me?"

Filippo smiled. He knew far too little of women to feel shy with them.

"I will tell you why," he answered. "In the church of San Giovanni there is a picture of the Blessed Virgin" (and Filippo, who notwithstanding the banter of the apprentices still remained unaffectedly pious, here crossed himself); "when you took this seat you had the same beautiful serene look that charms me so in her."

"You should not compare me to the Blessed Virgin."

"Why not," asked Filippo. "Indeed, Maria, I do it in all reverence."

She made no answer, but her dusky cheek grew hot with vermilion blushes.

Filippo worked on a little while, but presently laid down his tools and seated himself next to Maria on the bench. "I am sorry about the rent," he said. "Are you quite sure Messer Antonio does intend to increase it?"

"I fear so, and then I know not what we should do, for here

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you see, we are well known, and each morning the apprentices buy fruit from us because we are near—but so they would from any stranger, and our place would soon be filled up ; but we—we must go out into the world and starve, for indeed we are too poor to pay more."

"You must not go away," said Filippo softly, with a little emphatic stress on the "you" that made the girl blush again.

"Ah!" she said shyly, "I know you would help us, but how can you? Messer Antonio is a hard man."

"He is a very just man," answered the lad gravely, "and if you will let me, I will plead your cause for you."

"Will you?" she asked joyously. "I should be so grateful. I am a little, only a very little, afraid of him, you know. I do not understand him."

Filippo smiled. "I do not fear him at all," he said. "He is always good to me and just."

"Then I will go," she said ; but she showed no great alacrity.

"Why?" asked Filippo. "See, I am here quite alone and would be so happy if you would stay with me a little longer."

"My mother will want me."

"Your mother can have you always, whilst I have nought but this little stolen half hour of you. Do you know that since you have left off your childish garments, I have never had much talk with you, although I have seen you daily."

"But did you ever want to talk to me?"

"Oh, yes," cried Filippo—"very often! I know a great deal about you. It seems to me that I know what things you would like, and what you would dislike. Sometimes when we make a beautiful violin, I long to show it you ; and, again, when a song takes my fancy, I long to sing it to you."

"You think of me so much then?" asked little Maria shyly. "I never thought you noticed me at all. You always walk through the courtyard so proudly, and never stop to chatter like the other apprentices. It always made me so unhappy, for I wondered how I could have angered you ; but of course I could not tell."

"So you thought of me, too?" questioned Filippo, and drew almost imperceptibly nearer to her, and looked into her eyes for his answer.

"Of course I thought of you, too," said Maria, "for though you passed us by so proudly, I knew you had a friendly feeling for me."

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"Only a *friendly* feeling?"

Maria blushed. "I do not know," she stammered; then, seeing that Filippo had drawn nearer to her and was looking for his answer, "How can I tell what men feel?" she asked.

"Ah!" answered Filippo, "it seems to me you could easily tell what I feel, for you know that whenever I have met you, my eyes have sought yours and have tried to express everything that my mouth dared not, and you were not ill-pleased, I know."

And then there fell between the twain a few moments of delicious silence. Maria's eyes were downcast. Filippo was trying to put into words a new conviction that had come upon him, but for a long time he could not. At last he said, with a certain awkward hesitation that did not sit ungracefully on him:

"Maria, had you ever dreamt of loving any one?"

Maria looked up startled; her eyes gave a sudden flash. "I do not know," she murmured.

But Filippo scarcely heeded her answer. "Because I have—often!" he cried, with growing passion. "I have dreamt of it all through the summer nights and winter days. Whenever I have heard anything that was beautiful, anything that was good, I have known that love must needs be like it, and even more divine. And now, Maria, I *know* that my dreams of what love must be are true, and that it is *you* whom I love."

He had knelt down beside her and reverently taken her hand in his. The two young heads were very close together, each pair of burning eyes looking into the other's, and suddenly, as if by magic, their mouths met, and ere either of them had realised the other's action, their lips were clinging in a first lovers' kiss.

"You must be my little wife, Maria," whispered Filippo, and she drooped her head on his shoulder like a flower on its stem, but said nothing.

Then suddenly there was heard a great clatter up the stone stairs.

"The padrone!" gasped poor little Maria, and without another word she sped down the stairs, through the courtyard, and hid herself within the shelter of her mother's house.

"Was that not the little Maria who ran past me down the stair? She was like a little whirlwind. What brought her?"

Messer Antonio was evidently in great good-humour. He was not looking at Filippo when he asked the question; but when the lad answered, he turned round sharply.

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"She and her mother had heard a rumour that you intended increasing their rent. I hope it is not so, padrone." It was only the sound of his voice, only the tremulousness in it, the tender way in which the "she" fell from the lad's lips, and yet Messer Antonio *knew*. His ruddy cheek turned pale. He faced the lad suddenly and looked at him fixedly.

"Whew!" he said—a long-drawn whistle, and that was all. Messer Antonio cruelly waited for Filippo to speak first.

"I hope you will not be hard on them, padrone, for I love her and have asked her to be my wife." He said it quite boldly; it was true that he did not fear Messer Antonio. It seemed to me that the old man was making a mental calculation as to what course he should take. He did not look *very* pleasant when he said:

"You are very young, Filippo."

"I shall grow older," said the lad. "Besides everything is so vague as yet. We should not want to marry for a long time. My wage is not sufficient."

"Oh!" quoth Messer Antonio, with a sigh of relief. "Listen to me. Of course it is nothing to me; you are not bound to do my wishes. Gratitude counts for nothing in this world, and you are your own master. But this very day I made some arrangements which I thought might please you. They will not interfere with your matrimonial engagements, in which, of course, you can please yourself entirely. Everybody manages their own marriages—mismanages, I might say. But if you will follow my advice, you could far better afford to keep a wife in a little while than by working out your time with me. For the matter of that, you were never properly apprenticed and are an independent workman. Well, Filippo, to begin the matter, you have a money-making machine in that throat of yours in the shape of a beautiful voice."

Filippo looked up much surprised. "Why, I thought you hated to hear me sing, padrone."

"But you have a fine voice, nevertheless," answered the padrone drily. "The best tenor in Italy, I think, when it is cultivated, which it shall be by the finest master in the world. Now do not thank me. I have private reasons for what I do. A grudge which I owe to Brondoni, the tenor whom I want supplanted. He thinks he can sing, the vain fool! Why, every note he sings rings false, as only a villain's notes can sound, and he shall be hissed off the stage yet, and 'tis you who shall show the people what singing means!"

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"Can I do that, padrone?"

"You can—you shall; you are a musician. And as for that little revenge of mine, it need not concern you. Play into my hands, that is all; and as for the little Maria, it will be a proud day for her when she is the great tenor's wife!"

Filippo looked as if the news were too good to be true. With a sudden impulse he seized Messer Antonio's toil-worn hands and kissed them.

"I will do all you tell me, padrone," he cried, "and I will work for your sake and for my Maria's!"

"That is right," answered the old man. "I trust you, Filippo; remember that you do not disappoint me."

And now there must be a little gap in my narrative, for I was presently pronounced to be a finished instrument, and removed to the keeping of a most excellent musician, and so was at last permitted to make music—which needs must be the greatest desire of a violin.

We were all much excited on the evening of which I am about to tell you, for there was to be the first representation of a great work by the famous master Gluck. There was always a great feeling against German music in Italy, and it was with difficulty that this work was allowed to be performed. I had been with my master to rehearsals, and had been delighted with a certain tenor whom all men called Filippo Filippino, but whom I knew to be my own dear Filippo, who was singing a part which has since been sung by women, so fresh was his voice. And all along I heard great discussions as to how "Brondoni" would take his dismissal from his post of *primo tenore*. Of course my knowledge that Brondoni was none other than Filippo's father, added great piquancy to this performance. It seemed to me that no one knew it except myself, and I counted for nothing, for I was but a violin in the orchestra—one voice amongst many; but for all that I knew a great deal, and looked forward with no small excitement to the evening's performance.

Well, it is divine music—we all know that—and as for my Filippo, he was perfect. I had looked around for Messer Antonio, and sure enough I had found him, radiant, glowing with pride, and next to him, in the full charm of her young womanhood, sat Maria.

"Dear lad! He has been faithful to her, then," I thought

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with satisfaction, for Maria's presence with Messer Antonio was a sure sign that Filippo was still her betrothed, if not her husband.

The first part went superbly. Filippo surpassed himself; and then suddenly there arose, I know not whence, a sinister rumour. It was whispered first amongst the musicians in the orchestra—whispered by some with horror, by others with derisive smiles and shrugs; and when the curtain was over long in rising, I knew the report must have reached Filippo, and the rumour was—"Brondoni has stabbed himself!"

It came upon me like a thunderbolt. Did Messer Antonio know? I wondered that he sat there so erect, so sure of himself, so proud of Filippo's success, and then I trembled at the horror of it all, for it meant nothing else but that, through the son's instrumentality, the father had made away with himself. It was so horrible. My poor unsuspecting Filippo singing away so lustily for art's sake, for Maria's sake, for love's sake; all the time an instrument of revenge—himself innocent of all revenge.

I thought of Giuseppe Nardi. "Forego revenge," he had said. And then I remembered Messer Antonio's answer: "I am too old to be diverted from my purpose," and it seemed to me that the world had become more jangled and out of tune than ever, and that no amount of striving could ever put it right.

Yes, the news travelled to Messer Antonio, for he had become impatient of the delay, had asked the reason and had learned it. I saw the ruddy colour leave his cheeks, the sunken eyes flare up, and then suddenly he sank back in his seat, an inert mass. Most likely the horror of it had burst upon him; perhaps for the first time he realized that he had made of the son the father's murderer.

Maria's thoughts were revealed in her face. Her anxious eyes gazed at the curtain. Doubtless she was impatient to witness her lover's further triumph, and a little anxious withal lest aught should ail him. Presently there was commotion on the stage behind the curtain. Filippo's young voice rang out lustily, louder than any other.

"Of *course* we will continue; why not? I am sorry, of course; but why should Brondoni's death stop us? A man should learn to take defeat. It is only cowards who kill themselves!" said the bold voice, whose owner had never known what it was to suffer a day's unhappiness. "And he was not worth much—

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Messer Antonio always said he was a villain!"—there seemed to me almost a cry of exultation over the defeated and dead singer.

"Oh, hush—I pray you hush!" said another voice in an agonised whisper.

The curtain was still down, and we of the orchestra could hear, but not the audience.

"I will not hush!" said Filippo impatiently. Perhaps the thought of his beautiful sweetheart, and how she had come to enjoy his success, made him a little ruthless. "Are we to stop a whole performance, because a man has killed himself, Nardi?"

Then I felt a little relieved, for I remembered that Nardi knew, and would surely tell the lad in the gentlest manner why it was that he, of all singers, must sing no more that night.

"You must stop!" said Nardi firmly.

"You are mad!" cried Filippo. "Leave the stage, Nardi, and ring the curtain up."

Then I knew that he must be told, and at once. I heard Nardi say again:

"You must not, Filippo! *You*, of all men, must not sing."

"Why I?" cried Filippo furiously. "Why *I*, of all men? What was Brondoni to me that I must not sing because he is dead?"

There was a little pause, and it seemed to me as if Filippo even must have begun to suspect something, for his voice was hoarse when he whispered, "Speak!"

"He was your father," said Nardi simply.

"You lie!" was the answer, in sharp decisive tones.

"It is God's truth," answered Nardi. "He was my rival. We both loved Maddalena, Messer Antonio's daughter—your mother. He won her, married her, and deserted her; and this is Messer Antonio's revenge."

"Do you know what it is you are saying?" cried the lad. "Do you know that I have this man's blood on my head, and that if he is my father, I have killed my father? Do you know that I have worked to supplant him, that my one aim was to show the people what a worthless singer he was, that I have driven him to his death, and you tell me quietly he is my father? It is horrible—horrible!" No one spoke, and then suddenly Filippo cried, "Where is Messer Antonio—my grandfather—that I may have my revenge on him?"

"Leave revenge," said Nardi once more. "There has been too much revenge already!"

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And so it was that the great master Gluck's work was not performed in its entirety, and that gradually the astonished audience left the theatre, and I was sad at heart indeed, and wondered what end there could be to so calamitous a story.

For a long time I heard nothing more, for Filippo never sang again ; but one evening we had been taking part in a grand mass that had been performed in the cathedral. As we came out of the dark church into the still night air, we stumbled against a monk, who was crouching in the shade of the porch, trying, it seemed to me, to hear the notes of the voluntary, which the organist was playing.

" Pardon," said the monk, as we stumbled against him, and the white face, wan in the moonlight, and the voice were Filippo's ; and it seemed to me not unlikely that he should have taken his sorrow and his remorse and consecrated them with himself to the service of God, not as a criminal does, but as a victim.

Of Messer Antonio and of Maria, I heard that he had endowed the latter with all his wealth, and that she was about to be married to a well-known maker of violins. Poor little Maria! I suppose she was not an instrument of very fine tone herself—but then we cannot all be violins of Cremona.

ALAN ADAIR.

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A TOUR IN BURMAH.

IT has been my fate of late years to spend a certain length of time in India and Burmah, and when, on coming home the other day, I joined the tide of English travellers which, gathering from Colombo and Calcutta, blends at Singapore, and sweeps on by Hong Kong and Japan to San Francisco; and heard many of them relating where they had been, I was struck by the great number who had, so to speak, passed by the open door of Burmah without looking in to see what lay inside. And I fancy that I disturbed the equanimity of one or two of these for the moment, by telling them, in the midst of their enumeration of the wonders of the earth at which they had gazed, that I thought they had omitted that which was, to the passing traveller, the most entrancing and interesting country of all.

On the other hand, some whom I met had been wisely advised to see, if no more, at least so much of the country as a visit to Rangoon and a steamer trip up the Irrawaddy would afford, and, of these, all agreed that it was in very many respects the most delightful of the many strange places they had seen.

To theirs I must add my own humble testimony. I have been in almost every part of the globe but South America and Australia; have climbed the passes of the Himalayas and ridden for weeks over the broad plains of South Africa, have roamed about the magnificent jungles of Cochin, wandered into harbours in the East Coast of Africa scarcely noted on the map, toured through Japan, drunk champagne (of a sort) with native governors of Madagascan ports, and alike explored the peaceful bathing *ghâts* of Benares and the wild scenery of the Rocky Mountains; but nowhere, except perhaps in Japan, have I found the interest of travel so varied as in British Burmah, nor any paradise for the voyager where (for a short tour) the

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comforts and the wonderments of life lie in such agreeable proximity.

And this is perhaps not its least recommendation. For if one is not sojourning in foreign lands from motives connected with either honour, sport, or profit, what is there that can compensate for discomfort?

The traveller, on the other hand, who lands at Rangoon, (where, as well as at Mandalay, he will find very tolerable hotels to receive him,) can, after seeing the former most curious town, embark in a day or two on board one of the excellent "flats" which ply up and down the beautiful Irrawaddy, and, with all the comfort of a Rhine steamer, journey at his leisure far up the river to a point some way beyond Mandalay—either living continuously on board, or, if armed with a letter or two of introduction, landing for a short visit at various points on the way.

His food and sleeping accommodation on board are of the best, and for my part I know nothing more delightful than to sit in a comfortable chair on the ample deck of one of these steamers, and shoot through the rippling waters of this noble stream, past, on either side, a perpetually changing panorama of forest-clad mountains, emphasised here and there with a gold pagoda or a wood-carved monastery, or, anon, tapering out into a spit of sand covered with wild-fowl.

To begin with Rangoon: the Pagoda there and its surroundings furnish a *tout ensemble* of colour and form that I have never seen elsewhere equalled. All that is most curious and intricate in wood sculpture, all that is most bright and telling in colour—beginning with the huge dragons at the foot of the staircase that leads up to the pagoda, and going upwards with the gaily-robed crowd of cheerful worshippers who throng the way, to the vast pile of gilding at the top, with its varied surroundings of temples and shrines—all these are here brought into one comparatively small focus, to fail to appreciate which would argue one *blazé* indeed.

I spoke of the brightly-dressed crowd. Travellers in the East are apt to be much disappointed when they first arrive there with the non-display of "Oriental colouring," and, indeed, upon those who have formed their ideas of such things on memories of the coloured and illustrated Bibles of their youth, or a lecture illuminated by dissolving views of painted photographs, the dinginess of the women's dress in Egypt and that of the men's

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dress in many parts of India, will undoubtedly produce some such effect. But let our traveller take heart of grace; let him push on to Burmah, and he will see on festal occasions in the streets and temples of Rangoon, and elsewhere in that country, crowds compared to which a group of jockeys might look dull, and a flower-bed at a sea-side watering-place appear as quiet and prosaic as a patch of potatoes.

For here men and women, old and young, all seem to vie with one another in brilliancy of dress, and all, or almost all, dress in silk.

The men, with a strip of silk twisted towel-fashion round the waist, and the long end that remains hung round the back and over the shoulder, somewhat as a Scotch plaid is occasionally adjusted; a brilliant handkerchief on the head, a long flexible cane with silver top in the hand, and a good-humoured and cheerful person inside all this, complete the sketch of a Burmese dandy.

The ladies wear a piece of silk wound tightly round their body from waist to feet, topped by a white jacket above; their really beautiful hair carefully dressed in something like the modern European fashion of combing it upwards from the back of the neck, and a silk scarf hanging loosely round the shoulders, much in the way our grandmothers used to wear such adornment; the slightest touch of face-powder is added to the complexion, and off sets madame, walking very erectly along, her arms swinging at her sides with a curious swaggering air, the while she puffs occasionally at an enormous cheroot.

Checks and stripes are the favourite patterns for the dresses, especially in the case of the men—but such checks and such stripes! Chess-patterns with the squares four or five inches wide, stripes of flame-colour and yellow, flame-colour and crimson, plum-colour and apple-green, &c. &c., in infinite variety. I spent two years in Burmah, and, except one pattern rather frequently worn in cotton fabrics by the poorer classes, I don't think I ever noticed the exact ditto of a check I had seen before.

All these silks are made in the country. It is the rarest thing, as far as my limited experience goes, to see English fabrics worn for dress. In the case of the head-kerchief, however, I regret to say that the opposite rule holds, and I never saw one which was not of English make. The manufacturer's taste is however merciful, and plain colours and harmless patterns are generally used, in a cheap fluffy quality of silk.

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One of the most interesting points to observe in the Burmese population is the variety of their features and expressions. This is particularly noticeable after any length of time spent in India, where the poorer inhabitants of any particular district seem to be all cast, as to their faces, in one mould. In Burmah, on the contrary, it is as interesting to watch a passing crowd as it often is in England. There are, certainly, types into which many of the faces may be grouped, and very distinct ones, but they are much more numerous than in India, and a great portion, say one-third of the population, come under no particular type of face as far as I could see, but might be classed as "miscellaneous."

As to the inner life of the people, the mainsprings of their conduct, their modes of thought, and any enquiries into the psychological structure which leads to what is visible of their habits and actions, it would, of course, be grossly audacious of me to speak; as, beyond the entire absence of other qualifications on my part for such study, the busy and essentially hand-to-mouth life I led while in Burmah entirely precluded any examination into such matters. Such as are suited and equipped, however, for enquiry into these points would, I imagine, find a rich and little explored vein of ore awaiting their hammer and pickaxe.

Before I go further I may as well say one word regarding the climate. Burmah is essentially a hot country—perhaps I should better describe it as a steamy one, and to my mind has an unhealthy climate for many constitutions, if exposed for any length of time to its influences during the summer months—say from April to September, both included. It is, however, a very different thing to live off the river, among unwholesome surroundings and under unhealthy conditions, as many have had to do of late years, from passing through the country at the best time of the year, surrounded by numerous comforts and spending the greater portion of the time among the breezes which are never long absent from the river; and under the latter circumstances I distinctly consider that the country is more healthy than most parts of India.

On the way up the river there are various places of more than a passing interest to be seen; Minhla, with its fort, in which were found the chains, each duly supplied with a sixpenny padlock, that were sent down by Theebaw in '85 to secure the "audacious invaders"; Myingyan, with its most interesting manufactures of iron and glasswork; Yenangyoung, with its petroleum wells; Pagan, with its acres of deserted and ruined shrines; the Ruby Mines; Mandalay, a quite unique city, with its marvellous

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temples and its "Incomparable Pagoda," and further up the river the beautiful gorges and magnificent passes through which the river narrows—all these afford a constant succession of sights of very varying interest indeed.

As to the art of the land. The art of Burmah is quite distinct from that of the neighbouring countries, and has a character all its own. The silver work is especially noticeable, the best coming, I believe, from Thayatmyo and Rangoon. It has a massiveness that at first recalls the Swami work of Madras, but without any of the oppressive heaviness and grossness that characterize the latter.

In wood-carving the Burmans surpass any race that I know, in the way of masses of elaborate detail combined to produce a general architectural effect; and their predilection for what, in the absence of a better name, I may perhaps be permitted to call the "flame-shaped" ornament, gives a very unique and charming character to the designs of their wooden buildings. Some, too, of their most successful effects are produced in the manufacture of the chests, or arks, in which are preserved in the monasteries the copies of various sacred writings. These effects are attained by applying to the front of the box some kind of black resinous plaster in an intricate pattern of bold relief, which is afterwards covered with convex fragments of coloured glass. The whole is then varnished and duly finished off, and the effect finally produced is much that of a very good and very old stained-glass window. Other such chests are covered with a series of bas-reliefs giving incidents in the history of Gautama, or kindred subjects, and these are usually gilt all over. Examples of the above may be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, but the glass work, though the best I could procure, is unequal to many specimens that I saw in the country.

Another manufacture of great interest is that of the iron-work much used to ornament the tops of the pagodas. These latter are often surmounted by a so-called umbrella ("tee"); I suppose, as it were, an "umbrella of honour," generally made in the form of a series of crowns of pierced iron-work, often of the greatest beauty and lightness of design. A specimen of this may also be seen at the Museum.

Little has yet been written on Burmese art. A great authority on the subject is Mr. Tilly, now the Deputy Commissioner of the Yeu country, to whose knowledge and taste the

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recent Calcutta Exhibition was, I believe, indebted for the choice and superintendence of the art manufactures shown in its Burmese section.

Of the scenery I have spoken little. The climate, with its humid warmth, favours the development of tropical vegetation, and the scenes in many of the dense jungles would be "difficult to beat," and, for me, quite impossible to adequately describe.

To my mind the one thing that during my recent time in the far East I look back upon as a distinct revelation of unexpected beauty is the interior of a jungle. No books that I had read had previously led me to expect anything of the sort, and the only one that I have come across that gives any idea of such scenes is that charming work of Sanderson's called 'Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India.' But even in this I do not recollect any description of the denser portions of the jungle —those dark thickets and gloomy recesses of rank vegetation, where a hundred varieties of ferns, canes, and palms entangle one another in bewildering confusion, as they climb towards the upper height of the immense forest trees ;—where the sunlight can scarcely pierce through, except to shoot down here and there in shafts of brilliant light that strike the sand or the pool below—and where, in many places, the foot of man has never trod, and the bison, the tiger, and the elephant, alone dispute for dominion.

I lately made two shooting trips to the jungles of Lower Burmah, and each time, in the midst of the greatest hardships, the forest scenery had the power to force itself upon the notice as seeming, each day, more and more impressive and magnificent.

At such times both the silence and the strange sounds of the jungles, each in their different way, combine to affect the sportsman : the occasional weird hootings of the monkeys in the tree-tops ; the distant flap, flap, of an elephant's ears breaking in upon the perfect stillness as you approach the herd, or perhaps, instead, the penny-trumpet-like squeak which announces its proximity ; and, as the day wears on, the stillness suddenly broken in upon by the whirring and soon almost deafening sound with which with one accord the insects revive after the heat of the afternoon : all these influences combine to produce an effect which those who have not experienced them will find difficult to imagine, and those who have experienced them must find hard to describe.

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Apropos of the wild elephants, the herds of these animals are doing much mischief in some parts to the native communities living near their haunts, destroying their crops continuously and their lives occasionally, and I cannot help thinking that an even better method of abating the mischief than that of shooting them might be found in their systematic capture on a large scale.

Burmah as a field for sport is improving, for the quieting down of the country is rendering it possible to travel in regions where a short while ago an armed escort was a necessity, and it contains many animals such as the Sine (a species of wild cattle), the Tummin (or brow-antlered deer), and others that are peculiar to the country.

One great drawback, however, in connection with shooting there is the very great difficulty one has in procuring natives acquainted with the habits and pursuit of the local game.

To the above list of the attractions of Burmah many more might be added, to induce the traveller passing that way to take a look at our new possession, but the limits of a magazine article preclude their being entered upon; and I can only conclude by saying, that I feel pretty sure that any one visiting it for the first time will carry away very agreeable and very varied memories of an extremely interesting and quite unique country and people.

B. C. F.

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GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

I.—THE WESTERN OCEAN.

THE Atlantic, or as sailors call it, the Western Ocean, was known long ago, in classic and post-classic times, as "Mare Tenebrosum," the dark or shadowy sea, and it still has a reputation and record of terror with its storms that hardly cease the whole year round, which almost justifies the strange and weird fancy of the ancient maritime Arabians who never ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules lest a gigantic Devil's Hand, protruded from its depths, should drag them down in punishment for their foolhardiness. For nine months of the year the Atlantic weather is treacherous, and even in the summer time no master of steamship or sailing-vessel can be wholly sure that a storm centre, which develops in the valley of the St. Lawrence, may not suddenly move over New England and swoop upon him with a velocity almost equal to the pampero which makes the coasts of lower South America at times so dangerous. And added to the dangers of cyclonic storms, there are the fogs on the Banks of Newfoundland, due, doubtless in part to the meeting of the cold current from Baffin's Bay and the warmer Gulf Stream, although they seem to bear a definite relation to the storms taking their rise in the basin of Canada's greatest river. The icebergs, too, which are released from the northern glaciers in summer, and float fast enough southward to be in the line of traffic in the following warm season, make the western passage one of very great anxiety and of far more risk than the passenger, who is usually as comfortably ignorant of real sea peril as he is alive to and learned in imaginary dangers, can have any adequate notion of.

Even yet there are sunken rocks unmarked, and these rocks are unhappily usually discovered, not by a survey party, but an unlucky ship which names her destroyer. The Avocet Rock in

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the Red Sea is a case in point. Only lately Lamb's Rock, which is right in the way for vessels bound to the St. Lawrence, was found out by a fisherman. Although it lies deep enough for any vessel, however large, to pass over in moderate weather, the storms which raise waves upon the Atlantic twenty or thirty feet above the surface, and leave troughs as far below, might any day have allowed a great steamer with its crew and passengers to drop upon it with a crash against which no strength of construction could have availed. A sunken unmarked rock is more dangerous than any iceberg. That at least usually gives warning by condensing the moisture in the air to a mist which makes the sailor cautious, or by causing a sudden fall in the temperature which cannot be otherwise accounted for. It is as perilous as a derelict ship, which may lie, with masts gone overboard, almost flush with the waves; or as a heavy baulk of timber which, met end on, may drive in a plate of an iron vessel, or start a butt in one built of wood.

Yet, considering all these and the mighty traffic upon this much-crowded waterway, the Atlantic is to-day as safe to one on board a great passenger steamer as a quiet country town, where sanitation is at a high point and the death-rate at a low one. The insurance companies will ask no extra premium of a man who proposes to spend the rest of his life upon the *City of Paris* or the *Teutonic;* it is even possible that they might, under some circumstances, reduce it. They would admit the possibility of sunken rocks, of fogs, of cyclones, of derelicts, and collisions, and against these balance the knowledge of the sea, the fitness of the vessel, the skill of the commander, the records of safe passage after safe passage, though the time still grew shorter, which almost permit a logician the general induction that Atlantic steamers never come to any great harm. The great shaft which drives the propeller may break, a blade or two from one or even both of the screws may snap off, but even these accidents seldom occur. And this latter, which once was common, will probably be rarer and rarer yet when the manganese bronze blades, adopted by some of the lines, become more usual.

There are at least a dozen English lines of steamers running from Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and Hull, to Montreal, New York, Boston, and Washington. The oldest of all is the Cunard, dating from 1840. According to the well-known story, they at one time presumed on the fact that they never lost a life; for one day when a passenger asked for another towel, the steward

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replied, "Very sorry, sir, can't have another towel, but—we never lost a life on this line." Independent of the fact that this towel-saving record is now broken, the tremendous competition among the various companies would have altered such a state of things, and nowadays the accommodation on the best-known boats is in the saloon more than luxurious. The White Star boats, the *Teutonic* and *Majestic*, of which I shall speak presently, are examples of this. The Inman Line is another and the Guion yet another of those who compete for the passengers who throng their saloons and pay prices which may seem high, but which are relatively low. It may be remarked, in passing, that steamers invert in many cases the rule of railways: the third-class passengers are not in some lines the main source of dividends.

Among the less-known lines, of which I have no space to speak particularly, are the Dominion, Royal Mail, the Allan, the Beaver, the Anchor, Monarch, Red Star, and National. Although many of Wilson's steamers, which are so familiar with their green painted hulls and red funnels, sailing from Hull, go to New York with emigrants from various ports of Scandinavia, they cannot be reckoned among Atlantic liners. I shall speak of them in a later article which will deal more with Continental trade, the Baltic, the Black Sea, and Mediterranean.

The whole of this immense steamship traffic, numbering now scores of steamers varying in tonnage from two to over ten thousand tons each, began in 1838 when the *Sirius* crossed the Atlantic in eighteen days, and was shortly after followed by the *Great Western* whose average record was but fifteen.

It is no injustice to the enterprising companies who run such magnificent vessels as the *Teutonic*, or *City of Paris*, to consider the Cunard line as still first among them. It undoubtedly continues to carry more passengers than any other. I should not, I know, be very far wrong in estimating their first-class passenger trade as one-third of the whole which yearly crosses from Liverpool to the other side. And no other company beats them in obtaining the less lucrative intermediate and steerage passengers. This is doubtless owing to their long-established reputation as Royal Mail ships, and to the fact that they have obtained a confidence from the British and American publics, which their sole great disaster, the loss of the *Oregon* in 1886, has not materially shaken. The commencement of the Cunarders dates from 1840, when the English Government deter-

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mined to send the mails by steamers instead of sailing vessels. Mr. Samuel Cunard, then a merchant in Halifax, Nova Scotia, came over to England when tenders were invited for the carrying of the mails, and persuaded Mr. George Burns and Mr. D. McIver, both enterprising Scotchmen, that there was a very good opportunity for establishing a new and great business. They tendered, obtained the contract with a subsidy of £80,000 per annum, and immediately built four steamships which at that time were of course propelled by paddle-wheels. The *Great Western* was ousted from her position, and the Cunarder *Britannia*, 1154 tons and 740 horse power, made the passage with the mails in 14 days, 8 hours.

From 1840 to 1850 the Cunard Line had an absolute monopoly of the most lucrative Atlantic traffic. For sailing packets still continued to carry emigrants. But at last the Americans seemed to wake up to the fact that they were losing part of a very good thing. Many merchants in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston joined together, and having by dint of much patriotism, obtained a government subsidy, they started the Collins Line. Then came great competition, fares and freight rates were cut in a manner to remind a Western American of the periodical railroad wars. At first the Collins steamers had it almost all their own way. Being built more lately than the Cunarders they had the advantage of new inventions. But finally disaster overtook them—one steamer was wrecked, and the *Pacific* sailed to be at last posted as missing. She was never heard of again. The rest were withdrawn from the Atlantic trade, and set to other work. I found, in an old number of *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, dated 1851, a most excited account of the rival war of records between these lines. The Collins boats certainly had the best of it in speed, for their average in ten trips was 11 days, 18 hours, while the Cunarders' rate was 12 days, 1 hour, 9 minutes. The *Pacific*, which was lost, cut the passage down to 9 days, 20 hours, 15 minutes in April 1851. But in spite of this, at last the Cunard line gained the day. And just at this time the screw propeller forced its way into notice and soon led to paddles being discarded.

In 1854 many of the Cunard boats were employed by the Government and did good service in the Black Sea as troopers and transports. They have, with slight intermissions, when the owners and the Post Office authorities disagreed, always carried the bulk of the mails. In 1877 the Post Office wished to do away with the

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old system of contract and substitute a plan of taking up steamers month by month. The White Star and Cunard Lines made common cause against the proposal, and Mr. Raikes entered into arrangements with the Guion, Inman, and Nord-Deutscher Lloyd Companies. Employing foreigners to carry our mails was, of course, very disagreeable to the English lines. At the end of a few months the new system was found unsatisfactory, and the recalcitrant Cunard and White Star Lines got almost all that they wanted. For in the meantime the Cunarders *Umbria* and *Etruria* were making the fastest passages.

In speaking of the ships belonging to these great lines it is difficult to point to any particular date in their evolution at which the present type originated. Progress has been constant, and every new vessel has been an improvement in some way on the last. Yet the salient dates, the history of the making of the vessels, are first, 1838, when the *Sirius* sailed; 1850, when the Collins Line pushed the Cunarders so hard and forced many improvements; 1852, the year of the screw; 1864, when iron was adopted as the best material for ships; and, 1881, when steel began to be esteemed even better. It certainly is stronger and lighter, and though Lloyd's surveyors naturally looked on it at first with distrust, and marked such vessels in their register as "experimental," it is experimental no longer. Since its proved value, the surveyors allow 20 per cent. less weight to the plates, and this is of course a great reduction, even though steel is more expensive than iron.

The greater number of the companies which I have mentioned do little else than trans-Atlantic trade, but it is not so with the Cunarders. All their largest steamers whose names end in *ia*, as the *Servia*, run on the Western Ocean, but there are but ten of these; the rest of their mercantile fleet, 20 in number, carry passengers and freight to many parts of the world.

The first English rivals of this great line were the Inman Company. It was originally founded by two brothers named Richardson, who had previously traded with sailing vessels between Liverpool and Philadelphia. There were two firms, one in Philadelphia and New York, the other in Liverpool. These were amalgamated in 1850, and traded under the name of the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steamship Company. During the Crimean War the Richardsons sold out, as they disapproved of their vessels being used for war purposes, and the Company was named after the most enterprising spirit, Mr. Inman,

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who had formerly belonged to another firm, connected with the Richardsons, known as Richardson, Spence and Co.

Perhaps to Mr. Inman may be given the credit of changing the older conditions which ruled the Atlantic trade. Up to his time the emigration had been monopolised by sailing packets, of which the best type was such a vessel as that on which Fenimore Cooper laid the scene of his exceedingly dreary 'Homeward Bound.' The Inman Company determined to cut the rates of passage so as to oust these packets, and bring a steamer within the reach of poor emigrants. In the last month of 1850 the *City of Glasgow* sailed with a large consignment of steerage passengers. It was this step which, as a side result, finally ruined Falmouth as a great port of departure. The carrying of mails by steam did the town great harm, but the destruction of emigration by sailing ships gave it a blow it has not yet recovered from.

All the other lines have followed the example set by Mr. Inman. In 1888 the greater lines carried to America about 190,000 intermediate and steerage passengers. But even in 1857 the Inman Line held an assured position. It had captured a very large share of the rapidly-increasing freight and passenger business across the Atlantic.

The steamers of this Line are named after the great cities of the world. The *City of Paris* made, in December 1890, the passage between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in 5 days, 22 hours, 50 minutes. In August 1889 she made the westward passage, which, owing to the prevailing westerly winds and currents, is usually the longer, in 5 days, 19 hours, 18 minutes. This was, however, beaten by the White Star boat the *Teutonic*, in August, 1890, by exactly 13 minutes. As the fastness of a passage varies with the size, it will be interesting to see in a tabular form some statistics of the measurements of these steamers. I have here made some additions to a table given by Inman's Line.

It shows to what a fine point the building of ships has been brought, that huge vessels like the last two named in this table should make passages only varying by a few minutes. And each vessel is so well known by her engineers that she will herself hardly vary from a certain time. The *City of New York* this year made an average, in seven passages west, of 6 days, 3 hours, 26 minutes, and in seven east, one of 6 days, 4 hours, 28 minutes. Most of the larger and later vessels

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have been constructed in accordance with Admiralty requirements as armed cruisers, and the owners are yearly given a retaining fee, calculated at so much per ton.

The White Star Line, which owns the *Teutonic*, named last in the table below, a sister ship, the *Majestic*, and a dozen others, has a very large share in the passenger trade. In these later-built vessels it would seem that the process of specialization into purely passenger-carrying craft had almost reached its financial limits. They are built to take 300 saloon, 150 second cabin, and 750 steerage passengers, and are driven by engines of 16,000 horse power. Before these pages are printed the *Majestic* will sail with a full complement. As the average saloon fare

		Built.	Tons.	Length. Feet.	Beam. Feet.	Depth Feet.
Cunard	Great Western	1835	1,340	212	35·4	23·2
"	Britannia	1840	1,154	207	34·4	22·6
Inman	City of Glasgow	1850	1,600	227	32	24
White Star	Britannic	1874	5,004	455	46	34
Inman	City of Berlin	1875	5,491	488	44	36½
Guion	Arizona	1879	5,147	450	45·2	37·5
*Cunard	Servia	1881	7,392	515	52	40¾
Inman	City of Rome	1881	8,141	546	52	58¾
Cunard	Oregon	1883	7,375	500	54	39¾
*Inman	City of Paris	1888	10,500	560	63	43
*White Star	Teutonic	1889	10,000	582	57·6	39·4

* Those marked with a star are built of steel.

amounts to about £25, the second cabin £7, and the steerage £3, this means that the gross passenger receipts for one passage amount to £10,750. And this is without counting the deck rooms and suites, which from their prices, £80 and upwards in the summer and £50 in the winter season, seem well adapted for American millionaires and any vagrant emperor who feels inclined to go a voyage in a vessel which carries Armstrong guns, although it does not absolutely belong to a royal navy.

So far as I have been able to discover, and in this matter one has naturally to rely on one's unaided ingenuity, the gross cost of carrying such a vessel across the Atlantic does not fall far short of £4000. As any one of the old-fashioned steamers of the petty measurement of 3000 tons cost £5000 for the voyage, or double passage out and home, I am probably not very wide of

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the mark in making this estimate for a vessel measuring more than three times as much, as the money needed will not increase in a direct ratio with the increased size. But if we are tempted to believe that the profits made in this ocean trade are exceptionally large we must remember the vast capital embarked even in one vessel of 10,000 tons. A first-class merchant steamer of the ordinary trade type costs at least £28 per ton weight of the hull, and £13 per indicated horse power of engines. Thus the cost of the *Teutonic's* engines should make a quarter of a million look very small. The Guion steamer *Alaska*, of about 7000 tons, is worth about £350,000. Probably the *Teutonic* could not be bought for half a million. And it does not take a professional accountant to reckon that it needs a great deal of money to pay a reasonable dividend on so much.

In this connection I can give some statistics about a first-class passenger steamer, the length of which was 450 feet, whereas the *Majestic* measures 582. The displacement of this vessel at load-draught amounts to 9,550 tons, and the weight of her hull to 3,800. Each ton of this cost £32, thus the price given for her hull was £121,600. On the whole I am inclined to think that these figures give a certain financial amplitude and magnificence to our notions concerning the steamship traffic to the West, without saying anything about our vessels which carry freight and passengers to all points of the compass.

The cost of building the later steamers is somewhat increased by the desire to make them practically unsinkable. Since the loss of the Cunarder *Oregon* in 1886, much more care is taken in the matter of closing water-tight doors between the various compartments, or in seeing that they can readily be closed, than was formerly the case. But many vessels nowadays, certainly some in the Inman Line, are so constructed that the dividing bulkheads below the usual level of the water have no doors at all. Thus the same consequences cannot happen to them as happened to the *Oregon*. She was, as will be remembered, run into in the dark of the early morning by an unknown vessel which carried no lights, and sank immediately. The injury to the *Oregon* was in the compartment next the coal bunkers, and the rush of the water carried the coal until it jammed the door between the bunkers and the stoke-hole. However, so many doors were shut that she floated until the middle of the day, and no lives were lost. All her passengers, 995 in number, were carried to New York by a passing steamer, the

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Fulda. Had she been constructed on the principle of having no doors to her really water-tight compartments, she could not have sunk. There is little doubt that all the great passenger steamers of the future will be built on this plan.

The only really great disaster which has happened to any of the chief steamship lines for a quarter of a century was the loss of the *Atlantic* in 1873. She was the second large steamship built for the White Star Line, which up to 1864 had been principally engaged in colonial trade, running large sailing ships to Melbourne and Sydney. The *Atlantic* was bound for New York, but having encountered heavy weather and head winds, her coal began to run short, and her captain determined to run for Halifax. Though only steaming at a low rate of speed, the weather was thick and dangerous. Instead of entering Halifax, the officer of the watch having mistaken one light for another, she ran upon Meagher's Head at the entrance of Prospect Harbour, bumped several times, slid off and sank in water which was deep enough to partially cover her masts. Only 442 were saved. These were men, the 560 lost including all the women and children. The weather was not only thick but bitterly cold, many men going by a rope from the rigging to the rock, and thence to the shore, were unable to bear its rigour, and falling into the sea, perished. One of the passengers, whom I knew well and worked with in California, was frost-bitten and recovered with difficulty. The officers, to whose careless confidence the disaster was rightly attributed at the inquiry held afterwards at Halifax, acted bravely and saved many lives. But the name best known for heroism in connection with the loss of the *Atlantic* is that of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ancient, who saved the chief officer at the risk of his own life by going on board in a small boat when no one else would volunteer.

This loss has at any rate tended to make the masters in charge of such vessels very cautious. Though we sometimes hear of racing, it is very doubtful if any such thing is allowed or encouraged by the owners. In most cases the captains are directed to handle their steamers as if there were no competitors upon the seas. However advantageous it may be to make a quick passage as an advertisement, those who are responsible for the conduct of the line are well aware that a great disaster takes far more out of their pockets than they would lose even if the vessel were not insured. The confidence of the public is hard to gain and easy to lose. Yet doubtless the White Star Line has long

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ago got over the loss of the *Atlantic*, and the known characters of their commanders, whose names are so familiar in the mouths of the seafaring public, as those of the Cunard captains, Judkins, Lott, and Harrison, are a guarantee against any carelessness leading to a disaster parallel to that of the loss of the *Atlantic*.

Noting that this accident was directly due to the vessel's running short of coal, it is curious to observe in what a rapid ratio coal consumption increases with each added knot of speed. Taking the 7357-ton *Oregon* as an example, we find that she could steam at 7·5 knots using only 28 tons a day; at 8·5 she needed 36 tons, at 10, 55 tons. These steamers when steaming at 19 knots consume fully 300 tons a day.

I have left myself but small space in which to speak of the Guion Line. It was founded in 1866 by Mr. Guion, who had previously worked with the Cunard Company and the National Line. Its chief vessels, the *Alaska*, at one time the fastest afloat, and named the "greyhound of the Atlantic," and the *Arizona* are well known. Since its inauguration this line has carried more than a million passengers across the Atlantic without the loss of a single life.

After seeing even as much as is possible to put in the limits of a magazine article of the methods and evolutions of steam vessels, it may seem extravagant to those who are not accustomed to look ahead of their own times to say that very possibly we are now only at the beginning. By mere increase of size and increase of engine-power, the average passage has been reduced to seven days, and many steamers never take six. This means running at the rate of 19 or 20 knots an hour, and 20 knots is equivalent to 22 miles. Many trains do less. This is due to larger size, to the use of forced draught in the furnace-room, to the better knowledge we now have of the proper size for propellers, and their best material. They are now made of manganese bronze, which is lighter and stronger than any other pure or alloyed metal. It is commonly supposed that triple and quadruple expansion engines are more powerful than those of a less highly-developed kind. That is hardly so: in them there is simply less waste. Even in such only 14 per cent. of the heat generated actually does work. Eighty-six per cent. is loss in friction, in waste, in overcoming the mere *vis inertiæ* of the vast engines. Unless another Watts or Stephenson arises to stop this waste by making a radical change in engine construction, the next great move towards

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increase of speed must take place in the boiler room. The boilers of the great ocean steamers have by no means progressed *pari passu* with their engines, but if it shall at last be found possible to use in them on a large scale such boilers as Messrs. Thorneycroft of Chiswick put into their torpedo-boats, there seems little doubt that the larger vessels will be able to develop at least as high a rate of speed as these naval flyers, which can steam for a time at nearly thirty miles an hour. Their boilers are similar in type to those used in locomotives. Such a rate of speed would reduce the passage between Queenstown and New York to a hundred hours. Many men connected with the shipping trade, who are well aware of all that is being done in great building yards such as those of Messrs Elder, of the Clyde, and Sir Thomas Harland of Belfast, by no means look upon this as impossible and visionary. I myself am inclined to hope for even better results when evolution, which is even now at work, has entirely specialised steamers and divided them into two classes, passenger and cargo carrying.

From one point, which is entirely sentimental, and as such unlikely to appeal to non-professional seafarers, the passage may be now considered too short. The majority of those who, from choice or necessity, take a run across the Western Ocean, can never hope to learn thus sufficient of the sea to appreciate its majesty and power, or to drink in its spirit and become fascinated by the charms which grow on some of us very slowly, but at last, and subtly, dominate us for ever. After all, it is but a short three thousand miles which divides Sandy Hook from Spike Island, and the last half of the last day's outward run is accomplished within sight of land, for Fire Island and Long Island are on the starboard beam for many hours before the Hook Lighthouse comes within view. Then, as these vessels run almost 500 miles a day, the long nights consume half the passage. I know, too, that being on a large steamer spoils the scenic effect of a storm. From the point of view of mere excitement, I should prefer to be on what steamboatmen irreverently call a "wind-jammer." On a steamer of ten thousand tons the sea must seem even less formidable than I found it on one of less than four. If nothing goes wrong with the machinery, even a real hurricane can hardly injure a vessel built of steel, with tranverse and longitudinal girder bulkheads, which render it almost as rigid as a solid body. Certainly, nowadays, a man may cross the Atlantic and know as little of the real seaman's ocean as if he were acquainted with no greater

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body of water than the lake in Central Park or the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.

Yet, as I hinted in the earlier part of this article, if any man is fortunate or unfortunate enough to really hit upon a storm-belt in the Atlantic, especially on the far side between the St. Lawrence and Cape Hatteras, he is very likely to find out with what force the wind can blow. In the great gale of September 12th, 1889, nine steamers out of New York carried their pilots to sea and to Europe. It was impossible to land them, for the pilot boats, which seem as a rule able to bear bad weather as easily as a stormy petrel or a frigate bird, were forced to run for shelter. These gales are usually of a cyclonic character, as indeed, most continuous heavy winds are. It is only the trade winds and the shorter puffs, such as a pampero of the South American coast, a white squall in the Mediterranean, and the 'southerly buster' of the English Channel which blow in a straight, or fairly straight, direction. In these North American cyclones the rain segment is always in advance, and a heavy rain is the prelude of a heavy wind. This, however, is the case in most gales. There is a well-known sea-rhyme which bears witness to the fact:—

> "When the rain's before the wind,
> Then your topsail halliards mind;
> When the wind's before the rain,
> You may hoist them up again."

It is curious to remark that though the wind which is blowing in a sharp curve or whirlpool may attain fifty or more miles an hour, the whole circular storm centre may shift very slowly. A cyclone which did great damage, having an active area 500 miles in diameter, and a calm centre zone sixteen miles across, only moved bodily at the rate of nine miles an hour. Of course the terms cyclone and anti-cyclone have nothing to do with these storms. They are merely barometric expressions of a low or high pressure within defined areas.

I have said nothing about the crews of the Atlantic liners which can almost afford to treat such storms with contempt. Probably many who have crossed and recrossed a dozen times have no accurate notion of the number of men employed on the steamer which carried them. Such vessels as the *Majestic* or *City of Paris* carry a crew of about 300 men. They are highly disciplined and well trained to their duties in case of fire or any accident such as a collision with another vessel or an iceberg. Such men belong nowadays to a better class than they did. In

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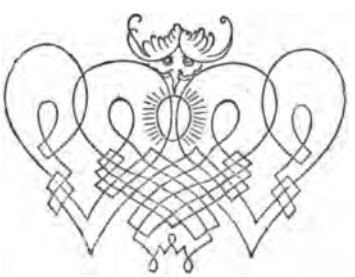
the earlier times of steam navigation the reputation of Atlantic steamboatmen was anything but sweet among their *confrères* in sailing ships. But at present the best ocean boats do not ship Liverpool "wharf-rats" and the scum of those who follow the sea. I remember an old shipmate of mine in the *Essex*, telling me about his evil luck in having to ship under stress of circumstances in an Atlantic passenger boat. He took his sea-chest into the fok'sle, went on deck, and came back in ten minutes to find it empty. He never recovered his property. Now, however, seamen on steamers begin to feel that they have a right to exist. Not long ago, and even yet among the real old "shellbacks," to ship on a "smoke-jack" was a confession that a man did not know seamanship. But this is now rapidly dying out.

Nevertheless, it is curious to notice that even at the present time, everything that is bad among sailors on board sailing ships is "Western Ocean." If a man is late in coming to take his spell at the look-out, or his trick at the wheel, it is called a "Western Ocean relief," and to give the pumps a "Quebec suck" is to make them suddenly go fast enough to delude the officer of the watch into believing that the well is nearly dry, in order that he may say, "That'll do the pumps." Every seaman will know the trick, with the adjective Liverpool attached to it, by which a man gets a chance to smoke in his watch on deck; and to rake half the tobacco out of a chum's pipe on pretence of lighting one's own is known half over the world as getting a "Liverpool light."

MORLEY ROBERTS.



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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. HARCOURT'S DIFFICULTIES.

A PRETTILY-ARRANGED, and, in somewhat out-of-date fashion, luxuriously-furnished morning room facing Kensington Gardens. In a low chair, near one of the windows opening to a balcony filled with flowers, sits a gentle, refined-looking little woman of between fifty and sixty years of age, with white hair, bright dark eyes, and still fine complexion, anxiously eyeing a young girl sweeping up and down the room with quick impatient steps.

"To imagine I should be ready to listen to his love speeches —a man I have met only three or four times! I could have borne it better if he had demanded my money at once. Yes, I could!"

"He could not do that, dear," mildly put in the literal little woman.

Mabel Leith glanced towards her, and broke into an amused laugh.

"No, he was bound to ask for me first, I suppose, auntie."

"I am sorry I happened to be out of the way. Where was Dorothy?"

"Oh, gone East with Parker again, I expect."

As, in her rapid walk she drew near the window once more, she caught sight of a young man crossing from the opposite side towards the house, and hurriedly added, a hot flush rising to her cheeks: "Here is Gerard, Aunt Jenny. Not a word about it to him!"

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"He could not in any way blame you, child."

"He would think it could not be possible if I were like—— Not a word!"

Mrs. Harcourt had only time to nod assent. The door opened, and a young man of eight or nine-and-twenty entered the room with a word or two about the heat and the air of being quite at home there. He, in fact, resides with them, or they with him, the greater part of the year. He is Mrs. Harcourt's stepson, and his home at Vale Park, situated in one of the prettiest western counties, is understood to be hers, at least until he marries. The town house has been taken for the season; and, although he has chambers near his club, he spends a great deal of his time with Mrs. Harcourt and her nieces—two sisters who, by the death of both parents, inherited large fortunes, and had been left to her sole guardianship twelve years previously.

Gerard Harcourt's tall vigorous frame, massive well-set head, clear-cut features, and penetrative grey eyes, sufficiently justify the general opinion as to his claims to good looks; but, to the more critical, they have a deeper significance as affording some evidence of what the man is. Reticence that comes of the habit of observation; the keen sense of the humorous that is allied with a perception of the tragedy of life and the irony of circumstances, strong feeling kept in subordination by a stronger will; all this and more, might perhaps be divined, but it would have to be discovered without help from him. To the superficial observer he might, indeed, appear somewhat deficient in perception and too content to take people at their own valuation. The few who know him well do not attempt to deceive Gerard Harcourt nor care to provoke his satire.

Mabel Leith had hurriedly caught up a piece of embroidery, which occasionally served her as an excuse for appearing engaged, and was industriously stabbing her needle to and fro.

He slowly crossed the room towards her. "I thought you were due at the garden party, Mabel?"

"Oh, I changed my mind; and auntie did not care about going;" a little consciously. "I think you were quite glad to get a quiet afternoon for once, were you not, auntie?"

"I cannot say it was unwelcome, dear; but I should have been sorry to deprive you of a pleasure had you cared to go."

"Why did you change your mind, Mabel?" with a keen glance at her down-bent face, and the tone of voice she has

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learned so well to understand; its deferential persuasiveness always increasing in direct ratio with the strength of his will upon any point.

"I don't know;" adding with elaborate carelessness, "Oh, well! I suppose the truth is I am getting tired of it all; the same round day after day; meeting the same people, and hearing the same regulation talk."

"Tired! Before the end of your first season!"

"Of course I am not tired of hearing good music, nor seeing good pictures, nor meeting nice people, if one could only keep to them; but——"

"I see. Not sufficient latitude for the development of the higher nature."

She gave him only a little smile for reply, knowing all too well his motive for trying to get her to commit herself in that direction. He quietly waited; and, after a few moments, she impetuously began: "If Dorrie is sometimes a little dissatisfied with things, I need not mind acknowledging that I am."

The door opened, and a tall, slight girl with reflective grey eyes, light-brown hair, and strength as well as sweetness in her fair pale face, entered the room. With a murmured word to the others she crossed towards one of the windows, and stood gazing out, although evidently too much absorbed in thought to take much heed of the gay shifting scene towards which her eyes were turned.

"Even you are not always satisfied with things, now are you, Dorrie?" said Mabel, the younger, more impulsive, and, to most people, the more beautiful sister. With somewhat similar features, she has more warmth of colouring, more gold in her hair, violet in her eyes and rose in her complexion, and the expression of her face is more *rayonnante* and varying. Their different ways of dressing make the contrast between them appear more marked than it really is; the younger sister being inclined for the tasteful and picturesque, whilst the elder is, just now, robed from head to foot in sober grey of the most homely make and material.

Before Dorothy could reply, Mrs. Harcourt put in: "I fear you are not, either of you, sufficiently appreciative of your good things, dears. Two young girls with nothing to trouble them, and large means, ought, I think, to find life more satisfactory than you appear to find it of late. Many are happy and contented with half your advantages."

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"How is it, Dorrie?" said Mabel. "Why are we not more like other girls? Why cannot we be satisfied with double what satisfies others?"

"Ah, why?" softly echoed Gerald Harcourt.

"I don't see that it matters so much about being satisfied," said Dorothy a little absently. Then, taking note of the smile upon his lips, she went on: "No; please do not let us play at word-catching about that, Gerard. Of course, I mean under all circumstances. You must allow that it is right to be dissatisfied with some things."

"But—my dear child!" ejaculated Mrs. Harcourt. "Who in the world could be in happier circumstances than are you and Mabel?"

Dorothy Leith bent down, kissed her aunt's cheek, then turned silently towards the window again.

"You have looked through the pamphlet I gave you last night, Dorothy?" said Gerard, after glancing for a moment at her grave face.

"Yes;" presently adding, with a little smile; "You did not expect that would render me more satisfied with things as they are?"

His eyes met hers with an answering smile as he slowly crossed the room towards her. "A perplexed question, is it not? Hardly worth the attempt to solve, since failure is almost sure to come of it."

"I am not so sure," hesitatingly. "The attempt would, at any rate, bring some experience to begin afresh upon; and might influence a few."

"And bring them into the desirable state of dissatisfaction with things as they are?" suavely.

"They will be deaf, and dumb, and blind, to us now, auntie," said Mabel, taking up a book, and burying herself among the cushions of the couch.

Mrs. Harcourt closed her eyes, availing herself of the opportunity for a little quiet reflection. Free from observation, Mabel's eyes soon wandered from her book towards the two absorbed in conversation near the window, and a shadow stole over her face. "What makes me like this?" she was thinking restlessly. "It cannot be that I envy Dorrie her happiness. Envy her? No; a thousand times no!"

Mrs. Harcourt was considering the position of affairs from her own point of view. Confirmed at length in her belief that an

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engagement was pending between her elder niece and Gerard, and little suspecting what would be the effect of her communication, she had, that afternoon, confided her discovery to Mabel.

She had always hoped that Gerard would marry one of her nieces, and it seemed only right and proper that it should be the elder. There was not the slightest objection to be made from any point of view. Gerard was of good descent; of some standing in his county, and rich enough to be absolved, even by those who knew him least, from the suspicion of desiring to marry for money.

Mrs. Harcourt was somewhat anxiously looking forward to her nieces' marriage, which would release her from duties that had, of late, become irksome to her. The guardianship of the young girls had been easy and pleasant enough before they were emancipated from the schoolroom. Then life at Vale Park—her stepson's beautiful county home—had been entirely to her taste. Nor did she object to the quiet year, spent in town, to give her nieces the benefit of the best masters. But she belonged entirely to the old school of thought and manners, and found herself no more fitted than inclined for life in modern society, as chaperon to young, beautiful heiresses.

To add to her disquietude, she had awakened to the unpleasant fact that, although brought up under her own eye, and precisely in the same way as had been young girls of her day, her nieces were not quite after the same pattern. It was no consolation to be told by good-natured people that times were altered; girls were different in these days; her nieces were original, and so forth. To her, the very word savoured of impropriety. Originality meant being different from other people, and what well-bred girl of her young days would have desired to be that? Nor did she find much comfort in the knowledge that her nieces' intentions were good. It was right, of course, to be charitable, and to strive to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor. Mrs. Harcourt was herself kind-hearted and large-handed in her charities, and beloved by the poor of the village at home. But her sympathies were not enlisted for the theories which Dorothy, led on by Gerard, was absorbed in the study of; and her sense of propriety was shocked by the way in which the young girl was beginning to put her theories into practice, going about meanly dressed with her maid Parker in miserable courts and alleys amongst dirty disorderly people: so different from the respectable poor of their own neighbourhood in the country.

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In vain did the little lady assert that her own system was practical and had answered well. Dorothy was armed with a host of arguments, gathered from books and pamphlets, to prove that the old system required amendment for even the respectable poor, and took very little account of those whom her aunt termed dirty and disorderly whose needs were deeper. Mrs. Harcourt came out of such discussions quite bewildered, and more than ever convinced that it was safer to keep to the old ways. She had not, in Dorothy's case, the power to do more than protest; her brother having in his will made his daughters free of all restraint, with unlimited command over their large fortunes at twenty-one; and the elder sister, who was three years older than Mabel, had just attained her majority.

Mabel's peculiarities were equally disquieting to her aunt. It was, of course, proper to be frank and true and loyal to all things right and good—Mrs. Harcourt's own standard was, she considered, a very high one—but there was a discreet and lady-like way of being all this, and ignoring the opposite, which was, she thought, lacking in Mabel, who was apt to make her opinions of persons and things too evident for good taste. In vain did the anxious little woman point out that there was a more desirable method of showing disapproval of objectionable people than Mabel's summary way of turning her back upon them. In vain did she, in her timid way, endeavour to preach expediency. To add to her perplexity and vexation, she was beginning to suspect that Gerald was helping to make matters worse by encouraging her nieces in their eccentricities; and this, it almost seemed, simply for his own amusement.

From the time when the sisters had first gone to reside with their aunt at Vale Park, Gerard Harcourt, then a brilliant high-spirited lad of sixteen, had been their standard of perfection. In their almost constant companionship, his character had had its influence upon the two impressionable young girls inclined to hero-worship, his tastes and tendencies having helped not a little in the development of theirs, and this became more apparent as time went on.

It was through Gerard they were able to gratify their inclination for reading, he having, as they grew older, obtained for them the privilege of roaming at will amongst the treasures of the old library; their aunt not imagining that their tastes might soar beyond her own which had been satisfied with the ethics of Mrs. Hofland and similar writers. The Molinists—Madame

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Guyon and her school—so attractive to Dorothy; and the romancists—Froissart and the mediæval poets—to whom Mabel inclined, were little more than names to Mrs, Harcourt. At her nieces' age, she would have had no inclination for the kind of literature they indulged in, and she was only now beginning to understand that all young ladies are not precisely alike.

Different as they were in some respects, the younger inclining to the picturesque in life and the elder to the somewhat ascetic, each sister found her hero in Gerard. The possibilities, at least, of what each gave him credit for possessing had been evident enough in his boyhood; though it was now kept as carefully hidden as though it were something to be ashamed of.

The vicar of the parish had been his tutor as well as guardian, and Gerard had not left home until he went to the University. He was the almost constant companion of the two young girls, the three spending more of their time together than Mrs. Harcourt was aware of. A great deal occupied with her schools and her poor and her flowers, she trusted, perhaps too implicitly, to the elderly governess whom she had been at much pains to select as a fit and proper person to take charge of her nieces. So apprehensive had she been of engaging a too young and frivolous companion for them, that she had gone into the other extreme. Their governess was a little past work, and not unwilling to avail herself of a comfortably cushioned chair, by the fireside in winter or under a tree in summer, whilst her charges were taking their exercise—as generally happened with Gerard. There were no young girls in the vicinity with whom Mrs. Harcourt cared for them to associate, and she was satisfied with their assurance that they quite sufficed for each other.

Mr. Daubeny, the vicar, looked upon Gerard as a son, and was not a little proud of his abilities, auguring great things of his future. During his residence at Oxford, Gerard was chiefly noticeable for running into certain extremes of thought, and for being the advocate of sweeping reforms, with all sorts of schemes for the regeneration of society. At home, he aired his opinions to his audience of two; and each of the young girls had adopted such of his views as best assimilated with her own bent of mind. Mrs. Harcourt was much too satisfied with the world as she found it, to be taken into their confidence as to what they thought it should be, and little suspected what ideas were left to fructify in her nieces' minds when, three years previously, Gerard left the University, and set forth upon his travels.

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During his absence, while he himself roamed far a-field—passing from phase to phase of thought; seeking, enquiring, comparing; now intent upon one school of philosophy now another, English, French, German; with what effect upon his own mind he did not allow to be seen—the theories with which he had indoctrinated the young girls became only the more strengthened and intensified.

On his return, he found them every whit as full of the ideas which he had come to regard—or wished it to be thought he had—as impracticable and Utopian, as when they had parted. Dorothy's interest in the newest schemes for rendering the miserable happy; and Mabel's inconvenient notion that she was bound at any cost to be uncompromisingly true and outspoken in her intercourse with the world, her failure to recognize the exigencies of society, and her unconsciousness of giving offence were sources of much quiet amusement to him. Above all it amused him to study, from their point of view, phases of thought he had himself passed through; and he drew out their opinions as much as possible for his own private delectation. If there were some deeper and better reasons, he would not have acknowledged that there were. On their side, they imagined that his bantering criticism was occasioned, not by his want of faith in their views and projects—indeed, he seemed always ready to do everything in his power to aid them—but by their inability to carry them out.

With would-be lovers both sisters were besieged; more especially the younger, who was of the two the less difficult of approach. She had received two offers within the last few days, and both from men she knew very little about. To add to her annoyance, when presently Gerard and Dorothy turned and joined them, and the conversation became general again, her aunt made some allusion to Mr. Stanton's visit that afternoon. Mrs. Harcourt quite thought she was keeping faith with Mabel; but her very anxiety to avoid saying too much told something to Gerard.

"Stanton!" he ejaculated. "Was his sister with him?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Harcourt began to explain. "I think not. I did not see—that is I happened to be out of the way, and he was gone when I came in."

Gerard's eyes turned smilingly towards Mabel, and they were saying, she thought, as plainly as eyes could speak, "Another!"

"He thinks it could not happen to Dorrie!" was her swift

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conclusion, a hot flush dyeing her cheeks. His too evident attempt to spare her, by immediately introducing a fresh topic, did not tend to allay her irritation. The idea of being spared—by Gerard!

He was telling them of the trouble that had come to one of their county neighbours through the failure of a bank—utter ruin which would render it necessary for the delicately nurtured daughters to go out into the world and earn their own living. Mrs. Harcourt was murmuring kindly sympathetic little speeches about the hardships they would have to endure, and wondering how their friends might best help them, when Mabel put in—

"Every one must be sorry for them in their trouble; to lose all their property must be very sad of course, auntie; but I really cannot see that their having to earn their living is so very woeful. It will be nothing worse than governessing, I suppose; and their worries will be at least respectable;" thinking they would at any rate be spared hearing such love speeches as she had had to listen to.

"They may be respectable, but they will be very real, I fear," said Gerard. "All do not pet their governesses as you used to pet old Miss Alleyne."

"Some may not care about being petted, and—Oh, well, at worst, governesses have only to adapt themselves to circumstances; do the work they undertake to do; keep their tempers, and all-that, I suppose."

"That is about all I expect," a smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. "But even that may require some amount of training. Women who work for a living must, at any rate, have more opportunities for the exercise of certain virtues than those who are independent."

"That applies to men as well as women," retorted Mabel, forgetting, in her haste to give him a Roland for his Oliver, that he, at any rate, never lost his temper.

"Certainly it does, to any who have not inclination or opportunity for putting theory into practice."

"Those who have the inclination can make the opportunity;" hotly.

"You think so?"

She gave him a glance which was meant to tell him that, though she retired from the contest, she did not consider herself beaten; and silently bent over her book again.

"You dine at the Marchmonts?" he presently said, pausing

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before her on his way out. "I shall see Marchmont just now, and I will give him a hint to introduce you to his brother-in-law, the professor, so that you may get something more interesting than the regulation talk, to-night. He has just returned from the East, full of the new discoveries."

"The inscriptions? He will have something interesting to tell me then, and I must try to be prepared for him," thinking she would devote an hour or two to reading up the articles on the subject in the *Quarterly*, so that she might be able to at least listen intelligently.

"I shall see you at the Cravens afterwards. Will you keep a waltz for me?"

"If you are not too late, and I am not too tired."

"Keep one for me, in any case. If you are too tired, so shall I be, and we can sit out."

She gave him a little nod and turned away to go and prepare for the drive with her aunt, somewhat grave and pre-occupied with the remembrance of the knowledge the afternoon had brought her. How hard it would be to keep her secret, and how terrible should he suspect it!

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Left alone, Dorothy went towards a writing-table, took out a sheet of paper, and, placing the pamphlet Gerard had given her open before her, recommenced studying it; pausing now and again to jot down some figures, as though to verify certain statements.

"Yes; there must be a way out of the difficulty if one could only find it, and this seems at least worth trying. I believe Gerard thought so, though he did right to point out that the money it would cost might support two or three poor families in time of trouble. Whether to risk ——"

"Are you disengaged, Miss Dorothy?" enquired a middle-aged upper servant, opening the door, and looking in, after tapping two or three times unnoticed.

"What is it, Parker?"

"A man wishes to speak to you. He looks like a policeman in plain clothes, and says he comes from Scotland Yard. He

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will not detain you long, but must see you for a few minutes, if you please?"

"A policeman? Oh, for some subscription, I suppose. Tell him to explain what he wants to you."

"He says he must speak to Miss Leith herself, and he seems quite determined to do so;" looking a little surprised, in her grave, decorous way.

"In that case, it would be only waste of time to argue the point with him," returned her mistress, with a smile. "I will see him here, Parker."

Dorothy Leith's eyes turned somewhat curiously towards the door, when it presently opened again, and Parker ushered in a tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking man, with one arm in a sling; his erect bearing and neat appearance affording evidence of his having passed through a long course of discipline. The genial smile ever ready to come to his lips—the very kindliness of his frank grey eyes—seemed to have been drilled to express itself with careful reticence. He gave expression to his amusement at Parker's precaution—she had planted herself by his side as though to intimate that she was there to protect her young mistress if need were—only by a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, as he glanced down sideways at her.

"I am sorry to intrude, miss," he respectfully began; "I am sent to ask a question, but shall not trouble you long. Your name is Leith—Miss Dorothy Leith?"

"Yes."

"I told you," sharply put in Parker.

"No offence, ma'am; no offence. Obliged to ask the young lady to answer to her name — must obey orders," mildly. Addressing her mistress again, he proceeded in a quiet, methodical way: "A five-pound note has come into our hands, which we have good reason to believe has been stolen. It has the County bank stamp on it, and the clerk there says it was paid with others into your hands as recently as yesterday morning, and these are your initials on it, miss."

"A five-pound note? I gave two away yesterday; and—Yes, this must be one of them;" after examining the note he had handed her.

"But you didn't give it to him we found it on, miss; that isn't likely!" with a quiet smile. "There was a terrible set-to last night in Grigg's Court; a place ladies like you don't know anything about, to say nothing of the people who live there.

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They had somehow got hold of this money, and of course the consequence was, drunkenness, and a free fight all round; no end of broken heads, and a baby a'most killed in its mother's arms.'

"How dreadful!"

"Yes; it was pretty sharp work while it lasted, miss; and, as I've got to rest my arm for a bit, the superintendent sent me here to make enquiries. For the joke is, the man Bryant swears hard and fast that two five-pound notes were given to him. The one he changed at the public, to stand treat to the Court with, and the one we found on him—both given to him! The magistrate could hardly help smiling at his impudence!"

"But it was given to him. Bryant was the name; a bricklayer, with a wife and six children, his furniture all seized for rent, and he unable to get work because his tools were pawned for bread. Yes; he is right; I did give the notes to them, yesterday afternoon."

"You gave it—to them Bryants, miss? Ten pounds?"

He stood gazing at her for a moment in the greatest amazement; then a smile stole over his face, but it was promptly suppressed, and he was on duty again, stolid and expressionless. He cast keen comprehensive glances about the room, as though to ascertain whether there were any evidences of eccentricity in her surroundings; then went on, in a business way:

"Then there's nothing more to be said. All we've got to do is to give the money back to him when he's done his month, I suppose;" regretfully. "It'll go terribly against the grain to give it him; and how he'll crow over us to be sure! But he can demand it, since it's his own, and he will no sooner get it than there'll be another drunken row. I beg your pardon, miss, but he's such a terrible bad lot, is Bryant, never off our hands long together; and that brutal to his wife and children—There, I don't think you'd find worse than him to waste money on if you searched the kingdom through!"

"It was a very serious mistake," gravely said Dorothy. "But money was given expressly for the purpose of replacing his tools and some of his furniture. Could not what remains be expended in that way, instead of being given to him?"

"I expect not, miss. He's a right to the money, since it was given to him, and he can do what he likes with it. For the matter of that it won't make much difference; he may as well have it one way as another. If it was spent on furniture—tools

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are a'most too good a joke—the things would all be pawned or sold within a few hours. Bless your heart, miss, it isn't furniture such as them wants. They'd never keep anything that would fetch five shillings the lot. An old chair or two, a box for a table, and a few rags to lie upon, is about all they care for. However, it was kindly meant on your part, miss—wonderful kind, sure—ly;" a little grave again, with the remembrance of a hard-working wife at home, and seven mouths to feed upon twenty-five shillings a week. The comforts ten pounds would buy!

Too much in earnest to be satisfied with meaning well, Dorothy Leith put the intended compliment aside.

"It was a mistake, of course; and a very foolish one. The worst is, I do not see how to remedy it." After a few moments' anxious thought, she added: "You appear to know something about the ways of the people who live in Grigg's Court. Could you not suggest some way of preventing another such outbreak when the man comes out of prison and receives the money again?"

"I don't see that I can, miss;" reflectively. "You see, money to such as him means drink, and drink means rows. But there's Mr. Aubyn, you know. If there's anything to be done, he's the one to think of it."

"Who is Mr. Aubyn?"

"Know Grigg's Court, and not know Mr. Aubyn! Why, you ought to have begun by knowing him, miss. He's the parson at St. John's, always about there, and if ever there was a—— But he isn't much for words himself; and if I went on for a week, you'd never know him, as we know him. Helps us wonderful, he does. You'd say that if you saw him turn up his cuffs, and fetch the women out of a fight."

"Fight!" ejaculated Dorothy, whilst Parker drew herself up, murmuring something about the "cloth."

"Oh, his is the kind of cloth that stands no end of wear and tear, ma'am;" with the suspicion of a smile in the corner of the eye next to Parker. Adding to her young mistress: "And you couldn't rightly call it fighting, neither. It's only a way he's got, of making room for himself with his elbows and shoulders, when he gets among a fighting lot, and the women are getting the worst of it."

"Mr. Aubyn, St. John's. I will certainly go to him." After a glance at the man's arm, resting in a sling, she presently went

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on: "You yourself got injured in the outbreak, last night;" turning, as she spoke, towards the table, and proceeding to fill in a cheque.

"A mere nothing, miss. Just a twist and a strain, that will be all right again in a few days. We don't think much of this sort of thing."

"But I was the cause of it, however unintentionally; and you must oblige me by accepting this," said Dorothy rising, and putting the cheque into his hand.

He glanced down at it, and, at sight of the amount, lost his self-possession—he had not been drilled to keep his self-control upon such a contingency as this—standing for a few moments unable to utter a word. But he presently contrived to stammer out:

"I have done nothing to deserve—only my duty, miss. I have no right—I don't expect any——"

"It is only right—the least I can do for you is to endeavour to make some reparation."

"I thank you heartily, miss; and so will the wife and little ones at home. It'll be a godsend to them!"

"You are very welcome. Good day."

"I wish you good afternoon, miss;" mentally adding, as he followed Parker out of the room, "for as beautiful, and sweet, and tender-hearted a young lady as was ever took in, which you will be, over and over again!"

"What a mistake, Parker!" ejaculated Dorothy, as the woman re-entered the room.

"Mistake, indeed, Miss Dorothy!" returned Parker, who, although she would allow no one else to question the wisdom of her young mistress's benevolent schemes, had come to do so now herself.

Parker had no respect for failure, and this one seemed sufficiently to prove that there had been some grounds for her misgivings as to the propriety of going about to such places as Grigg's Court.

"We must find the Mr. Aubyn he talked about, and ask his advice."

"Which I hope will be to keep away from such places in the future," thought Parker.

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CHAPTER III.

MABEL'S EXPEDIENT.

A ball-room in a house facing St. James's Park; the freely admitted July night-air laden with the perfume of flowers beautiful women beautifully attired; the glitter of jewels in the soft full light; and the sound of well-modulated voices, and low laughter blending not inharmoniously with the strains of the band.

Dorothy Leith and Gerard Harcourt were standing near one of the open windows overlooking the Park, white and still in the moonlight. She was telling him about the policeman's errand, and his revelations as to what had followed her attempts to benefit the Bryants. He listened gravely enough; but there was a smile in his eyes as she finished speaking.

"To think of your standing treat to Grigg's Court, and having all that drunkenness, head-breaking, and the rest of it, on your conscience! Why, Dorothy, could you only look far enough into the future to trace all the consequences, you might find yourself answerable for the demoralization of the whole race of Griggs."

She gave him a quiet smile. His banter neither disturbed nor discouraged Dorothy.

"Not answerable for so much as that, I think. I did not find them quite perfect, to begin with. But it was a stupid mistake to make."

"It cannot be called altogether a success, I suppose. You have not said anything about it to the aunt?"

"Yes, I have; she has a right to hear the truth, whatever it may be. She was very much shocked, of course; but hopes it will be a warning to me."

"Will it be? Are you going to turn from the error of your ways?"

"I certainly will not put myself in such a position again;" decidedly, her thoughts reverting to her intention of seeking Mr. Aubyn's advice.

Gerard glanced keenly at her, as she stood with her hands lightly crossed, and her eyes thoughtfully downcast; the embodiment of girlish grace and sweetness, with which he had

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hitherto associated strength of purpose, and asked himself if the end of all her aspirations had come already. Had he been right, then, when he told her that she would lack the courage and perseverance to put her theories into practice? He had been ready enough to jest at her schemes and endeavours; but the idea that she was likely to relinquish them was not welcome, although he would have said that this was only because they served to amuse him. Before he could give utterance to the words that rose to his lips, the dance ended; and he had to seek Mabel, who had promised him the next.

He found her in the conservatory, whither she had gone with her aunt, shrinking a little from being alone with Gerard until she felt more sure of herself—more able to offer the congratulations that would have to be spoken, when he should tell her of his engagement to Dorothy. Unaware of Mabel's desire for her presence, Mrs. Harcourt left them to join Dorothy.

Mabel made a charming picture, standing amongst the flowers in her gown of white satin, with its filmy old lace, and trailing leaves and buds; a slight touch of consciousness adding a new grace to her beauty.

"Our dance, I think;" presenting his arm.

"Oh, is it?" with an elaborate attempt to speak as Dorothy's sister should, and thereby drawing upon herself the notice she dreaded.

He looked at her a little curiously for a moment, then again offered his arm.

"Your favourite Strauss—come;" adding, as she slowly turned to accompany him; "Perhaps you are tired, and do not care to dance again. If so, why not remain here? You would find the room inconveniently hot and crowded."

"Very well; I do not mind," thinking they were not likely to be long alone there. But she did not sit down again, leaning lightly against a trellised arch, and sweeping her fan to and fro with slow, nonchalant grace.

"How did you get on with the professor, Mabel?"

"Oh, Gerard, not at all;"—beginning to smile and speak more like her usual self. "After taking the trouble to read the article in the *Quarterly*, and carefully look out facts in the *Encyclopædia*, I could not get him to say a word. I talked hieroglyphics quite beautifully to him, all dinner-time; and he really ought to have appreciated it. But no; he sat gazing at me in the most disconsolate way, hardly speaking a word. He

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only brightened up a little once, and that was but for a moment, to ask me if I knew to what species belonged a beetle in Lady Lowndes' headdress, after peering at it for ever so long through his spectacles. Absurd, wasn't it? I was quite out of patience with the man, and told him I did not know anything about beetles, and didn't want to know; always had a special aversion to crawling things."

Gerard laughed. "Mrs. Marchmont must have introduced you to the wrong man. You were talking to Mr. Burton, the entomologist, I fancy."

"Oh, Gerard, what a mistake! Of course the poor little man wanted to talk about his beetles, and imagined my speciality was hieroglyphics which he knew nothing about, and I would keep introducing! No wonder we bored each other. You were better off at the Alwyns?"

"I had nearly two hours' flabby talk with Miss Wyleigh, if that could be called being better off. By the way, I was to tell you she will be *desolée*, or something equally pathetic, that English cannot express, if she does not meet you at the show to-morrow."

"That is her way. How different most of the girls one meets are to our Dorrie! How much more in earnest she is!"

"But is not earnestness somewhat out of date? It seems, at any rate, behind the times to make one's earnestness too apparent."

"As though it mattered about being out of date. Why should we not seem just what we are?"

He smiled. "Perhaps because some of us cannot afford so to appear; and it may not be at all times desirable to take the world into our confidence. Should there not be, at all events, some consideration as to the fitness of things?"—adding, with the gentle suavity she understands so well; "Don't you think that romance and enthusiasm would appear more at home amidst woods and mountains than in the latest French toilette in a ball-room?"

"If society dictates the fashion of our clothes, we need not allow it to dictate thoughts to match!"—hotly.

"Certainly not, or mine would be black indeed," he replied, hastening to make the amende, as his way was when he thought he had gone too far. "But the thought that matches your beautiful gown must be quite a poem, I should think,"

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"Whatever the thought may be, it is not for society; and as to my gowns—I like pretty things."

"So do I"—with a quiet smile. "But what makes you so hard upon society, Mabel? It chiefly objects to being bored, I fancy; and in ten or fifteen years, you will probably agree with it."

"No; I shall never agree with it. It will be mutual boredom, to the end."

He looked curiously at her again. "What makes you so belligerent to-night?"

What! Her eyes fell, and a swift blush covered her face. But she presently forced herself to meet his eyes again, although she did not find it easy to do so, for their expression was but half veiled, as he stood gazing intently down upon her, and it was difficult to remember that his liking was only that of a brother, when he looked in that way. But she contrived to reply lightly—

"I suppose because it's my "nature to." I shall never have dear old Dorrie's patience with things, any more than her—Even you are obliged to acknowledge her earnestness of purpose and self-forgetfulness, Gerard."

"Yes"—gravely. It was not Dorothy's self-forgetfulness he was doubtful about. "I hope I can respect that in any one. But some are apt to imagine they have capability of endurance, and all that sort of thing, without really possessing it."

"That is for me!" thought Mabel.

Following the thought he, a little abstractedly, went on; "One is apt to get tired and intolerant of the well-meaning that comes to nothing, as one does of the enthusiasm that will not stand wear and tear."

"Again for me!" she thought. But her little ebullition was over. With frank humility, which showed in vivid contrast with her previous slight assertiveness, she replied; "If it cannot stand wear and tear, it does not, of course, deserve to be tolerated." Then, becoming aware that the music had ceased, she added: "The waltz is over, and I am pledged for the square dance."

"Will you give me the next waltz—here, Mabel?"

"If you will;" trying to speak carelessly.

"Of course I will. Ah, here is Captain Dudley in search of you!" as a young man came hurriedly into the conservatory, to claim her for the next dance.

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As he spoke, Gerard gave her a glance which brought the colour rushing to her face. Captain Dudley's "intentions" had brought upon her more than one jest from Gerard. She gave him a little defiant look as she turned away.

"Now why cannot I be satisfied with this?" she was presently asking herself, as she cast a side glance at her partner, doing his best to make the most of the few moments' opportunity during the rests in the dance, his eyes and tone of voice hinting the sentiments he was longing yet fearing to put into words. "He seems amiable enough, and I suppose he would be thought good-looking in his way. Really in earnest, too!" she thought, looking at him with meditative eyes, her whole expression seeming more favourable to him as they touched upon the usual topics. He was quick to notice the change in her manner—she had always before seemed so unapproachable—and his pulses began to throb a little more quickly. Was there any hope for him—the merest shadow of a chance? He was quite capable of loving her for herself. It was something more than even her beauty, which charmed him; though he keenly appreciated that. But, just as he had plucked up the courage to venture to put his thoughts into words, her mood seemed changed. "No; she did not desire any refreshment, nor to return to the conservatory, preferring to join her aunt;" thus quietly, but decidedly, warding off the impending declaration. "The kindest thing I can do, if you only knew it," she thought, as he silently and disconsolately led her through the crowded rooms, to her aunt's side.

"I quite thought that it would have been all settled this afternoon between Dorothy and Gerard," said Mrs. Harcourt, later on to Mabel, who had pleaded fatigue as an excuse for not fulfilling her other engagements, and looked quite pale enough to warrant the assertion, as she sat silent and listless by her aunt's side. They were waiting for Dorothy, who had gone to the supper-room with Gerard.

"I really cannot see why there should be any longer delay," presently went on Mrs. Harcourt, who, more than usually tired that night, was longing for the time when she would not have to sit in hot, crowded rooms until two or three in the morning. "Has Dorothy said anything about it to you, Mabel, dear?"

"No—not—yet," returned Mabel, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Then I suppose it is not quite settled between them. Of

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course you would be the first to know. But why not ask Dorothy?"

Mabel murmured a few words to the effect that it would be made known as soon as Dorothy wished it to be known, all too conscious why she could not broach the subject to her sister.

Mrs. Harcourt gave her a little nod and smile, thinking that she quite understood now, and telling herself that she must be patient. It was only some whim of Dorothy's not to have the engagement made known for awhile. Waiting until they had returned to Vale Park, and were out of reach of congratulations, perhaps. Dear Dorothy so disliked to be fussed with!

Mabel was sitting in troubled thought, her eyes downcast, and brows slightly knitted. Hers was not a morbid conscience —she neither accused nor excused herself unduly—but one thing was becoming more and more clear to her: she was not, at present, able to listen to Gerard's playful familiarities of speech as it behoved Dorothy's sister to do. What if he should suspect? He seemed, she fancied, already somewhat puzzled and curious, as though he observed some change in her which he could not quite account for. What if he should guess the truth? The colour flamed in her cheeks at the bare thought.

The shame would be more than she could bear! To think that, only a few days previously, she had been under the impression that Gerard cared for herself, and that Dorothy was fancy free! How was it that she had been so blind? Why had she failed to understand? She ought to have known? Any one but herself would have seen quickly enough that it was perfectly natural and to be expected between two so exactly suited to each other as were Dorothy and Gerard.

"If I could only get away for awhile," she thought, "long enough to become more accustomed to it, and less afraid of myself than I am now. Talk of what companions, and governesses, and people have to try them, indeed! As though they could be more——" The sentence was suddenly snapped asunder by the electric force of a new idea. She drew herself up, catching in her breath, and gazing straight before her with dilating eyes, her fingers tightening over her fan, the smile which gathered about her mouth seeming to indicate that the thought was no unwelcome one. "Why not?" she was presently asking herself. "Where would be the harm? What is there to prevent me, if I only set about it in the right way?"

She was conscious of an agreeable little stir in her mental

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atmosphere from another cause. By adopting the plan that had suggested itself, she would not only gain time to overcome, but also have an opportunity for proving that she was capable of certain things which they did not give her credit for being capable of. As she dwelt upon it, the idea grew more and more upon her, and by the time they were rejoined by Dorothy and Gerard her decision was made. Her flushed cheeks and the light in her eyes were not unnoticed by Gerard.

"Got over your fatigue, Mabel?" he asked, as they turned to take their departure, she piloting her aunt, and he following with Dorothy.

"The rest was welcome," she replied, giving him a little smile over her shoulder. "It is really too bad the way he notices everything!" she mentally added. "Yes; I must lose no time, now."

In her eagerness to broach the subject to Dorothy, she could not wait until the morning. Hurriedly getting through the process of throwing off her ball-room finery, putting on a loose wrapper, thrusting her bare white feet into silken slippers, and without waiting to have the long bright hair hanging about her shoulders arranged for the night, she dismissed her maid, and went to Dorothy's room.

Parker was still there—Parker, the slow and methodical—who always made a point of putting everything in exact order, however late might be her young mistresses' return. Moreover, the sisters had hitherto been so frank and outspoken before her, that it was difficult now to make her understand that her presence was not desired.

Beginning to lose patience, Mabel presently said: "Dear, precise old Parker, what does it matter about putting everything into curl-papers at two o'clock in the morning? Miller is in bed and asleep, by this time."

"I know my duties, Miss Mabel, and I do not wish to leave them undone," returned Parker, who did not choose to be hurried, much less dictated to.

"Yes; oh yes, of course," said Mabel, making confusion among the neatly-arranged appurtenances of the dressing-table in her impatience at the delay.

Parker went slowly on, carefully folding and putting away, unconscious Dorothy sleepily putting in a word now and again about the events of the day—her own mistake, the people they had met, and so forth; until Mabel's last scrap of patience

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was gone, and she put in: "I want to tell you something, Dorrie."

Parker understood now, put down the jewel-case in her hand, and turned to quit the room, solemnly returning their "Good night." She had lived with their mother, and had always had the privileges of a confidential servant with the two young girls. Never before had it been found necessary to shut Parker out of their confidence, and she felt much aggrieved at being dismissed now.

"Something important, Mabel, dear?" said Dorothy, as soon as they were alone, and looking almost as much astonished as had Parker herself.

Mabel hurriedly dashed into explanations, her sister gazing at her in dumb amazement the while.

"Do not look so dreadfully shocked, Dorrie. It is ladies' work, at any rate. And you know governesses have so much more opportunity for the exercise of the virtues, than have we."

"Dear Mab, you cannot be serious!"

"But indeed I am, dearie."

"Take a situation—you! Oh, absurd—utterly impossible!"

"It must be delightful to do impossible things;" adding more earnestly: "Do try to get used to the idea, Dorrie, for I have quite made up my mind."

"But I do not understand. Why?"

"Why, indeed! That was just like Dorrie, always wanting a reason for things in that uncomfortable uncompromising way. As bad as Gerard," thought Mabel.

How could she say that she felt it would be better for her to see not quite so much of him for awhile—until she were better able to trust herself? Or how could she say that she was going to take the step partly out of pique—to prove her ability to do certain things because Gerard had hinted that she could not do them? And merely to say it was a whim would, she knew, not suffice for Dorothy any more than for her aunt or Gerard. After a few moments' reflection, she said:

"Where would be the harm in my trying to gain a little experience of the life so many good women lead? You all complain of my being so unpractical, you know; and it would be only fair to give me an opportunity for proving what I am really capable of."

"Is there not opportunity enough here? There really is

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something in what Gerard says about the needs of society and the opportunity women have of exercising their best powers amongst their own class, reform being as necessary at the West as at the East-end."

Mabel broke into a little laugh with the remembrance of a picture he had once drawn of an enthusiastic young girl missionary from the East-end, making her way to a certain mansion in the West, and taking up her quarters there, with the avowed intention of reforming its mistress.

"Surely there is opportunity enough in your own sphere?" repeated Dorothy.

"Of its kind, perhaps. But how about the special governess virtues—endurance, patience, and all the rest of it? I may have quite grand capabilities in that way, languishing and dying for lack of exercise. Just think of it, Dorrie; think of my remaining an everyday person to the end, when there may be the possibilities of all sorts of heroisms in me!"

"Pray do not jest about it, Mab; unless it is a jest altogether. How could I possibly agree to——"

"But indeed you must! Really, Dorrie, you, at any rate, might be expected to support me. Call it a craze, if you will. Why should not I indulge in one as well as you? Jest at it as he may, Gerard cannot prevent you from going out of your sphere."

"No," with quiet decision; adding, after a moment's thought: "Nor would he jest any longer if I could prove to him that I am capable of doing as well as desiring to do. Once show him that, and he would be on my side. We know Gerard."

"But why should it not be the same with me?"

Dorothy's eyes rested upon her with a loving smile. Dear Mab, her very charm, to those who knew her, was her frank, impulsive nature—the sweet liberty of thought which disdains concealment; the large possibilities in her; though these were not, perhaps, of the kind requisite for her new *rôle*. Great martyrdoms might be grandly borne; but how about what she termed the "governess virtues—patience, self-effacement, endurance of petty trials and slights?"

"It seems so sudden, dear. And—to go from home, you know—we should miss you so terribly."

"Well, that would be something gained to begin with. It must feel pleasant to be of sufficient importance to be missed. Besides, it is not as though I intended remaining away. No,

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of course not. Give me a year, or even six months, if only to prove I am as capable as other women who make their own lives."

"But why——?"

"Now, Dorrie, you asked that before. Have I not been telling you why? I have given reasons enough, even for you I should think."

"But are you sure—Mab, dear, are you quite sure, there has been nothing to——?"

"Worry me, do you mean?"—with a little laugh, tying, as she spoke, two long locks of her loose gold-brown hair beneath her chin, to veil her hot cheeks. "What could there be, goosey?"

"You are quite sure? There has been no difference between Gerard and you, has there Mab?" said Dorothy, with anxious questioning eyes.

"Difference! not more than usual. We shall always be liable to an occasional skirmish, I suppose, it seems our 'nature to.' But you mustn't mind that. We shall never disagree upon one point—dear old Dorrie!"

"What will he—what will Aunt Jenny—think of your wanting to attempt such a thing?"

"Gerard must not know—at least not just yet—and I shall depend upon you to help me with the auntie. You must help me, and you must not make any objection before her, nor even allow it to be seen that you have any doubts about it, for,"—looking solemn, and trying the effect of a little threat—"if I cannot gain her consent, I shall quietly contrive matters for myself, and be missing some day."

Dorothy hesitated, her eyes dwelling tenderly upon the beautiful face. Apart from losing her awhile, was the idea so very objectionable, after all? Would it do Mabel any real harm to see a little of the kind of experience which so many of her working sisters passed through? It was evident that her present life was uncongenial, and unsatisfying. And was Dorothy Leith, of all people, she who had what Mabel termed a craze of her own, to put obstacles in her sister's way? The experience she herself was gaining, seemed to at least prove the desirability of learning something more about the people living outside their own circle.

The more she considered the question, from that point of view, the more did she become inclined to consent. Before Mabel left her, she had so far yielded as to promise to broach the subject to their aunt the next morning.

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It was only when she made the first attempt, after they had looked through their morning's letters, and exchanged news at the breakfast table, that Dorothy began to realize the difficulty of the task she had undertaken. As soon as she could be made to understand that Dorothy was speaking in sober earnest, the little lady was shocked and distressed beyond measure.

"A governess! What could Dorothy be thinking of? Mabel—her niece—in society, and possessed of a large income—take a governess's situation! It was altogether too ridiculous! One of Mabel's jests, of course."

"But, Aunt Jenny, if you will only listen."

"Listening would not make the slightest difference, Mabel. Nothing you could possibly say, would induce me to give my consent to so preposterous a scheme—nothing!"

But she did not calculate upon what would be said. Mabel openly laughed at the dark hints, which, in her distress the little lady wildly threw out about the Lord Chancellor; reminding her that she was not eighteen, and might be imprisoned for contempt.

"You could never be so hard-hearted, auntie. Just imagine our figuring in large print in the papers, I as the contumacious ward, and you as the cruel guardian? How dreadful to feel that you had sent your own niece to prison! Only think of my being obliged to live upon bread and water, have all my hair cut off, and wear a gown uglier, perhaps, than Dorrie goes about at the East-end in, and made—Oh, Aunt Jenny, imagine my having to wear a gown that didn't fit; and all because you wouldn't give your consent to my doing what many women—ladies—ever so much better than I, do; and only for a few months, too."

"It is no jesting matter to me, Mabel."

"Then I will be serious, auntie," quietly proceeding to explain and persuade. Beyond all, she repeated the threat she had used to Dorothy, that, if consent were withheld, she would contrive matters for herself, and be missing some day.

At this, the little lady became frightened into talking the matter over, and then Mabel knew that the rest was only a question of time. Her tearful reluctance notwithstanding, Mrs. Harcourt's consent was at length virtually won. She still brought forward every argument she could think of; but they were very quickly disposed of by Mabel.

"How shall I set about obtaining a situation? In the easiest way in the world, auntie? I heard Mrs. Talbot talking about

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having gone to an agent when she wanted a governess. I shall go to an agent, and you will give me a—what is it—testimonial. I am sure you could honestly say enough in my favour for what I want; now, couldn't you?"

"A situation!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, with uplifted eyes and hands.

"Do you not think me qualified, auntie, after being so beautifully finished, as I was pronounced to be? Think what it cost to finish me! I ought, I think, to be able to teach children under twelve."

"Yes, dear; yes, of course you are competent. I did not mean to imply that you are not," replied the little woman, almost at her wit's end. "Only you have had no experience, you know. I could not say that you are accustomed to teach; and governesses are expected to——"

"Every one must have a beginning, and you could say that I have not been out before. Oh, yes; you will be able to write the kind of testimonial that is necessary, without saying a word against your conscience."

"It will be terribly against my conscience to give my consent to your taking such a step," murmured Mrs. Harcourt.

"It would be only for a few months, Aunt Jenny. Mabel has promised that, and she may get tired of it in a few weeks, or even days," put in Dorothy, who indeed had her reasons for quite believing that they would very soon have her sister home again.

Mrs. Harcourt was mentally bewailing her misfortune in not having detected the dangerous tendencies of her nieces while they were young enough to be more under control. Of the two, Mabel, bright impulsive Mabel, was her favourite, and the bare idea of her going out into the world to fight her way against all sorts of difficulties, unprotected and alone, was distressing beyond measure to the tender-hearted little woman. She had always been accustomed to think that women of gentle breeding ought to be carefully fenced about from everything in the shape of rough experience, deploring the sad necessity which compelled some to undergo it. But without necessity—her niece! She could, however, only reiterate the objections which had been already made, and set aside, not equal to arguing the point. Nor was it any use appealing to Dorothy, who had peculiarities of her own, and was, therefore, the more inclined to be indulgent to Mabel's.

As soon as Mrs. Harcourt's consent—if consent it could be

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called—was won, Mabel made one request. Conscious of her own weakness, and terribly afraid of its being suspected by Gerard, if she went into the pros and cons of her project with him, she stipulated that he should be told nothing of it until she had taken her departure. Mrs. Harcourt demurred to this also, though she eventually gave way. She liked to take advice about everything—even to the purchase of a pair of gloves ; and would have preferred talking the matter over from every conceivable point of view before coming to a decision. Not that she had much more hope of Gerard's support than she had of Dorothy's. Her faith in him had been somewhat shaken of late, and she could not feel at all sure what view he would take, or pretend to take, of Mabel's freak. But the mere leaving the matter over for further consideration would be something gained. To have everything settled in this hurried way—her consent won, so to speak, by intimidation—only a short half hour after the subject had been broached, troubled and unnerved her not a little.

The only thing that seemed open to her to do, she did. Her old friend, Mr. Daubeny the vicar, received a long confidential letter from her, explaining the anxiety she was in, and begging his counsel and advice. In his reply, the vicar was as sympathetic as she could desire ; expressing his disapproval of the step her niece was about to take, in very decided terms. From what Mrs. Harcourt had previously confided to him, he thought he saw who was chiefly to blame for her niece's erratic tastes, and wrote a long letter to Gerard, giving free expression to his opinion as to the responsibilities he was incurring, and begging him to do his best to put a stop to the foolish project.

Not a little amused, as well as surprised, Gerard returned a very kindly, if somewhat ambiguous, reply, he, in turn, enjoining secrecy on his old friend. He had not been taken into Mabel's confidence in the matter ; and had neither the right nor power to prevent her carrying out her intention. Her aunt was, in fact, the only one who had any real power to interfere ; and she, it appeared, was not going to do so. All that could be done, in the way of watching over Mabel's interest and safety, his old, friend might rest assured, would be done. At the same time there did not seem to him cause for such great anxiety. The readiest and most effectual way out of the difficulty was, he thought, to allow Mabel to follow her own inclinations, in which case, she would, after a few days' trial, most probably throw up the whole thing in disgust.

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"To this, the old vicar in his heart subscribed; and, after a cheering epistle to Mrs. Harcourt and another warning one to Gerard, he was fain to await the hoped-for result.

Gerard Harcourt gave no hint to the others that he was aware of what was intended to be done; and, behind the scenes, without its being suspected he was there, he promised himself some little amusement in watching the comedy about to be played. Mabel's unfitness for the *rôle* she had chosen, would, he told himself, bring about all sorts of amusing complications. Trained to teach, patient and painstaking, as well as ready to conform to the tastes and peculiarities, whatever they might be, of her employer —in all that is expected in a governess—Mabel would be found almost ludicrously deficient.

(*To be continued.*)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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WHY THE COLONIES HESITATE—A REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

Quite recently it was my privilege to address a gathering of people on the nature of the industrial democracies of America and Australia. At the close of my remarks one of my audience said, in reference to the distinction I had drawn between the European communities in and out of Europe, "I had no idea there was such a difference. I suppose, as you say, the whole atmosphere of the place is different." It is this inability to realise the distinction between societies (in the main) *military*, and societies (in the main) *industrial*, which prevents people in England from understanding the nature of the attitude assumed by Canada and Australia on the question of Imperial Federation.

At any rate for the immediate present Imperial Federation means an undertaking on the part of the Colonies to contribute to the defence of the Empire, and a corresponding relief of the tax-paying population of the United Kingdom, from part of the work which they have hitherto performed single-handed, and which they are, according to military authorities, no longer able to perform satisfactorily by themselves. To persons living in the atmosphere of Europe, or within the sphere of European military influence, an unwillingness or hesitation of two small and unprotected states to accede to a scheme of defence at once economic and effective, appears unintelligible. For the alternative presented to such persons is one based upon European experience, namely, the separate defence of the several states on the scale of the European military powers; whereas to the Colonial mind the alternative for Canada is a peaceable union with the United States, and for Australia, an independence based upon certain natural advantages quite distinct from military considerations. In the face of this perplexity,

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Admiral Colomb in his article in 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE' of December last pertinently asks, "What do the Colonies want?"

The way in which Admiral Colomb answers the question is this:—

"Now we see that what the Canadians desire in disfavouring federation, and favouring the present state things, is narrowly, the use of the force of the mother country without any payment for it; but broadly, neglect of the additional force which the other colonies might supply. As she is represented, Canada would rather rely on the very possibly inadequate force of the United Kingdom to protect her, and not pay a penny for it, than she would make a payment which would entitle her to the use of the force of the United Kingdom, but with that force supplemented by all the force which the rest of the Empire might be able to add to it."

And the same remarks apply to Australia.

I believe that such an answer fails to represent the Colonial attitude, mainly because it does not take into account certain changes which are altering the face of European civilization, although their influence is at present chiefly felt outside of Europe.

These changes are briefly as follows:—

1. The European population is no longer confined to Europe, but already one-fifth of its numbers reside in America and Australia; while population returns go to show that in the immediate future its chief centres may be found *outside* and not *inside* of the Continent itself.

2. In these new communities the Anglo-Saxon stock, which is a *trading* race, are dominant almost to the exclusion of the emotional Latin races.

3. The overflow of Europe is organised no longer upon a *military*, but upon an *industrial* basis.

A few figures will usefully demonstrate the truth of these statements. The growth of the overflow of Europe is exhibited in the following table, from which it appears that its external population *to-day* is equal to half the total population of a century ago.

European population in and out of Europe in 1788 . .		150,000,000
„ „ in Europe in 1885 . .	350,000,000	420,000,000
„ „ out of Europe in 1885 .	70,000,000	

This total of 420 millions may be divided into military, neutral, and industrial groups.

Effective military nations (Russia, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy).		250,000,000
Ineffective military nations (Spain, Portugal, Belgium, &c.)	65,000,000	164,000,000
The United Kingdom (both military and industrial)	36,000,000	
The English speaking industrial communities (the United States, Canada, Australasia, and the Cape (without negro population) . .	63,000,000	

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And by combining the three last items in the table we get a comparison of 164 millions of peaceably disposed populations, as against the 250 millions formed by the Powers likely to wage aggressive warfare.

Lastly, if we come to examine the prospects of increase respectively belonging to the (strictly) military and industrial groups, we find that they are immensely in favour of the latter, which possess areas promising not only a rapid increase of their native populations, but a means of absorbing the surplus populations of other nations.

	Sq. miles.	Population.			Sq. miles.	Population.
Russia . .	2,000,000	98,000,000		United States	3,000,000	55,000,000
Germany .	208,000	45,000,000		Canada . .	3,620,000	4,500,000
France . .	204,000	37,000,000		Australasia .	3,181,000	3,000,000
Austria . .	261,000	38,000,000		South Africa	500,000	500,000
Italy . .	111,000	28,000,000	*v.*			
Total (in round numbers).	3,000,000	250,000,000		Total (in round numbers).	10,000,000	63,000,000

[The population statistics are given in round numbers based upon Mr. Giffen's figures in the Statistical Society's Journal for June, 1885. The areas are taken (mainly) from 'Whitaker's Almanack': the discrepancy between the totals in tables I. and II. is due to the omission of the American *Latin* communities in the latter.]

With these figures before us it becomes more easy to understand why the Colonies should reckon upon an immunity from attack. They base their calculations upon the fact of their removal from the military centre which is the source of European complications, taken together with the prospect of increased security arising from mere weight of numbers. This has been definitely stated by Sir Robert Stout when he asserted* that Imperial Union was impossible, because it would involve *the withdrawal of England from European politics.* The Colonies by themselves would be withdrawn from European politics. Australia, in addition to a more robust national growth and a greater natural security, reckons upon the same immunity from European interference as is preserved by the South American Republics. Canada expects at least as good treatment at the hands of the United States as Mexico is receiving. To both it appears doubtful whether the protection of the English connection is not counterbalanced by the danger of becoming embroiled in English quarrels with European nations. A year ago there was danger of such a quarrel with a lesser European State—Portugal. For some days an outbreak of war seemed imminent. At length a settlement was effected, and the news cabled in due course to Australia. The comment of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* upon this event was curious and characteristic. Instead of congratulating its readers upon the peaceful settlement of an imperial question, the editor warned the people of Australia that within the last forty-eight hours they had been brought into immediate risk of warfare; and this too with a European power, and concerning a matter in which they had

* *Nineteenth Century*, 1887.

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no interest. And the journal proceeded to ask how long so anomalous a state of affairs would last. But, beside the fact that the value of imperial defence appears doubtful to them, the Colonies are keenly alive to the advantages they enjoy from their present industrial organisation, and are disinclined to risk its future development by closer union with Europe.

In the first place they are in a fair way of realising a genuine democratic government. The two forces—free education and universal suffrage—which alone make such a development possible, have free scope in these communities, whereas, in older countries they are hindered in their operation by the vast masses of uneducated and semi-pauperised persons which form the social basement. Both education and an intelligent use of the voting power imply the possession of *leisure*; and how far this cardinal necessity for a democratic society is realised in Australia by the eight hours limit is shown by Sir Charles Dilke's remarks upon the artisans of Victoria.*

Canada and Australia are therefore ahead of us in realising the dominant form of government, democracy, to which all civilised nations are tending.

Moreover, a state organised industrially enjoys a far greater productive capacity than a military state of equal population and natural resources. The amount both of money and labour withdrawn for military necessities is greatly reduced. How greatly is apparent by comparing the items of revenue expenditure in a European country with that of the United States or of a British Colony. The money which goes to provide for defence and to pay for previous military expenditure in the former is expended in the latter on railways and other public works. The contrast of labour expenditure upon military necessities is even more striking.† Therefore, in comparing the population of a European country with that of the Colonies or of the United States (to a less degree) it must be remembered that the *effective* population of the new country is far larger than the *effective* population of the old. Apart from the small number of persons withdrawn for unproductive military enterprises, two great classes of economic loafers are absent—the very rich and the very poor. Speaking broadly of America and Australia, there are no "leisured classes"; that is to say, where a young man of wealth in Europe would do nothing in the way of business, in New York or Sydney he goes down to his office at ten in the morning as a matter of course. As for the "unemployed" in America and Australia,

* 'Problems of Greater Britain,' Part II. chap. I. p. 249.

† Whitaker reveals the following contrasts of expenditure in Germany and the United States for 1885 :—

Germany.		United States.	
Population	45,000,000	Population	57,000,000
Regular Army (half of adult males) . . .	500,000	Regular Army . . .	30,000
State Revenue . . .	£30,000,000	State Revenue . . .	$260,000,000
Mil. Ex. (two-thirds). .	£20,000,000	War and Navy (one-fourth)	$60,000,000

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they are for the most part merely persons who from a spirit of *esprit de corps* object to work for 5*s.* a day when they consider themselves entitled to 6*s.* 6*d.* In the case of New South Wales the average wages for the period 1871–1888 amount to 10*s.* 4*d.* per day for artisans, and £39 and £34 annually, in addition to food and lodging, respectively for labourers and domestic servants. And this, too, in a period when the money value and the purchasing (or real) value has been cent. for cent. In contemplating the history of wages in New South Wales the *Sydney Morning Herald* remarks:* "It is impossible to follow step by step the upward progress of the masses without being impressed with the presence of the great irresistible force which is surely raising the status of labour."

In an industrial community this "irresistible force" works peacefully, in Europe it sometimes threatens a volcanic upheaval. In any case the comparison between the state of things indicated here, and the final statement of General Booth's pictorial introduction to 'In Darkest England,'—"3,000,000 of people in an ocean of misery," is sufficiently suggestive.

Briefly the Colonies (rightly or wrongly) believe that they have reached a higher stage of political and social development than we have, and they are afraid of being drawn backwards. The masses of Canada and Australia will never consent to closer union with England, unless they are assured that the high standard of comfort and education which they have reached will not be endangered by such an alliance. As for the sense of insecurity which is constantly assumed by military writers it is entirely foreign to the spirit of these communities, which are no longer military, but industrial states. Sir Henry Parkes is a representative voice, not only of Australia but of all industrial communities, and this is what he says of his own country:

"We have 2,944,628 square miles of territory, and in less than two years,† on the first of June 1891, it is estimated on the best authority that we shall have a population in Australia of 4,000,000. Are we not prepared with this enormous line of coast, this magnificent territory, and this brilliant number of intelligent men and women and fast-growing children? Not prepared! We are prepared for any emergency which can arise. There is nothing in the shape of national life for which we are not prepared, and, *as our objects are of a peaceful and law-abiding nature, and in harmony with the civilization, the progress, and the intelligence of the world, what have we to be afraid of?*"

W. Basil Worsfold.

* Nov. 21, 1889.

† Speaking at St. Leonards, Sydney, Nov. 7, 1889.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

DEAN CHURCH—NOTES FROM PARIS—NOTES FROM RUSSIA—"BEAU AUSTIN"—OPENING OF UNIVERSITY HALL—THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

DEAN CHURCH.

OF the three great Deans of St. Paul's whom we have known in our time—Milman, Mansel, Church—perhaps the most interesting personally was the late Dean Church. In this year of great losses death has a second time bereaved the Metropolitan Cathedral of a great ornament and bulwark of the Anglican Church. Those who strained to listen to his broken and almost inaudible accents at the grave of Liddon could hardly forbear to augur that the Dean would soon follow the gifted and eloquent Canon. He has left no monumental work like Milman, nor had he the wit and argumentative power of Mansel, nor the marvellous oratory of Liddon, but he held a unique and magnificent position of his own. Such a phrase as "sweetness and light" might have been expressly coined for Dean Church. There never was a more catholic, tolerant, and sympathetic mind; learned with all the learning, accomplished with all the accomplishments, of his time. He was not one of those who arrested the popular imagination, or was familiar to more than an inner circle of those who went to St. Paul's. If he happened to be preaching—and his feeble health of late years made this uncertain—and if you managed to get within the range of his weak voice, you were deeply impressed by some unrivalled characteristics of his style, and still more so when you read the sermon in print. This inner circle comprised many of his most distinguished contemporaries.

To the mass of people the Dean of St. Paul's had hardly a distinct individuality. Even to his inner circle he was less a great ecclesiastic than the prince of *littérateurs*. It would be a surprise to many people to know that he was one of the most powerful and influential men of the day. Mr. Gladstone, when Premier, was greatly guided by his advice in Church matters. He was known to have declined St. Augustine's throne. From his study he powerfully influenced the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review* by his contributions, and many were instructed

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and charmed by him who knew nothing of his authorship. All his writings were examples of literary perfection, evidencing leisure, thoughtfulness, and candour, which unhappily are now comparatively rare. One great secret of his usefulness was that he sought earnestly to understand his age, to interpret it to itself, to meet its difficulties and reconcile its antagonisms. He was a theologian full of history, an historian full of theology, reminding us greatly in some respects of Von Döllinger. Indeed, there is much affinity between Döllinger's Historical Essays just published and much that Dean Church has written. It is interesting to know that his last employment was completing a book on the Oxford movement. That Oxford movement will have been in time the most thoroughly explored and illustrated chapter of our history. The two distinguished brothers—J. B. Mozley in his 'Correspondence,' and T. Mozley in his 'Reminiscences'—who dealt so much with it, have each their mention of Church. Church followed Newman, but he followed him *more suo*, and shrank from extremes. He had come up to Oxford with an education of extraordinary compass and variety. He had spent his early years in Portugal and Italy, and was saturated with Italian. He took a first class in days when a first class meant more than it does now. He had a kind of reputation, too, through being the nephew of that General Church better known to the Greeks in their War of Independence even than Lord Byron, and who had been of much use to them, like Byron. The young men of Oxford who followed Newman used to occupy themselves in writing Tracts for the Times, or in translating from the Greek and Latin Fathers. Church brought out, with some little assistance, a translation of St. Cyril's 'Catechetical Lectures.' He obtained the blue ribbon of the University by a Fellowship at Oriel. Among those whom he distanced in the competition was Mark Pattison. Even Pattison speaks of the "moral beauty of Church's character." The young Fellow contributed many brilliant Papers to the remarkable periodical, which in Newman's time was the *British Critic*, and afterwards the *Christian Remembrancer*, some of which in later life he published as separate volumes. He himself seemed to care for neither applause nor preferment. His motto seemed to be, *bene vixit qui latuit*. For many years, like Arnold of Rugby, he never took priest's orders, but eventually followed the ordinary lot of a College Don in taking a College living and marrying the daughter of a neighbouring squire. For many years he continued at Whatley, a district purely agricultural, with combes and streams and dells, all good houses being few and far between, with a fine old church, which he restored, and some perfect remains of a Roman villa. It was just the place for scholars and divines. Our great Anglicans have found their best rest and most congenial atmosphere in a country vicarage. It was no wonder that Church clung to Whatley, and desired that he might rest there at the last. James Mozley used to say to the writer that for an author Cathedral preferment

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was a snare, and that there was no place like a country living for study. Church was brought into contact with the great world by coming up in his turn to preach at Oxford, and by his contributions to the London press. Two things were always remembered about him at Oxford—first, that he had written the best essay in English literature on Dante, which, in the multiplication of Dante literature among us, still remains the best essay; and also that his famous *Nobis procuratoribus non placet* was a University tradition. By this he had saved Newman his degree, and, people used to say, prevented a disruption in the Church of England. The tie of friendship between Newman and Church was never dissolved. The most thorough and discriminating of all the accounts of the Cardinal appeared in the *Guardian*, and was written by Dean Church. Newman never forgot the obligation that had been laid upon him. Many years later he dedicated an edition of his Oxford sermons to Church. It was a very remarkable dedication, and might well be compared with a remarkable dedication which the late Bishop of Durham wrote to the late Canon Liddon.

It was with great difficulty that Mr. Gladstone, backed by Liddon, persuaded him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's, and then he probably felt himself an aggrieved and injured man. He never sought preferment, quite content with his home, his books, and his parish. Under his benign rule a great and beneficial change took place in the Metropolitan Cathedral. It became a great centre of religious life and love. The greatest care was taken of the services and the fabric, and spiritual influence radiated from it on every side. The inception and carrying out of these were hardly his, but he gave this and every good movement his appreciation, sympathy, and support. He had bad health, sad bereavement, and some trouble in his last days, among which must be counted the litigation about the Reredos, but nevertheless attained fulness of years and honour, and his character and his teaching, as time goes on, will only be better known and more highly appreciated.

Notes from Paris.

There can be no doubt that the Republic is steadily gaining ground in France since the recent Boulangist revelations, and that the present violent reaction against the Orleans Princes, with the general dislike to the surviving Bonapartes, will force the most obstinate Monarchists to take refuge in a sort of sullen resignation. If a really distinguished man, such as the Marshal MacMahon of former days, were at the head of the nation, with externals more brilliant and more flattering to their national pride than those belonging to the stiff, *bourgeois* respectability of Monsieur Carnot, there would be a general rally; for the old cry, "Tout, plutôt que les d'Orléans," is again heard everywhere. Even

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the *prestige* of the young Duke of Orleans is under the family cloud; "No Orléans!" is now the motto of even the Conservatives.

The whole future of the nation is in the hands of the leading Republicans. If they will only give up their anti-Christian league against everything appertaining to religion, the whole clergy, and with them the whole country, will follow the lead of Cardinal de Lavigerie, and cry "Vive la République!"

What a reward for the lavish generosity of the Duchesse d'Uzès in the Royal cause!

The ever-increasing difficulties of locomotion in Paris, consequent upon the crowded state of the thoroughfares, the bad driving, and the imperfect police regulations, raise anew the great question of the Metropolitan Railway, of which the necessity becomes daily more and more evident. From time to time the public is informed that some plan is under careful consideration, and has every chance of being adopted; then comes a period of silence, followed by the appearance of some other plan with the same announcements, ending in the same unsatisfactory result. At present the plan proposed by the Eiffel Company, with what would seem the immense advantage of being entirely carried out by private enterprise, without any cost to the Government, is in a state of examination. What will come of it no one can foresee. The Government does not willingly encourage private enterprise, and likes to meddle with everything; yet the high reputation of M. Eiffel as a civil engineer ought to inspire some confidence. The contest is, at present, between the partisans of an elevated railway, as in New York, and those who favour an underground line, as in London. M. Eiffel would use both means, and seems to combine them very judiciously. In the opinion of geologists, a wholly subterranean railway would be impossible to establish in Paris, from the nature of the soil in various places, and the great difference of level; above all, from the presence of a subterranean river, fed by the Seine, flowing through Paris from east to west, which would absolutely prevent the execution of any such attempt. This sheet of water was partially visible in the last century, and the names of some of the streets (such as the Rue *Grange Batelière*, &c.) recall its presence; but it has now been so completely covered over as to have been forgotten when the site of the Opera-house was chosen exactly above it. The difficulty of laying the foundations was consequently immense, and during eight months eight steam engines were required to pump the water night and day without ceasing. The drainage of the parts of Paris lying above this stream is necessarily imperfect, and the streets are easily flooded in the case of violent showers. In other parts of Paris are the Catacombs, covered with a thin crust of earth, which could not be disturbed without the greatest danger.

On the other hand, the elevated railway, so disfiguring to the streets,

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so noisy and unpleasant to all the neighbouring houses, meets with determined opposition. The Eiffel plan would seem to conciliate the wishes of all parties; but when so many people and so many opinions have to be consulted, it is very difficult to obtain sufficient unanimity for any decision, and one cannot help remembering a certain homely proverb, which treats of the unsatisfactory efforts of "too many cooks!"

Another proposal which causes much animated discussion is that concerning the destruction of those fortifications surrounding Paris, for the creation of which Monsieur Thiers was alternately so much praised and so violently abused during the reign of Louis-Philippe, and by which, strangely enough, he was kept outside of his beloved city during the Commune, when the inhabitants were shut up together like wild beasts in a cage without a keeper, to devour each other with impunity. The startling proof that a worse enemy than the stranger at the gates might be found within the walls, has created a strong wish to make Paris an open city, and to throw down the fortifications whose inutility has been so clearly demonstrated, and which are no longer fitted for modern warfare.

The military engineers of 1841 considered that an army of 500,000 men would be required to surround Paris; half that number proved sufficient. It was thought that the forts would prevent the possibility of sending shells into the interior of the city, and this again experience has shown to be a fallacy, whilst the terrible power of such missiles and the extent of their range has increased so much within the last twenty years, that no rampart could now prove sufficient to resist their action.

The present plan would be, to throw down the fortifications and to use the space for building purposes, thus greatly increasing the area of Paris, which would henceforth be guarded by a distant belt of forts. If this plan be adopted, the intervening space would soon be built over, and the size of Paris would soon rival that of London. Will no one then regret the bright, compact city of former days, when distances were not overpowering, and social intercourse was as easy as it was pleasant?

The present excitement concerning the Gouffé trial, together with some recent incomprehensible verdicts of different juries, make it perhaps an opportune moment to say a few words on the composition of French juries.

To be eligible for the jury it is necessary to be a French citizen, not less than thirty years of age, to enjoy all the political and civil rights, and to know how to read and write; but, by exception, neither magistrates nor Government functionaries, nor salaried domestic servants are eligible. Men of seventy years of age are dispensed with, as

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also those whose labour is necessary for their daily bread, or those who have served as jurymen during the current or previous year.

Every year a list of eligible jurymen is drawn up by the Government authorities. Three thousand are chosen for the department of the Seine; in all others the proportion is that of one to every 500 inhabitants; but fixed residence is necessary to be eligible.

Ten days before the opening of the Sessions of the *Assises* or Assizes, the names of thirty-six jurymen are drawn by ballot out of the annual list, with the addition of four supplementary jurymen, to serve during the Session, which lasts a fortnight.

As in England, twelve men make up the jury, but in criminal cases one or two extra jurymen are present during the trial, in readiness to take the place of any one absolutely prevented from attending. The complete list of the thirty-six names is handed to the prisoner the day before the trial begins.

Any juryman failing to attend, without sending notice of impediment to be submitted to the Court, is liable to a fine of from 200 to 500 francs for the first offence, 1000 francs for the second, and 1500 francs for the third, which also involves the forfeiture of his right in future to sit in any jury.

When the trial opens, the thirty-six names are thrown together into a jar, and drawn one by one; the prosecution and the defence using the right of rejection, till only twelve names remain. If these are finally accepted, the jury is immediately called and the trial begins.

Contrary to English practice, the prisoner himself is closely cross-examined by the presiding Judge, called "Président"; previously, during his imprisonment, every effort has been made to draw a confession from him, even by placing in his cell a fellow jail-bird as spy—in technical slang called "mouton," who treacherously tries to win his confidence. Such proceedings would shock British ideas of fair play, anything like treachery being repulsive to the English mind. The public examination may, however, have the advantage of allowing the prisoner to tell his own story, which, if he be innocent, may have a stamp of truth, likely to influence the jury; on the other hand, through nervousness or stupidity, he may commit himself irremediably.

But the safety of the prisoner depends chiefly on his counsel; not so much as regards logical examination of what can be brought forward for his defence, but according to the degree of his fervid eloquence, and his knowledge of the best way of appealing to the feelings of the jury. The greater number of the jurymen belong to the class of petty tradesmen, half educated, but having "fait leur rhétorique"* in some provincial school, and retaining from such studies a sort of vague, pompous, sentimentalism, easily influenced by big words and dramatic action. In the days of the celebrated Lachaud, it was said that he always got an acquittal for a prisoner, however guilty he might be, for

* Having gone through the rhetoric class.

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he knew how to work upon the "sensibility" of the jury. In France it is not necessary that all should agree in the verdict; a majority of votes is sufficient, and the two or three jurymen blessed with cool heads and good common sense, who may take a clear view of the case, are over-ruled by the others; who, between the eloquence of the prosecution and that of the defence, get into that state of bewilderment candidly expressed by Henri-Quatre on a similar occasion, and with him they would willingly exclaim, "Ventre Saint Gris! ils ont raison tous deux!" they are both in the right.

The defence has the last word, and then the sorely-troubled jury retires to decide as to the life or death of some poor wretch, who has been adorned with imaginary good qualities, and represented as having acted under irresistible circumstances, by the eloquent man who speaks so beautifully, to whom they have just listened. What is to be done? He has been proved to have murdered somebody in cold blood, and with horrible cruelty—but then he is *so* interesting, poor fellow! Bring in "extenuating circumstances" which will send him to Nouméa (the very thing he wishes for!).

And the jury returns—the "Président," or Foreman, according to established form, dramatically laying his hand on his heart, as he solemnly proclaims:

"On my honour and my conscience, before God and before men, by a majority of (so many) votes, the jury declares: YES—the prisoner is guilty, but with extenuating circumstances."

Their scruples are thus satisfied, and the interesting individual is sent to a charming country and delightful climate to begin life anew, envied by all his comrades in crime, who will immediately look out for a favourable opportunity to cut the throat of some old lady, and thus secure the same advantages.

Such is the present state of judicial affairs in France, for which a remedy is sought—not too soon!

We can recommend as interesting and fit for family reading the following French novels:

'Une Cousine Pauvre,' by Maryan; 'Les Hauvillers,' by Pierre Ficy; 'La Fille du Cacique,' by A. Alicson; and 'Perdue,' by Henri Gréville, which, though not so recent as the others, is too good to be omitted.

NOTES FROM RUSSIA.—NEMIROVITCH DANCHENKÒ.

About a quarter of a century ago a perfectly friendless and almost penniless youth left his humble home in one of the remote Southern provinces of Russia and came to St. Petersburg, fully bent on entering the University. Left entirely to his own resources, but upheld by an

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indomitable courage and force of will, and with an unflagging perseverance which no failures or hardships could discourage, Vassilly Ivanovitch Danchenkò set himself to the task of working his way up, step by step, by contributing to the magazines and journals, both in prose and poetry, tales, criticisms, and feuilletons, with a rapidity and facility even then quite remarkable. Had not Fate, however, kindly interposed to lend a helping hand to the poor, struggling, ambitious youth, and launched him out into his proper element, he might have sunk and perished in the vortex and turmoil of city life, like many another before him.

Through the intercession of an influential friend, he was sent by Government appointment to the North. With a buoyant heart full of hope and enterprise, he escaped from the ill-paid drudgery of a petty journalist, to the free, roving, healthy life amongst the grand, rugged scenes of those Northern regions, where the natives are still in a savage state, leading a sort of patriarchal life, moving about from place to place with their tents and cattle. While living and studying amongst these wild, uncouth, roving tribes, the fiery, impetuous, Southern youth first awoke from his visionary dreams to the stern realities of life. Heart and soul were in the work he had undertaken, no hardships or fatigues deterred him from his purpose. He explored the distant, least-known shores of Moorman, the Islands of Lofoden, the ancient historical convent of Solvoky in the White Sea, and traversed the whole of Lapland, from end to end, on foot.

Shortly after his return to the capital, a whole series of pictures and sketches of life in the North appeared in the *Neva*, written in a pungent, racy style, with a vividness of colouring and "verve" which raised him at once to the rank of a popular author. His articles were eagerly read, and universally admired. With a rapidity quite astounding, work after work of his youthful fertile brain appeared in print,—"Solvoky," "By the Ocean," "Lapland and the Laplanders," &c. Most of these productions met with immense success, and went through several editions. The hitherto obscure struggling little journalist was now greeted on all sides with most flattering attentions. He became quite the lion of Petersburg society. Urged on, however, by his restless, active spirit and love of adventure, Nemirovitch Danchenkò did not linger very long in the capital to enjoy his well-earned popularity and fame. He yearned for the free, open life of nature, away from the conventionalities and forms of the capital. Provided now with means, he chose his own route. He started first on a general survey of Eastern Russia, in the Ural Mountains and down the Volga; visited the Caucasus, extending his travels all through the Southern part of Europe and the coasts of Africa. During all the time of his peregrinations he never ceased writing, filling up the monthly and illustrated magazines and papers with his ethnographical sketches, novels, tales, descriptions, and even poetry; delighting his readers with the originality and

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brilliancy of his style. Though not exactly a profound or scientific observer and thinker, his ethnographic sketches abound in many exceedingly interesting facts and observations, which undoubtedly prove him to be both a shrewd, keen, and discriminating student of men and Nature. His style is quite his own. With a broad, quick, bold touch of his brush, he draws the groundwork, throwing in a few characteristic, local details, with here and there a masterly, clever outline of some portrait or scene, filling up the rest with a picturesque, accurate account of the history and present position of the country he is describing, and the living sketch stands before you in startling beauty and clearness, in which sentiment and fancy predominate over the vivid colouring.

Nemirovitch Danchenkò was born in 1848, on Christmas Eve, and is a native of Little Russia (the birthplace of Gogol).

His pedigree is a long one, as several of his ancestors bore a distinguished part in the interminable wars against the Tartars, Poles, and Turks. At the present day Vassilly Ivanovitch is in his forty-third year. His fame has spread now far beyond the limits of his own country, a great number of his works having been translated into several European languages. The most valuable and undoubtedly most interesting of his works were written after his return from the Crimean campaign, in which he took such a zealous part, sharing in dangers and hardships of the common soldiers with heroic fortitude. He followed Skobeleff from Plevna to Adrianople, receiving in return for his bravery the soldier's cross of St. George from the hands of the Commander-in-Chief.

"The Storm," "Plevna and Shipkà," and "Forward," rank amongst the grandest, most appreciated productions of his facile pen and wonderfully fertile imagination. In the *Neva* have appeared in succession his three popular novels, "Patmos," "A Woman's Confession," "The Will o' the Wisp," and "To the Sound of the Bells."

"'To all and singular,' as Dryden says,
We bring a fancy of those Georgian days,
Whose style still breathed a faint and fine perfume
Of old-world courtliness, and old-world bloom:
When speech was elegant and talk was fit,
For slang had not been canonised as wit;
When manner reigned, when breeding had the wall,
And women—yes!—were ladies first of all;
When grace was conscious of its gracefulness,
And man—though Man! was not ashamed to dress."

So far the Prologue to "Beau Austin"—which instead of being spoken was put in printed form into the hands of those who flocked to inaugurate the first of Mr Beerbohm Tree's "Monday Nights"—most aptly

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characterised the play composed by Messrs. Henley and Louis Stevenson. A beautifully finished Georgian picture, dress and gesture, speech and manner, every detail was presented to our admiring gaze; but where the Prologue became weak, namely in its attempt to touch on the human interest of the characters, so in truth did the play. The fact is that "Beau Austin" is not a play, but an elaborate one-character study, most cleverly and beautifully conceived by Mr. Tree. We do not remember any, among his many and varied representations, which has shown more forcibly the refinement and finish of which this actor is capable than his portrayal of the elderly fop of snuff-box and brocade dressing-gown period in the good old Georgian days. But it takes more than this to make a play, and, though "Beau Austin" may certainly be said to have met with a *succès d'estime*, as indeed it deserved taken on its own lines, still it is possessed of too little strength, and perhaps a trifle too much ornamentation to fit it for more than the occasional work Mr. Tree designs for it. Mrs. Tree did her best with the character of Dorothy Musgrave, which we venture to think a most improbable and a somewhat objectionable sketch of girlhood, and Miss Rose Leclercq, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Fred. Terry were all excellent in their very slight parts; but after all, to return to the Prologue, the whole thing was "trifling Tunbridge," not "mighty Rome."

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's crowded meeting in the Portman Rooms on the occasion of the opening of University Hall, Gordon Square, with which her name has been associated for some time past, at any rate corrected many erroneous ideas regarding this institution and its supporters which have gone the round of the newspapers, and have obtained more or less credence elsewhere. Mr. Stopford Brooke, acting as Chairman, and Mrs. Ward herself, utterly disclaimed any idea of "founding a new religion"—the phrase which has been freely applied to this movement—and set forth very plainly the objects of University Hall, which are to found a teaching centre for free theological inquiry, open to every one, and absolutely unsectarian. In connection with this is a lecturing system, and a new settlement for work among the poor much on the lines of Toynbee Hall. Mr. Stopford Brooke made an admirable Chairman, and paid a very genuine and graceful tribute to Mrs. Ward's work in general, and to 'Robert Elsmere' in particular, which he said had been the means of revealing religious misery. Obscure religious distress was far more widely spread than the orthodox or agnostics thought. The speaker made no effort to disguise the opinions held by the promoters of the Hall; for them neither Biblical inspiration nor miracles had any existence; but there remained for their deepest devotion "the Fatherhood of God and the divine childhood of mankind, together with personal love and reverence for Jesus, as for any other man." Mrs. Ward's paper was distinguished

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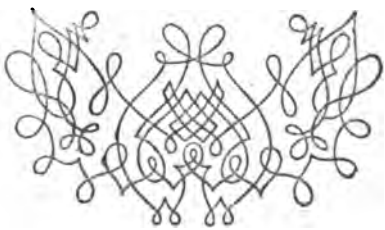
by great personal modesty, earnestness, and reverence. Whether agreeing with her or not, no one present hearing her paper could doubt for an instant that it put before them what she fervently believes to be most essential for the cultivation of a true and high spiritual life. A portion of it traced at length in a learned form what has been called "theological evolution;" but it was regarding the education of the young, and the training of teachers for religious instructors (one of the objects of the Hall), that Mrs. Ward's devout feeling was most apparent. "It is in the bringing back of faith—not the faith that confuses legend with history, or puts authority in the place of knowledge, but the faith that springs from moral and spiritual fact, and may be day after day, and hour after hour, again verified by fact—that the great task of our generation lies."

The Hanover Exhibition—renamed the Guelph Exhibition by command of Her Majesty the Queen—will be opened at the close of the year. Though it is only the history of the Guelph family in England which is illustrated, it is not unreasonable to fear that the scope is too wide and too indefinite to be dealt with adequately in one Exhibition.

The collection commences with the Electress Sophia, the sister of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, and the mother of George I., who was born in 1630, and closes with the reign of William IV. in 1837. From Marlborough to Wellington, from Byng—who so largely shared in the collapse of the Stuart cause by his defeat of the French fleet off Dunkirk, and of the Spanish fleet off Cape Passaro—to Nelson is included a period second to none in the political and military annals of our country; and not less important is the history of our literature in the two centuries which comprise Pope, Prior, and Gay, on the one hand, and Byron and Scott on the other.

The Gallery of literary portraits is exceptionally complete, only one or two prominent names being absent from it; but the interest of the Guelph Exhibition is not confined to pictures, but includes personal objects, china, glass, arms, and whatever else can serve to illustrate the history of England under the reigning dynasty.



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OUR LIBRARY LIST.

ADVENTURES IN THE LIFE OF COUNT ALBERT OF ERBACH. A TRUE STORY. Translated from the German of DR. EMIL KRAUS. By BEATRICE, PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG. (With Portraits and Woodcuts. *Murray.*) In the year 1614 Count George Albert of Erbach, while making the grand tour of Europe, visited Naples, whence, fascinated by the reports of the Knights of St. John, and by the glorious history of the Order, he, contrary to the advice of his counsellors, determined to make a voyage to Malta. The Mediterranean was at that time infested by the Barbary Corsairs, and even the well-equipped galleys of the Knights could with difficulty cope with them. The Count and his party reached Malta in safety, and remained for some time as the guests of the Grand Master, witnessing amongst other things the solemn ceremony of the installation of Knights of the Order. On their return voyage to Naples their vessel was attacked by the pirates, and after a severe fight the Christians were all either slain or taken prisoners to Tunis, where they suffered all the hardships of Oriental slavery. The Count and his surviving companions were, after many months, found and ransomed by their friends. The narrative is well and simply told, and several excellent woodcuts increase the interest and value of a very attractive book.

IMPRESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT, DURING A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF SPORT IN THE FAR WEST. By MRS. ALGERNON ST. MAUR. (With Illustrations and Map. *Murray.*) The interest of a work of travel is, fortunately, not dependent on thrilling narratives of discovery, escapes, and adventures; of these we have had more than enough in the past few months. The secret of success in all the books of travel which have taken a permanent place in our literature is that sympathetic power on the part of the writer which enables him to bring before his readers vividly, and yet unostentatiously, the scenes and incidents described. This power is displayed by Mrs. St. Maur in her 'Impressions of a Tenderfoot.' That part of our North American dominions in which her travels lay, though being rapidly opened up by the enterprise of Englishmen of all classes, has not yet become a part of the beaten track: the traditions and many of the circumstances of

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the old fur traders' life still cling to the grand forests and lakes of the Rocky Mountains, and there are not many English ladies who have faced the rough life of a hunters' camp as Mrs. St. Maur has done. The incidents of daily life and travel, the fragments of the records of early settlers, and the occasional Indian local legends, are introduced with great skill into the narrative, and combine to render this a most readable volume.

THE LIFE, LETTERS, AND FRIENDSHIPS OF RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, FIRST LORD HOUGHTON. By T. WEMYSS REID. (*Cassell & Co.*) Of all the books of entertaining gossip—using that term in the most honourable sense—which have been published recently, Mr. Reid's volumes on Lord Houghton form one of the most favourable specimens. The quality which is never absent from these pages, and which makes them biographical in the highest sense, is the real dramatic power of presenting the character, even to those who did not know Richard Monckton Milnes, as though he were a personal friend. Moreover, and that is an indispensable addition to our enjoyment, the character itself is one which is peculiarly amiable, and would be sure to be a general favourite under any circumstances. It would be interesting to quote, if we only had the space, the varieties of good things, of clever sayings, and quaint *aperçus* which these volumes contain. The difficulty, however, would be to know where to stop, and possibly a wrong impression might be conveyed of a man who was something more than a mere good *raconteur*, a mask for the expression of witticisms. Lord Houghton was besides a poet, a man of striking ability, although he might never possibly have made a politician. His essential kindness of heart is everywhere apparent, and at the same time a certain undeniable enjoyment in telling stories even of his best friends, without any suspicion of malice or bitterness. After all, Lord Beaconsfield estimated him perfectly correctly under the well-known description of "Mr. Vavasour." He was above all things a social favourite, and had to endure the disadvantages as well as enjoy the privileges of such a character.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Translated from the Norwegian by HUBERT MAJENDIE JEPP, B.A. (*Longmans.*) In these two handsome volumes the actual crossing of Greenland occupies but little space, the greater part of the thousand pages of which the work is composed being occupied with disquisitions more or less germane to the main subject. Dr. Nansen writes charmingly on every subject which his expedition suggests, and it is impossible not to accord him our interest, even though the suspicion may dawn on us that a considerable amount of padding envelopes the actual story. Dr. Nansen crossed Greenland from east to west, and not as his predecessors, Nordenskjöld and others, had

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attempted to do, from west to east. After great difficulty he effected a landing on August 13th, 1888, in a bay north of 64° N. lat. and it was not till September 25th that the party reached the western shore, having traversed some 280 miles or more of ice-bound mountains and plains. We are not concerned here with the scientific results of the expedition, but every reader must be interested in the two characteristic Lapps, Ravna and Balto, who were among the explorer's companions, to say nothing of Dr. Nansen himself, who seems to have been full of health and humour throughout the journey. There are excellent maps and illustrations, and the two volumes are most handsomely printed and bound, the cover being quite a work of art in itself.

THE IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. By W. E. GLADSTONE. (*Isbister.*) In taking up Mr. Gladstone's latest work we hardly know whether to wonder most at the great and varied knowledge he displays, or at the untiring energy which within the last three months has led the ex-Premier of England in the midst of innumerable claims upon his time to give to the world his latest views both on the Homeric poems and the Hebrew Scriptures. This collection of essays does not claim to be more than a somewhat popular statement of the case for Revelation as against modern criticism and hostile scientific speculation. But slight as the treatment is, Mr. Gladstone contrives to deal some shrewd blows at those who would hear in the present murmur of unbelief the last word in the history of religion. Negative movements, he says, there have always been periodically in the history of the world; but they have never been lasting, and no good cause has as yet been shown for the permanence of the present agnosticism. The question is not whether minor discrepancies can or cannot be pointed out in the sacred writings; but whether or not it can be proved that the Scriptures as a whole embody a truth which is in accordance with the needs and the facts of human nature. That a careful study of the text and a comparison of it with recent Oriental discoveries will establish this, Mr. Gladstone claims to show; and he takes his stand therefore upon the "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." He begs us to take this as "the testimony of an old man in the closing period of his life;" and even those who cannot accept his position can hardly fail to accord his effort the respect it deserves.

LES ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE. By H. TAINE. (*Hachette et Cie.*) The same hand that gave us the valuable histories of the "Ancien Régime" and the "Revolution," now gives us the first of two volumes on "La Régime Moderne." To understand the structure of modern France, according to M. Taine, we must understand the character of its master-builder, Napoleon I.; and

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in the first half of this volume he gives us a most graphic description of the great Consul and Emperor. In everything—in race, early associations, inherited instincts—he was a son of Italy, and therefore by implication a son of Rome. In him is born anew the old Roman ideal of conquest and empire, together with the old Roman disregard of any suffering which this conquest may bring. As an administrator Napoleon was the embodiment of the classical spirit, impatient of irregularity, compromise or anomaly. Hence the obliteration of the old territorial divisions, and the establishment of that system which in its non-recognition of merely local and provincial interests is so characteristic of modern France. True the times required perhaps a despotic and centralised government. The "ancien régime" had not altogether tended to foster local ability, and the Revolution had reduced France to a state of anarchy. A strong hand was required to reduce the chaotic elements to something like order; there must be, as Napoleon himself said, power from above, confidence only from below. But to achieve this end he appealed to men's self-interest alone—to a love of glory, which in them as in himself was but glorified egoism. Hence the restlessness, the individualism, and the lack of real patriotism—the patriotism that can suffer and be patient—so characteristic of French political life in the nineteenth century. Into the masterly treatment of the true nature and limits of local government, space forbids us to enter; but no careful student of modern politics can afford to neglect this intensely interesting volume.

NELSON: HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE. By G. LATHOM BROWNE. (*T. Fisher Unwin & Co.*) The latest biographer of Lord Nelson seeks as far as possible to make him tell his own story in his letters to his intimate friends and relations. The result is an unusually vivid, if perhaps somewhat favourable picture of England's greatest naval commander. His own resolution when about twenty years of age gives the key-note of his character as here presented. He had been passing through a long period of depression, the result of ill-health, in which he had despaired of ever rising in his profession. Suddenly "a glow of patriotism was kindled within him," and, resolving to forego ambition and self-interest, he exclaimed, "I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, brave every danger." And all through a life spent in the midst of perils, this deep religious feeling and this undaunted courage were his most marked characteristics. It is to his piety that his biographer appeals in his defence, as against those who would charge him with an indifference to the claims of morality. Of Lord Nelson's relations with Lady Hamilton, Mr. Lathom Browne takes the most favourable view—that of Lord St. Vincent, who used to call them "a pair of sentimental fools." But the friends of Lord Nelson will be glad to turn to the record of his earlier years, of his love and respect for the wife who afterwards left him, and of the pride of the old

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father who lived to welcome home the victor of the Nile, but was spared the sad triumph of Trafalgar. The offer of a seat in Parliament in 1795, which previous biographers have omitted to mention, is here proved by a letter in which Nelson explains that he can only come forward as a member of the Duke of Portland's party, and that prize-money has not come much in his way. Whether through lack of the necessary funds, therefore, or for some other reason, the proposal came to nothing; but the incident is worth mentioning as showing the universal respect for Nelson's abilities, and as giving some indication of his political views.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG. (*Longmans.*) It is a daring thing to attempt to carry on the adventures of Ulysses, and thus write a sequel to the 'Odyssey.' Yet the authors have not hesitated to essay this task, nor wholly without success. There is a charm in the old-world names of Helen and Odysseus, and many a scholar will be tempted to see how the much-travelled hero fared when, after finding his Ithacan home desolate, he sailed to Egypt to find 'The World's Desire'—the deathless beauty of Helen. There are many stirring descriptions of battles and scenes of peril in which the wily Greek, with the aid of his famous bow, shows all his old unconquerable skill and audacity in combat. In Egypt we are at the court of that Pharaoh "who would not let the people of Israel go," and some of the Biblical narrative is worked into the story with a not very happy artistic result. Moreover, there is throughout a slight but obvious tendency to allegorise the Odyssean quest of the 'World's Desire,' in which is perhaps revealed the didactic instinct of Mr. Haggard. But nothing could be prettier and more graceful than the poems which adorn so many of these pages, especially the songs of Helen, which bear the decisive imprint of Mr. Andrew Lang's poetic taste. As a novel of myth and romance, however, the 'World's Desire' is too much of a "tour de force" to command a lasting success.

IN THE VALLEY. By HAROLD FREDERIC. (*Heinemann.*) This is an interesting novel, not so much from its plot or *dramatis personæ*, as from the fact that it deals with scenes and times which for the jaded novel-reader have a certain novelty and freshness. The scene is Albany and the valley to the north of Albany, and the time is just before the outbreak of the war of 1776. The narrator is a Dutch colonist, the adopted son of an Irish gentleman, in whose veins nevertheless runs the blood of the Stuarts. Whether historical accuracy has been strictly observed or not, at least the writer has contrived to give his story that air of lifelikeness which is of the essence of the historical novel. He is capable, too, of vigorous writing, as is shown by his description of the

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battle scene in the third volume. There is no slight art in the way in which he rouses our sympathies on behalf of the plain and at first sight rather uninteresting Dutchman, who has to stand by and see the beautiful Daisy give herself to his more captivating rival. The weak point in the story is the catastrophe which disposes of the rival, and spoils an otherwise strong situation in the interests of conventional justice. We wish that Mr. Harold Frederic had had sufficient strength of mind to delay the happiness of the hero and heroine, at any rate for a few chapters.

THE SNAKE'S PASS. By BRAM STOKER (*Sampson Low & Co.*) Mr. Bram Stoker's name is by no means unknown in literature. A few years ago he published a little volume entitled 'Under the Sunset,' containing some clever and interesting stories for children, which showed him possessed of a graceful and versatile fancy. 'The Snake's Pass' is a melodramatic tale of Ireland, the title referring to a cleft in the rocks of the coast connected with the old banishment by St. Patrick of the snakes from the Emerald Isle. The story is very skilfully narrated, and the author's knowledge of Irish manners and modes of life has enabled him to produce a vivid, and indeed, brilliant romance which will carry the reader's interest without pause from the first page to the last. Mr. Stoker's powers of description are shown in his remarkable account of the central catastrophe in the book, the details of which we will, however, leave to be discovered by readers themselves.

THE DOMINANT SEVENTH. By KATE ELIZABETH CLARK. (*Heinemann.*) Is it the aim of the novelist to instruct us on things in general, or to give us a picture of life? Our view of this "musical story" will depend upon our answer to this question. It certainly is seldom entertaining and never artistic, but it manages to convey a wonderful amount of information about music, and to give us a catalogue of the furniture and bric-a-brac in the houses of all the personages concerned. Nor does our mental improvement stop here. A study of the conversations is calculated to turn out a master in epigram-making, and the most finished punster would find here an endless store of "sallies." None of the characters ever open their lips except to let fall some long thought-out witticism, or to deliver their carefully-matured views upon musical composers in a style which a Saturday Reviewer might envy. There is much about impressions and impulses, "which might be explained by hypnotic suggestion," and there is a great deal of rapture about violins and violin-playing. Occasionally too we are reminded of the annotated programmes at a Popular Concert by coming across a bar or two of music. But perception of character, descriptive or constructive power, or any of those qualities which we have long supposed to be necessary parts of a novelist's stock-in-trade are con-

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spicuous by their absence, and if this is a novel we can only suppose that the aim of the novel ought to be instruction.

ROUND THE CALENDAR IN PORTUGAL. By OSWALD CRAWFURD, C.M.G. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Mr. Crawfurd is a lover of Nature and has an eye for the picturesque in rural manners and customs. Hence, he discourses pleasantly enough about his Portuguese experiences, and intersperses his descriptions of birds, beasts, and flowers, with many a quaint legend or bit of antiquarian lore. The holiday month of May affords an opportunity for a spirited account of a Portuguese bull-fight, and the farming operations of April suggest the advantages of Protection, which, by taxing the *rentiers* in the interests of the peasant proprietors and producers, brings about a Socialist redistribution of property. The book is charmingly illustrated, containing a group of Oporto children by Miss Dorothy Tennant, as well as sketches by Mr. Tristram Ellis, and many others. But where the pictures, type, and paper are so good, it is a pity that a little more care should not have been bestowed upon the binding.

LIFE OF SCHOPENHAUER. By W. WALLACE. (*Walter Scott.*) Professor Wallace's 'Life of Schopenhauer,' in the Great Writers Series, is in every respect an admirable piece of work, and ought to take a very high place amongst contemporary biographies. Schopenhauer's was not an attractive personality. Prompt to suspect evil, harsh and uncharitable in his judgments of others, a prey to self-conceit and to a sordid fear of poverty, it is little wonder that he should have soon no affection and but scanty appreciation. The story of his insistence upon a full payment of the debt due to himself without any regard for the other creditors of a defaulting firm is characteristic of the man who could dedicate his work to his father, less from natural affection than because that father had accumulated a sufficient provision for his son. A craving for public recognition and an impatience of all opposition were the most marked qualities in his character. He was so sure that he had solved "the why and the wherefore of all this unintelligible world" that he could scarcely bear to think that any other system of philosophy was still taught in the schools. Yet, as Mr. Wallace points out, his failure to enter the ranks of Academic teachers led to his becoming the "Apostle to the Gentiles," which, "by his very dilettanteism, by his literary faculty, by his interest in problems as they strike the natural mind," he was qualified to become. The lucid explanation of his system, with its strange poetry and its dreary pessimism, is not the least valuable part of this little volume. And such incidental discussions as those on the contrast between German and English thought, and on the true nature of genius, show Professor Wallace to be possessed of keen philosophic insight, and of a vigorous style which sometimes rises into eloquence.

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THE CHIEF JUSTICE. By EMIL FRANZOS. (*Heinemann.*) There are few English novels which for psychological interest would compare with this translation from a Polish writer who deserves to be better known. The story is painful enough, dealing as it does with the piteous struggle between strict judicial rectitude and the feelings of the father, who sees the life of his own child in his hands. Baron von Sendlingen, the very soul of honour, recognises in Victorine Lippert, a poor girl convicted of child-murder, his own natural daughter, of whose existence he for the first time becomes aware. The intensity of his remorse for the one sin of his youth, and his horror when he realises that the law forbidding a father to take part in the trial of his child obliges him to deliver her into the hands of a man who will inflict the extremest penalty of the law, are laid before us with terrible power. One friend alone knows of the awful position of the Chief Justice, and he will keep the secret; but in the end honour triumphs over natural affection and Victorine is condemned. The relentless fate which pursues her father in all his efforts to save her, and the painful expedient to which he is finally driven, are vividly told. But most striking of all, perhaps, is the final scene, when Sendlingen, having secured his daughter's happiness, returns three years later to put himself into the hands of the law, but finding only mercy where he seeks for justice, seeks expiation in suicide.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN. By F. H. H. GUILLEMARD. (*Philip & Son.*) In view of the fact that there exists only one Life of Magellan, and that that is in Spanish, Doctor Guillemard has extended his sketch of the great explorer rather beyond the usual limits of the series of which it forms a part. Indeed the book, although written in a popular style, has none of that superficiality which is often associated with popular biographies. It is clearly the result of much careful study of original authorities, and it is a valuable contribution to the history of geographical discovery. Of Magellan's early life but little has been recorded. We meet with him first serving under Almeida, the first Viceroy of India, and the account of these early struggles of Portugal for the empire of the East, will have a peculiar interest for the present possessors of India. Magellan, like Columbus, was driven by the ingratitude of his country to offer his services to a foreign court; and it was in Spanish ships and with Spanish gold that he set forth to circumnavigate the globe. The story of that voyage, of its unparalleled sufferings and dangers, and of its final success, is told by Dr. Guillemard with all a traveller's enthusiasm; and we can assure our readers that fact is here stranger and more interesting than fiction. A beautiful portrait of the great explorer, never before engraved, forms the frontispiece to this volume, which is also furnished with several excellent maps.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER III.

BEFORE they reached the river the sun was low enough to be veiled by the autumnal haze. It was one of those pearl-grey afternoons which perhaps best become the pastoral beauty of the winding Thames, though "lovely all times it lies." They were rather too many to be taken by one waterman, and Francis earnestly entreated Esther to come with him in a smaller boat. Swift was to go part of the way with them and to be put out on the bank at a place from which there was a convenient field-path back to Windsor. It was therefore with an effort that she consented to go with Francis, but she knew his face too well not to notice that it was unusually pale and worn, and she felt a little pang of something like remorse as she realized how absent he, and indeed all the rest she was accustomed to consider, had been from her thoughts during the past few hours of Paradise.

Rowing was not then, as now, a fashionable exercise; indeed exercise in general was not fashionable, and Ginckel would have both smiled and shuddered at the notion of handling the oars with his slim white fingers. But Francis Earle's restless energy was physical as well as mental, and at Oxford the excuse of fishing took him many a long row on the Upper Thames.

The large boat was the first to start, moving slowly to the regular stroke of a single waterman. As Francis was pulling after them, Esther leaned back over the stern to look again on Windsor, the bridge, the steep red-roofed town clinging round the foot of the rock, the great Castle itself rising over all; here Cæsar's tower like some mightier bastion of the grey and naked cliff from which it sprang, there high embattled walls,

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their bases hidden in deep-foliaged elms, and higher still a confused mass of gabled roofs and clustering pinnacles piled dark against the sky. In the face of that huge wall her eyes sought vainly the little window of the Prebend's lodging where she had stood not many hours ago looking down on the river. The laden craft in front, containing the first of the party, moved on, floating like a bouquet of bright flowers on the pale and tranquil surface of the water. She could see Swift there, his hand over the side, watching sometimes the clear water bubble between his fingers and sometimes the advance of the smaller boat. Madam Van and Molly began to sing, first humming low, as they tried to remember the music, and then their sopranos breaking out clear and sweet into "*Chloris in native purple bright.*"

As Francis gained upon the waterman, they called to Esther to take a second, and she joined them with her low *mezzo*, small in compass but full in tone. Francis did not, however, slacken his stroke when the boats drew together, and was soon leading the way. Essie left off singing and complained that they had left the other boat too far behind.

"'Tis the fault of my rowing, I know," he replied gravely, continuing as before. "Just so—so it goes. I cannot mend it."

"Perversity!" she cried, her head turned in the opposite direction. "If I wished to go faster, there would be some sense in your answer."

"Ah! you do not like a civil excuse," he returned, putting a little more force into his strokes; "then I must try an uncivil one—as this. Pray, young woman, what honour or pleasure is there in rowing the second in a duet? You might as well expect me to be gratified at taking the big drum and the double bass on board my wherry, while the rest of the Lord Mayor's orchestra were playing away on his Lordship's barge."

"Sure then you had better have Molly. She will be pleased to come," said Esther with alacrity. "If she's too timid, to change places on the water, we can easily put into the bank there."

Francis laughed silently, not seeming to enjoy his own mirth.

"I did not say that it was the truth," he returned, "I only said 'twas an uncivil excuse, and so it is."

Esther, still leaning and looking back with her chin on her hand, shrugged her shoulder.

"You're an odd, tiresome fellow," she observed; and then there fell a silence.

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"Yes, that is all I am," he answered at last, without looking up, "an odd, tiresome fellow. 'Tis time I was told so, is't not, Hess?"

She turned and looked at him in silence.

"What is the matter, Frank?" she asked.

Then he told her. He was not lavish of words or sentiments but he made his meaning clear to her, at least as far as it was clear to himself. His long and complete reserve on the subject had given a certain morbid strength to the ambitions and discontents which he at length expressed, and besides these, he owned he was tormented by a keen curiosity to discover the carefully-guarded secret of his parentage, though aware that the discovery was unlikely to be of use to him. In implying an accusation of Esther's indifference to his feelings during the past year, he seemed to her exceedingly unjust, since he had never expressed them to her. But sympathy is not the consequence of confidences, it is the magnet which attracts them. The truth was that for some time one powerful and increasing influence had been sensibly changing the orbit of Esther's life, and of this Francis was better aware than herself. But circumstances and character had given her the feelings and responsibilities of the mother rather than the daughter of the Vanhomrigh family, and whatever the future destructive force of passion, it could not as yet undo the habit of years. So it seemed very natural to both her and Francis to be floating together on the quiet water among the wide evening fields, and that he should have for the moment all her attention and all her sympathy. Counsel there was none to give, except a counsel of patience, which was of course received with contemptuous impatience. Their conversation on the subject did not last long, being carried on in that kind of oral shorthand in use among intimate but reserved friends, who neither care nor require to give full expression to their feelings. Then they fell silent, each pursuing a separate and engrossing train of thought, but Francis continuing to row with all his might.

"Pray now," she said, "what is the meaning of this ridiculous haste? We are Lord knows how far ahead already. The Doctor is to be landed before we reach Lord Mordaunt's, and 'twould scarcely be civil to let him go without saying farewell."

"We will drift presently," he replied, "and wait the other waterman's good pleasure."

So after some dozen more vigorous strokes, he turned toward

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the bank, shipped the oars, and stood on the seat to put aside the long drooping branches of an unpollarded willow, allowing the boat to glide in under them. When his face was out of sight behind a veil of greenery, some perfectly aimless impulse prompted him to ask:

"Hess, do you know one Mrs. Esther Johnson?"

"I have heard the name," she answered carelessly, "but I scarce know how."

"She is so old and close a friend of Dr. Swift's, I supposed you must be acquainted," returned he, taking his coat up from the bottom of the boat and putting it on with as unconcerned an air as he w^s able.

Esther gave an exclamation of annoyance quite unconnected with Mrs. Johnson. One of the oars must have been insecurely shipped, and then caught by a rebounding branch of willow, for it had gone overboard, and was already out of reach. Francis punted after it as well as he could with the remaining oar, as it floated at a pace which ought to have made him consider, down backwater of the river. But he was an inexpert punter, and the water deep, and though several times they came near enough to it to induce him and Esther alternately to almost upset the boat in their ineffectual struggles to gain possession of it, it still eluded their grasp.

"Stop, pray, stop!" cried Esther suddenly, "we are going down a weir."

A turn of the stream had brought them close in sight of a ruined mill and a broken-down weir, which had been concealed from them so far by the trees on the banks. Their ears might indeed have warned them of danger, as well as the increasing swiftness of the current, but the monotonous rush of weirs is a sound so common on the Thames that it becomes almost unobservable, and the excitement of the oar-hunt had made them heedless.

"What shall we do, Francis?"

"Lose the oar," replied he drily.

"Do go back!" she cried.

"I am trying to," he answered; but his best efforts did not succeed in keeping the boat's head up the stream. It drifted steadily nearer the weir.

"Can I do nothing, Francis?" asked Essie, as quietly as though they were still lying under the willow.

"Pull up a plank," he said, "and try to ^row with it. This punting's of no use."

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She did so quickly, and sitting down beside him, followed his example as he bent to his oar. She was strong, but had scarcely ever attempted to row before, and the plank was but an awkward substitute for an oar. However, her attention was so concentrated on her efforts that she hardly realized the situation, when Francis cried with an imprecation:

"'Tis of no use, Hess. Keep hold of the plank—I can't swim."

But in spite of this inability, he put his arm round her, with a vague idea that he must be able to help her somehow, as the boat turned broadside on and rocked for a moment at the top of the weir before turning upside down. For an instant both its occupants disappeared under the eddying foam below. Happily for Esther when she came to the surface again, she found herself close against the overturned boat. She had presence of mind enough to seize hold of it, and in a minute more it was carried against a stout branch of a broken-down willow, which lay almost flat on the face of the stream. Essie was thus enabled to lay hold of the branch and pull herself along it to the bank, if bank it could be called, for the willow formed an island by itself in the pool below the weir, and when she had with some difficulty climbed out of the water, it was on the trunk that she stood.

"Francis! O Francis!" she shrieked in anxious terror, as she saw a dark head appear in the midst of the foam. He had not been thrown so far out as herself, but he had still hold of his oar, and in a minute more the eddy must bring him too somewhere near the willow. Quick as thought, she ran out on the projecting branch, and flinging herself on her face, prepared to catch him as he passed. But, even so, it was evident she would not be able to reach him. With a desperate effort she bent down a long branch till the water rippled through its twigs, and it lay right across the way her cousin was being carried. He caught it, and still in fear lest it should give way in his hands, she pushed the boat out towards him, and succeeded in holding it there till he had swung himself up beside her on the tree. When they were both back on the main trunk—

"'Twas a mercy you did not fall in again," he said in a scolding voice. "How could you be so foolish as to venture yourself out so far on that branch? You are too heavy for it."

"You would have had me leave you to drown before my eyes, Francis?"

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"Drown? Pooh! If I was blundering fool enough to put us both into the water, 'tis plain I should have been left to get myself out without your interference."

And he began squeezing the water out of her dripping skirts.

"You must allow me to be glad I succeeded in fishing you up. Whatever should I be doing else alone on this tree?"

"The question is what you'll be doing now," answered he, looking ruefully at the water that streamed and eddied round their little island. "You lost the wherry while you were fishing me out. Here, sit up on this forked branch, and let me empty the water out of your shoes."

Esther did as she was bid, and while he was taking off her shoes, she began to laugh hysterically.

"Well, if ever I save your life again, Francis, to get nothing but a chiding for it!"

He laughed too.

"I don't admit you saved any of my lives, Hess, of which you well know there are nine. I should have got out by myself somehow. Yet I'll allow you behaved very handsome, and take notice I hereby thank you heartily for it, and beg to say"—he paused awkwardly—"to say there's not another young lady in London would have shown so much courage, and not fainted, or screamed, or——"

"Or in any way behaved like a woman of quality. Well, Frank, I give you up my pretentions to quality, but shall ever obstinately maintain I saved your life."

"While I shall ever as obstinately maintain the contrary," replied he gravely. "However, let us not dispute, but halloa for assistance, since the confounded wherry's gone out of reach."

They shouted together till they were out of breath, but without any result. Again and again they shouted, but no voice made reply, no figure appeared on the bank. The time went on; the September sun sloped towards the west, and the evening air blew chill across the water. Esther was herself very cold, and more anxious on her cousin's than on her own account, as he was much the more fragile of the two. But Francis seemed insensible to the cold and in the best of spirits. And the reason for this was that on the miniature desert island, where fate had cast him with Essie, and where he found himself happier than he had been for months, he had consciously entered on a new and exciting stage of his life. He was henceforth to be not the brother, but the lover of Esther and the rival of Swift. What

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if his rival had fame? Francis meant to have that too some day, and he had youth on his side and true love. It would be hard if in the long run he did not drive the elderly person out of Essie's head. But however delightful he might find imprisonment on the willow, he was aware that it could hardly appear so to Esther, and was for the tenth time proposing a desperate plan of escape, when she cried out joyfully—

"Look! there comes a man."

Beyond the pool below the weir there was a flat meadow with a barn in it, and beyond the barn a green bank sloping up to a wood.

They perceived a dark figure coming quickly down the slope out of the shadow of the trees. Francis shouted, but the pedestrian heeded not the shout, for having reached the bottom of the slope, he turned and began to go up it again at the same sort of quick but awkward trot at which he had descended. Essie, alarmed at seeing him thus prepare to desert them, began in her turn to scream for help, and her shriller notes attracted the moody or deaf wayfarer's attention. He stopped, and staring about him, apparently observed the wherry floating bottom upwards, for he ran down to the water's edge. Then, as it seemed, he caught sight of the two waving handkerchiefs and clinging figures on the willow branches, for shouting in answer he disappeared among some neighbouring branches.

"It is Dr. Swift," said Essie.

"Even so," returned Francis drily.

In a few minutes Swift reappeared, on the opposite bank, looking quite pale with sympathetic terror at Esther's situation and the danger she must have run.

"Oh Faith, you are an awkward slutakin," he cried, "and your cousin there a deplorable fool!"

The rush of the water drowned most of the words, but the last were clearly audible, and Francis, in spite of having applied a similar condemnation to himself a dozen times in the course of the last hour, smiled grimly.

Shouting out a promise of help loud enough to reach their ears, the Doctor vanished in the direction in which he had come. Then they saw him again cross the meadow to the barn and return with a ladder over his shoulder. It was a long, heavy ladder, but he carried it easily, coming quickly towards them at his peculiar trot.

It proved sufficient in length to make a bridge between the

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bank on which he stood and the trunk of the willow, but it required some nerve to cross such a bridge with the rushing stream beneath. Obviously the only safe plan was to cross on hands and knees, and Francis, setting it firmly across the trunk of the tree, began somewhat anxiously to instruct Essie how best she might cross over. But his words seemed to fall on deaf ears. For a moment she paused with her foot on the ladder and her right hand on the branch above; then, still upright, she dashed forward, and before he had time to do more than suppress an ejaculation, she was half-way across. The too elastic bridge bounded beneath her tread, as she leapt from rung to rung. The water raced giddily beneath, but her foot did not slip, and her eyes, fixed on the well-known figure on the further side, never once strayed to the stream below. Swift and straight as an arrow from the bow, she passed over, and flinging herself upon her friend burst into tears on his shoulder. Too surprised and also too moved to consider whether such an attitude was or was not compromising, Swift soothed, scolded, and comforted her with fifty quaint tender expressions, now stroking her hair, now sharply pinching her arm. Francis, who had crossed the ladder in a less impulsive manner, stood by amazed and embarrassed. He would as soon have expected to find himself in tears as his cousin. But Essie was not merely a woman, she was at bottom an excitable one; not with the easy shallow excitability of her mother, but with the less evident, the deeper and more dangerous excitability of a strong temperament and character. It was but a few minutes she remained so, and then she sat down on the stump of a tree, wiped her eyes, and recovered herself as suddenly as she had given way. Swift stood in front, shaking his cane.

"Plague on you, tiresome brat," he cried; "what a fright you have given me! I feel for all the world like the drabs in the street slapping their children betwixt anger and joy when they get them out safe from under the waggon-wheels. And pray, young sir," he added, turning with more genuine severity to Francis, "what excuse have *you* to offer for bringing a lady that was under your care in danger of her life, to say nothing of ruining her new damask dress; a misfortune of which she will be sensible to-morrow?"

"O none whatever, sir," replied Francis coldly, meeting with unflinching eye a gaze which had struck awe into bosoms apparently hardier and certainly more important than his.

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Esther hastened to declare herself the first to blame, and between the two Swift was quickly in possession of the few facts of their adventure.

"But come, Hessinage," he cried, "we had best walk briskly to Lord Mordaunt's house. 'Tis not a mile from hence."

At the mention of Lord Mordaunt's name all Esther's spirit returned to her.

"No!" she cried, "I do most utterly refuse to present myself at that young man's door in such a plight. Go you, Francis, and tell them to put to the horses, and meet me—— Pray, dear sir, where shall he tell them to meet me?"

"O Faith, Governor Huff, you must be reasonable! Come now to his Lordship's, and dry that draggled tail of yours, and warm your bones a little before you start for town, else you will catch a great cold."

"I care not for great colds, Doctor. I will have fifty colds rather than beg civility of that detestable fellow. Besides, 'tis already so late that if we delay there, Aunt Stone will declare she durst not for her life start for London at such an hour—she would have stayed behind at Windsor had it not been for the expense—and O! how I should hate to be perhaps the cause of our spending a night beneath Lord Mordaunt's roof!"

She did not add that her mother and sister, for other reasons than Mrs. Stone's, would joyfully accept any invitation that might be extended to the party, but Francis understood her fears, and both because he shared them, and because it was pleasant to back her wishes in opposition to Swift's, he said—

"I am of your mind, Hess. There must be some neighbouring cottage where you can dry your clothes, and if the Doctor will direct me, I can run to his Lordship's and presently bring Mrs. Vanhomrigh and the coach to fetch you."

"You are certain to do as you please, Governor, reason or no reason," returned Swift, shrugging his shoulders, "and this time, I own, you have blundered onto the better plan. The Peterborough Arms is nearer this than the Manor, and nearer the coach-road too; and so there you shall go, and that quickly."

He took her hands to pull her up, and then began hurrying her across the field in the direction from which he had himself come. Francis came behind, somewhat mortified to find how much he was encumbered by the ladder which the Doctor, whom he was pleased to regard as advanced in years, had carried with so much ease and dexterity. But having replaced it by the

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barn, he started off, running up the woodland path whence Swift had first appeared, with the light foot of youth and activity. Esther and her companion struck across the fields towards the Peterborough Arms. They were glad to be alone, but more silent than when Francis was following them. A natural love of secrecy and the habits formed by another long and but half-acknowledged intimacy made Swift almost unconsciously different in his manner to Essie when they talked together without witnesses. It was a difference so natural and so subtle as to escape definition, and not to be remembered by himself with any pang of conscience; yet the charm of it thrilled through every fibre of her being and wrapped her in a warm mist of dreams.

The great ball of the sun had now gone down, and a red fire of sunset burned half round the horizon, while, opposite, the moon began to glow almost as redly through the dim purple of the autumn evening. Yet it was hardly twilight, for the sky and water were full of reflected light. The grass took a strange metallic green, and the high woods, so dark at noon, showed brown and tawny against the sunset. Essie, whose friend loved to rally her on her romantic delight in rural scenery, scarcely ventured a remark on the peculiar beauty of the evening; but it lingered in her memory as the fitting close of a day marked out from its "obscure compeers."

Chapter IV.

They reached the Peterborough Arms at the same moment that Francis approached the Manor House, which standing alone among the fields, was unmistakable. It was a fine Jacobean house with two square bays, projecting the whole height of it on each side of the main door. The space in front was enclosed by a cut yew hedge, but from the sloping ground above it Francis could see a coach standing there. Crossing what had once been a moat he found his way through a maze of overgrown paths to the front door. As he issued from a lattice gate in the yew hedge, he was greeted by a shriek from the coach, in which Mrs. Stone, determined that if there was any dangerous delay it should not be through the Stone family, had been seated for the last half-hour with her daughter beside her.

"Well, Mr. Earle, here you are," cried Anna, thrusting a

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sharp and agitated nose out of the window. "Where the plague have you been? And, Lord, what a figure you are! We've been waiting for you this age, and half the household are seeking you."

"Indeed, miss, I'm sorry for't. I've been in the water," panted Francis, out of breath with his run, and bounding up the steps he gave a sounding rat-tat-tat on the old oaken door. As he did so, it struck him that perhaps the whole affair was a dream. The wrought-iron mermaid that formed the knocker seemed perfectly familiar to him, and so did the carved monogram and motto above the porch. As he followed the black boy who appeared at his summons through the square hall, this impression of familiarity deepened. He found the rest of the party assembled in a handsome bay-windowed parlour, drinking a stirrup-cup of burnt wine and spices. They, like the Stones, greeted him with a volley of exclamations, questions, and upbraidings, that scarcely left room for his account of himself. They had not, however, long been anxious about the missing couple, whom they imagined to have passed the landing-place by a mistake easily made, as the Manor was not within sight of the river. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was not inclined to be anxious, and knowing Essie to have taken one of her unfortunate dislikes to that amiable young nobleman Lord Mordaunt, felt sure that if such had been the case neither she nor Francis would have been in a hurry to rectify their mistake. Lord Mordaunt was well-bred enough to fulfil his duties as host with a grace that cost him nothing, for he was beginning to feel a definite interest in his languid pursuit of Molly. That she would drop into his clutches one day, he had no manner of doubt, but to bring that result about might cost just enough scheming to amuse him, and give a certain piquancy to the affair. So his Lordship's civil behaviour was such as to afford the Vanhomrighs an excuse for rapture, and what with walking in the grounds, drinking Bohea tea, and viewing the Dutch and Chinese curiosities with which some former occupant had stocked the house, the moments would have flown unmarked until Francis made his appearance, had it not been for Mrs. Stone. She, good lady, could not be consoled even by the society of a nobleman for the dangers of the return journey, which seemed to her to be increased by every moment of delay. Nor were her fears so ridiculous as the Vanhomrighs declared, since highwaymen were proverbially common on Hounslow Heath. Her impatient enquiries after

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the missing two were not, however, all prompted by self-interest, for she was really surprised at the equanimity with which Madam Van took their unexplained disappearance, and was glad when she had succeeded in instilling enough anxiety into that lady's buoyant bosom for some of his Lordship's men to be sent to seek them. When Mrs. Vanhomrigh understood what had really happened, she was distracted with retrospective alarm, and prepared to rush off at once to the Peterborough Arms.

"But pray, mamma," said Molly, "let Francis dry his clothes first. We shall have him down with an ague, or worse, if he sits in the coach like this."

"Oh, my poor child!" cried Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at once embracing him and feeling his coat, "how do I forget thee! 'Tis true thou'rt wet and cold too, on my conscience! Quick, Ginckel! let your man get him a dry suit out of your valise."

Ginckel gave his mother a look; seldom had he felt so keenly her thoughtlessness and want of all sense of the fitness of things.

"Cousin Earle and I are scarce of a size, madam," he answered, drawing himself up to his full height, which was not very formidable. "But there is a good fire in my chamber, before which, with his Lordship's permission, he can dry himself."

"Aye, and keep me waiting till Christmas," returned she petulantly.

Francis had in truth just begun to be conscious of the chill of his wet clothes, but he was of course ready to deny the necessity for changing them, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh in her haste to be gone would have accepted the denial. Molly, however, who like Essie was still accustomed to regard him as the chief invalid of the family, was not satisfied, and Lord Mordaunt, willing to please her, took the trouble to suggest that her cousin might stay behind and subsequently join the coach on the high road by a short cut across the fields. Mrs. Vanhomrigh's leave-taking was short but effusive, and accepted with languid condescension by her host. He exerted himself so far as to wrap a scarf round Molly, and murmur in reply to her thanks for his hospitality, "Fie, dear miss, 'tis but old maid's entertainment, Bohea and civility. Come again and try true bachelor's fare; that they say 's bread and cheese and kisses."

Francis meantime having followed the black boy up the wide oak stairs to an upper room, hurriedly divested himself of his garments, and sitting by the fire wrapped in Ginckel's embroidered bed-gown, impatiently expected their return. On

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the wall opposite him hung a piece of tapestry representing Adam and Eve parleying with a Dutch Creator, who had made them solidly in his own image. Time had done much to blend the outline of the figures with the blues and greens of Eden, so that, in spite of the clumsiness of the figures, the whole piece made a pleasant bit of colour in the large bare bed-chamber. It was not, however, its decorative effect that gave it a fascination in the eyes of Francis; it was the curious train of fancies that it suggested. He not only seemed to be familiar with it, which was natural enough, since the design was not uncommon, but he had a distinct impression that if he opened the door yonder, by the great bedstead with its faded hangings, he would find himself in a narrow room, a sort of small gallery, where two similar pieces, representing the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion from Paradise, would hang on his right hand facing the windows. There would be an oriel at the end opposite him, and a few bits of quaint Dutch marqueterie furniture along the walls. He smiled at his own delusion, but it was so strong that he rose and, at the risk of intruding on Ginckel's own man or some yet more dignified individual, opened the door of communication. The lighted sconce and the flickering fire in the bed-chamber threw but a feeble glimmer into the adjoining room, but the moon, which Essie had watched dawning so redly, now shone large and golden in the sky. It poured its beams through the ample lattices that formed one side of the gallery, and Francis, now no longer with his mind's eye, but actually, saw every object as he had conjured it up. The mechanism of memory having once been set to work went on reproducing with inconceivable speed a thousand lost impressions. His remembrance of his mother was not particularly tender, but perfectly distinct. He recollected well playing round her toilette-table of a morning, while his nurse dressed her head, fingering the silver knick-knacks upon it, pulling out odd little drawers, and generally finding himself banished to jump up and down the step of an oriel window. There was the step and there the toilette-table, pushed against the wall with its glass reflecting only the bright moonlight, and bare of its silver knick-knacks, but with the same countless drawers and inlaid bouquets of flowers which his childish fingers had too persistently picked. From the windows he saw a stone terrace, a sun-dial and a fish-pond, whose images had always remained impressed upon his memory. He returned to the bed-chamber in a state of excite-

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ment. He told himself that faded memories might combine with coincidence to deceive him; this house and garden might be like, but he could not be sure that they were identical with the home of his earliest childhood; also that even if he were not mistaken in his facts, he might not be able to follow up the clue thus found, and that, moreover, if he did, his discoveries would do him no good. In vain. He was of an inquisitive and somewhat contrary disposition, and from the moment that he discovered that a mystery had been thrown round his parentage, had from time to time determined to penetrate it. Of late a hope that could he find his father he might plead with him more successfully than with the lawyer at Windsor, had given a keener edge to his curiosity.

The black boy reappeared with his clothes, and hastily enduing them, he made his way downstairs, determined to return to the place at some more convenient opportunity and question any old residents he might find in the neighbourhood. At the foot of the stairs he met a footman bearing a folded scrap of paper addressed to himself, and opening it, read in dim and scrawly characters:

"MI DEAR CHILDE,—You must now stay at his lordships this nite, wich he will not be at alle onwilling, for Essy's arm being somthing renched, and her as extream sicke as ever I saw her, and your Aunt Stone mitey affeared of the gentlemen of the rode, as you no, poor creeter, the kinde Dr. extends to us his orspitality and lodges us alle in Winser till tomorrer mornen, wen we shall egspect you mi deare at the signe of the Wite harte and am your loving cousin,

"ESTHER VANHOMRIGH, THE ELDER."

Francis crumpled up the note in his hand, and stood still on the last step of the stair smiling sardonically to himself. So the little comedy he and Esther had foreseen had been acted with a slight change of scene and personages. Probably she was better pleased with it now, but he was not. Meantime the footman also stood still, keeping an eye on him till he was recalled to a sense of his obligations. Francis began to hunt for his purse, and then suddenly asked him if he knew who had occupied the house before Lord Mordaunt's day.

"This 'ouse, m'lord, this 'ouse?" returned the man, pretending to consider the question and really watching for the appearance of the purse. He did not of course mistake this shabby-looking little gentleman for a lord, but he commonly used the title in

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preference to the plebeian *sir*, as showing in what society he was accustomed to wait, and as generally conducing to his own sense of dignity. The vails produced being larger than he had judged likely, he grew affable.

"Troth, your Honour," he said, "this 'ouse an't no place for people of quality. I doubt even the gentry would find it sadly too ancient to live in. I *'ave* heard his Lordship intends when he comes of age, to pull it down and build a mansion nearer to Windsor."

"Did the late Lord Mordaunt live here?" asked Francis.

"The late Lord Mordaunt, your Honour, and the late Honourable John did both use to come here for stag-hunting and such like, when the Court was at Windsor," returned the man, "the same as his present Lordship."

The footman pocketed his vails, and Francis continued his way to the parlour, to announce his intention not indeed of staying the night, but of walking to Windsor, where he could easily find a lodging at an inn. Lord Mordaunt, who viewed him with indifference but not dislike, civilly offered him a bed, and on his declining that, observed that he might as well wait supper, as two gentlemen were expected from the neighbourhood of Windsor, and would probably be able to give him a cast on his way in their chariot. Francis, for whom the place had a fascination, willingly accepted the latter invitation, and seeing his Lordship was in high good-humour, ventured to put some questions to him about the house and its former owners.

"The estate came to Lord Peterborough from a cousin," said his host, "and Gad! the land is worth having. As to the house," looking round him with contempt, "'tis a rare old den and halfway to Jericho. I am surprised his Lordship didn't destroy it, but the old dog knew a trick worth two of that."

It was scarcely a filial fashion of naming his parent, and he ended with a sneering laugh, but immediately afterwards left the room with some alacrity, exclaiming, "Ay, there come Tom and Peter."

There was a sound of wheels dashing up to the door, the steps of the chariot clattered down, and there rushed into the house a torrent of youthful noise and high spirits. The hall re-echoed with loud greetings and laughter, and when the clamorous party, consisting of the two arrivals, Ginckel, and Lord Mordaunt, entered the parlour, Francis was surprised to observe that the latter was contributing to the tumult.

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That Ginckel's mincing manners should be doffed as easily as his coat, was to be expected, but the languid, silent gravity of Lord Mordaunt seemed an integral part of him. Indeed it was not an affectation. Generally speaking, ladies bored him; he had not naturally any conversation for them, and was too lazy and indifferent to invent it. The Vanhomrighs would have been scandalized to learn that he found their society attractive partly because, being his inferiors in rank, he did not think it necessary to treat them with such ceremonious politeness as custom and surroundings enforced upon him among people of quality. This, and pretty Molly's lively tongue, which at once tickled his fancy and saved him all conversational trouble, together with the instinctive gregariousness of the idle, had caused him to drift into their company so often while the town was empty. Had they seen him in Lady Peterborough's withdrawing-room, they would have observed a difference in his manners; had they seen him among his young companions, a transformation. The two young men who preceded him were of a more common-place type, a year or two younger than himself, rosy, and robustly built, but with a certain bloatedness of appearance which augured ill for their future comfort. Francis subsequently learned their names to be Tom Raikes and Peter Ponsonby. The whole party burst into the parlour convulsed by some rare stroke of their own humour, headed by Mr. Raikes, who unable to let off his feelings by mere cachinnation, was mingling with it a variety of strange shrieks, and striking the air violently with his loose right hand, till the joints cracked like small pistol-shots. Ginckel, dressed in pearl-coloured cloth, with freshly-combed peruke and fine perfumed handkerchief pressed to his mouth, followed his host cackling shrilly; in the rear gleamed the grin of Tully, the black boy, who could not help adding a guttural explosion to the general roar, while the high glasses of Rhenish wine and sugar, which he carried on a massive silver salver, rattled again. Whereat his master paused abruptly in his mirth and swore at him savagely; then, "Keep your cursed throat still, you dog, and don't spill the wine." And turning to his friends; "Drink, boys, drink—you'll ne'er taste better. Old Peterborough brought it from Germany, and if his butler weren't a better friend to me than he is, you'd never ha' seen the colour of it this night."

As the wine went round—a wine whose bouquet it would have drawn tears from a connoisseur to divine through the

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cloying sugar—Mr. Earle was named to the new guests. The introduction was so cursory it formed no interruption to the series of whoops, laughs and oaths, whereby the ball of conversation was kept flying, while the wine was being despatched. Just as the ball had dropped, Tom Raikes, who lay in a chair with his hat over his eyes and was drumming on the table with the foot of his glass, started it afresh by suddenly slapping his knee, and doubling up in a fresh convulsion of merriment.

"O Lord! O Lord, the parson! That's what I ha'n't forgot!" he shrieked, "never bammed a fellow so neatly in all my days. Mordaunt, lad, Mordaunt! the parson leaping for a guinea with his plaguey petticoats tucked up across his arm!"

"Ay, ay," joined in Ponsonby, with a burst of exultant imprecations, "'twas the rarest trick of the deal. Lord, the fellow's phiz, when I says to Tom quite quiet—'Tom, smoke the Bishop at the window'—just like that I says it. Didn't I, Tom?"

"Ay, and then," continued Tom, throwing up his hat and catching it again, "if the dirty fellow didn't dispute the vardi and make as though he'd keep his guinea; but I promise you I had it out of him, though 'twas dearer than blood."

"Well done, my lad!" cried Mordaunt. "Trust a parson for sticking to his money, and you for getting it out of him!" He reflected with some bitterness on the guinea he himself had sacrificed to the cloth that day. "But you won't make your fortin' out of leaping with parsons, three leaps a guinea."

"And devilish dear at the price," observed Peter.

"'Tis true, if he don't make it, he won't lose it neither," sneered Mordaunt. "You take my advice and stick to the beggarly parsons, Tom, lest heavy in the purse prove light in the leg."

"Ha! ha! that's pure! Smoke that, Tommy!" cried Peter, and all laughed except Mr. Raikes, who sat up and swore with dignity. He was a short-legged, fat young man, whose appearance entirely belied his boasted agility.

"Pray divert yourselves, gentlemen," he said, after devoting his companions piecemeal to perdition, "but I'll lay you, Mordaunt, and you, Ponsonby, and Van there, and Mr. Whatd'ye-call, if he be no parson, a hundred pounds apiece, I beat you all at three leaps each—two of you o' Monday, and two o' Tuesday, meet when you will. I'll lay 'em and win 'em too gentlemen, lay 'em and win 'em too."

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"No, hang me, not of me!" exclaimed Lord Mordaunt. "Leap! Why the deuce should I leap? If it had to be done, I'd make my nigger do it. Go to Bedlam, Tom, and leap for a hundred straws."

"Well said, Mordaunt," cried Ponsonby. "I love a wager, but for sport I'd a precious deal sooner put my money on four legs than on two."

"What, *all* affeared?" jeered Tom, feeling it safe to assume a swagger. "Come, Colonel, come now, when will you meet?"

"If I may dance for't, Tommy," replied the Colonel, taking snuff and smiling with the indulgence of the elder man and the acknowledged beau, "let it be at the next Birthday. Leaping, I take it's for country putts. Yet here's Mr. Earle, who's been swimming, ha! ha! to-day, and for aught I know may love leaping as well."

He felt some mortification at the unexpected presence at their select party of Francis in his camlet suit, somewhat shabby to start with and the worse for the water, and his own draggled brown hair. So he at the same time disclaimed any close connection with him, and took revenge for the unavoidable one of which he was conscious.

"Hey, Mr. Earle, sir, what do you say?"

"I say that my legs never yet carried the weight of a hundred pounds, save of my own fool's flesh."

This candid confession of poverty, confirmed by the speaker's appearance, emboldened Mr. Raikes.

"I care not," he said. "Say ten and done, and meet me o' Monday with the gentlemen here for judges."

Francis shrugged his shoulders.

"Pardon me, Mr. Raikes, but I have other fish to fry."

"A plague on you, sir. You shall not get off thus," cried Raikes insolently, kicking off his shoes. "Mordaunt, let Tully bring a cane, and we'll e'en leap here before supper. If the door be opened there'll be room and to spare."

Then he came up to his adversary and made as if he would pull off his coat. Francis, with his hands in his pockets, persisted in declining the invitation. Mr. Raikes now took him round the body and began dragging him towards the middle of the room. This was horse-play of a kind vastly to amuse the assistants, and they roared again, encouraging the struggling pair in the choicest language of the cock-pit.

"Gad! Mr. Earle," said his Lordship, "don't cross poor Tom.

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You shall leap and not risk a penny, for I'll put ten guineas on you myself, just for the sport on't."

"Ay! so will I," cried Ponsonby with many asseverations.

Francis' blood was now thoroughly up; he jerked himself free from Raikes' grasp, leaving his coat in the enemy's hands.

"Deuce take your guineas, gentlemen!" he said. "Lay 'em where you please. I'll leap against Mr. Raikes for nothing, and if I don't beat him first, I'll engage to leap again for any stake he may name. But you must let me place the cane as I choose."

"Done," cried Tom. "Done, Mordaunt, and done, Peter! The odds are even." And he threw off his coat, and bounded awkwardly several times into the air.

Now Mr. Raikes' belief in his own agility was one of those strong delusions that are sometimes sent upon young men—from the gods, as we must suppose, since they have no apparent origin in this world. The laziness of the youths of fashion with whom he consorted, and the awkwardness of the unlucky parson before mentioned, had encouraged his conceit, and as in the casual struggle that had just taken place his weight had given him the advantage over his slender antagonist, he imagined himself sure of victory and twenty guineas. But though a sturdy, he was also a clumsy, self-indulgent young man, quite unfit to contend in such a sport with one of active and temperate habits. Francis, having quickly appropriated two small ombre tables, began piling folios out of the bookshelf. He piled up his edifice silently and savagely to the utmost height that he could clear, and then placed across it the bamboo provided by Tully. The others looked on at his arrangements.

"Lord! you must be meaning to run under it," observed Ponsonby, who began to tremble for his guineas. Tom meantime was busy taking out the half-ell of black ribbon that tied his shirt in order to tie back his peruke. He stared at Francis' preparations, but concluding them to be part of the bravado of despair, followed him out of the door. The others pressing close to the door-way, looked eagerly down the dimly-lighted bit of corridor and hall along which they were to run. Francis came first. Rage at the species of baiting to which he had been subjected, and perhaps the fumes of the Rhenish in his blood, made him feel as if he had wings on his heels. The moment he started a satisfied smile began to dawn on the faces of his two backers, who were shrewd enough where their money was

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concerned. It broadened and broke into a short laugh of gratification as he passed them and flying clean over the bamboo with two inches to spare, came down lightly but firmly on the polished boards beyond.

A minute afterwards Raikes blundered by, all arms and legs, made a desperate bound and plunge, and fell prone under a table and an avalanche of folios; for, whether purposely or not, Francis had so arranged the cane that it did not, as might have been expected, fly at the first touch of an indiscreet toe.

Such an accident happening to any one would have seemed a good joke enough to the three spectators, but happening as it did to their particular crony Tom, their delight knew no bounds. Besides there was the money involved. The shrill cackle of Ginckel, Mordaunt's grating laugh, and Ponsonby's younger and heartier hilarity broke out in a simultaneous roar over the prostrate form of their companion. Francis, with an impassive face, began to put on his waistcoat. Raikes, his natural clumsiness increased by wrath and disappointment, struggled for some minutes on the slippery well-waxed boards before he could get to his feet, and then stood glaring savagely round, his peruke all awry.

"Egad, my Lord, he's going to eat us without salt or pepper!" cried Peter, pointing at him.

"I'll carve ye to begin with, at any rate," replied Raikes, and swearing an oath or two, considered whom first he should devour. Then he took up a sword that lay on the table, and approaching Lord Mordaunt with a truculent air—

"Demme, my Lord," said he, "you may refuse a leaping engagement, but there's meetings no gentleman or nobleman either can refuse."

His Lordship became suddenly grave.

"Come, Raikes," said he, drawing him into the embrasure of the window, "don't let's drive a jest too far. Deuce take thee, man! whose notion was the leaping but thine own? Sure," he continued, lowering his voice, "'tis but reasonable these sort of rascals, that must earn their living by their heads or their heels, should have some advantage over men of quality." And again raising his voice, "You was obstinate to do it, my lad, but any one could see you was not in good jumping trim to-day. An't that so, Van?"

The Colonel and Ponsonby, though surprised at Mordaunt's unwonted conciliatoriness, followed his lead. Tom was pacified

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as quickly as he had been roused, and when supper had begun to warm his heart by way of his stomach, he solemnly pledged Francis across the table.

"You beat me handsomely, sir," he said. "Demme, I own it. You may go boast you beat Tom Raikes of Morley, and, 'pon honour, there's not many could say that much."

"Sir, you flatter me," replied Francis gravely, bowing over his glass.

Ponsonby was also grave, and kept fixing a considering eye on the obscure youth. Two days before he had lost a valuable race-horse, by name Ramillies, and in spite of his avowed preference for placing his money on four legs rather than on two, he was not in a mood to throw away any chance. Accustomed, like Raikes, to the society of lazy fine gentlemen, young Earle's leaping powers seemed to him much more remarkable than they really were. It occurred to him that a partnership between capital and labour, as personated by himself and Mr. Earle, might be of service to both, and so much was he taken with his idea, that no polite retort of Francis' would shake him loose from it. Lord Mordaunt, however, who was a youth of some discrimination, at length intervened.

"Don't be tedious, Peter. The gentleman knows well enough there an't no money in your concerns. Faith, but I was in luck to have nothing on your Ramillies! Was your eggs all in one basket, or will you ride to Datchet races with Tom and me next week?"

"Shall we have the diversion of meeting your Lordship's Papa?" asked Ponsonby, and laughed.

Tom laughed louder, and brought an imaginary cane whistling through the air and down on some solid object. The reference was to a little episode that had taken place at the New Market two years before, when Lord Mordaunt had unexpectedly encountered his father on the race-course and had been peremptorily forbidden to return thither till he should be of age. This time Lord Mordaunt looked with disgust on the mirth of his companions.

"Lord Peterborow," he said indifferently, "starts for Spain to-morrow. Where he'll be next week, is more than any man can tell."

"Well, well," said Vanhomrigh, holding up his glass, "I hope I may without offence drink the noble traveller's voyage to that land—what does the play call it?—that land 'from which no

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traveller returns.'" Mordaunt smiled disagreeably, but made no remark.

"A—men," cried Tom in a sepulchral voice, seizing a bottle. "And bumpers all round."

And the two young guests who sat at the opposite side of the table to the Colonel and Francis waved their glasses vociferously in the direction of a portrait which faced them, and which Francis gathered from their exclamations to be that of Lord Peterborough, though its position, behind him and beyond the light of the candles on the table, prevented his seeing it clearly.

When the enthusiasm of the toast had subsided—"Who's the nymph?" asked Ponsonby, pointing with his glass to another portrait in the same direction. "Hang me, if I can see her!"

"That an't your loss," replied Mordaunt. "She's no beauty, for all the painter could do. What's her name, Tom? Lord! how should I know? I call her Peterborow's Folly."

He went on between oaths and ill-words to explain that the nameless nymph had in some long past time been placed by Peterborough in this house; that at the caprice of this fantastic lady it had been filled with the valuable Chinese curiosities which Lord Mordaunt had that afternoon been exhibiting to his visitors. That Lord Peterborough should have wasted on his own amusement sums, which otherwise might have now been profitably used in extending his son's, naturally moved the indignation of Lord Mordaunt and his companions.

That double consciousness, which is latent in every one, plays an exceptionally large part in the mind of the lover. The thought of the beloved is immanent in all other thoughts, and continually tends to develop and overpower them. The image of Esther had never been absent from Francis' consciousness that evening, and now appeared as a definite comment on what was passing around him. From the mental vision of that countenance he looked with disgust and contempt on Ginckel's profile next him —so irritating in its likeness to his sister's—agape and thrust forward to form one of a group of faces, all in different proportions degraded by low and vinous merriment, and with nothing of youth left in them but its weakness. This was the Colonel who, in St. James's Street, gave himself the airs of the superior male creature, guardian and protector, and when in his most unselfish mood, schemed to secure even such a one as himself as a husband for Molly or Esther. In spite of jealousy, Francis could not but feel it a satisfaction to picture the three ladies at

a distance, in a quiet little parlour at Windsor, probably rallying Dr. Swift and Mr. Lewis over coffee and oranges. The contrast came indeed as something of a relief to jealousy. He had said to himself before, and now repeated with more conviction, that since this was the type of man whom Ginckel brought to St. James's Street, it was no wonder Esther, who was not so blind as her mother, turned with enthusiasm to the society and even to the worship of Swift and his friends. But it was a considerably greater satisfaction to return in fancy to the willow, to stand close to the branch on which Essie sat, and to dispute with her whether or not she had saved him from death by drowning. He was recalled from this pleasant excursion by two dark objects flying over his head, their simultaneous thud against the picture behind him being greeted by yells of delight from three of the company. He started angrily, but soon perceived that the shots were not directed at him. Lord Mordaunt, who was never quite hurried off his feet by any excitement, and was also of an orderly disposition, was annoyed at the bombardment of what he knew to be a valuable possession.

"Curse you, fellows!" he said, with a sudden change of voice and manner. "If you want a mark to cast greasy dumplings at, take Tully there into the garden. You won't spoil *his* beauty, and if you did, he an't worth so much money as the hussy yonder, who had herself painted by the best master in the Hague."

"Oddso, man! how tetchy you turn, when we did it out of pure friendship to your Lordship," cried Peter.

"Tully," continued Mordaunt, "take a light and rub the grease off yonder picture with your handkerchief. Look alive, and be hanged to you!"

The negro took one of the heavy silver candlesticks off the table, and putting it on the floor near him, climbed laboriously onto a high oak stool to accomplish the task. The flickering flame glittered on his silver dog-collar and beady eyes, but did not enable him to see the marks on the picture. Francis good-naturedly rose and lifted the candle. As he did so, from the darkness of the recess where the picture hung, and from out the yet deeper darkness of its background, his mother's face looked on him—not tenderly, but as it had been used to smile in life, subtly and mockingly. The curious pale long-eyed face was not in the least like any other he had ever seen. The feeling of mingled fear and fascination, with which he had regarded her as a child,

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returned upon him, and the candle shook in his hand, as addressing Lord Mordaunt with a dazed look—

"What was her name, did you say?" he stammered.

His Lordship stared.

"I said, hang me if I knew," he replied. "And I'll trouble you, sir, not to spill my wax on my nigger's silk stockings."

Attention was then called to poor Tully's dumb contortions of person and countenance—it is to be feared his concern was rather for his own legs than for his master's silk stockings—and they gave rise to fresh mirth.

"Gad! I forgot to tell you the end of the story," he said, "and yet 'twas the best of it. The witch there was burnt to death, luckily for us, before she had sucked the last guinea out of old Peterborow. *He's* never been near the place since, but they say you may meet *her* in the gallery any night of the week. So I wish you joy of her company, Van."

The Colonel smiled a sickly smile.

"She was burnt to death," Lord Mordaunt had said. Francis had a recollection of waking one morning to a house full of strange confusion and whispered horror, and he had gathered that his mother had died in some sudden and shocking way, but till this moment he had not known how. He lifted the light up to the portrait opposite hers, which he knew to be Lord Peterborough's; this revived a much less distinct memory, yet one not wholly obliterated. So at last by chance he had picked up the key to the mystery, which he had so often tried to solve. He dropped into his chair, and passed his hand across his eyes like one giddy. Lord Mordaunt glanced at him, and taking him to be overcome with wine, made no remark, but was reminded thereby that if business was to be done that evening, it was time to leave off passing the bottle. He rose abruptly and marshalled his somewhat unwilling company back to the parlour in which they had first met. The spirits of his three comrades were not sobered even by the sight of the card-tables prepared there. Tom Raikes had begun again to make strange cracking noises with his fingers, which admired accomplishment Ponsonby and Vanhomrigh vainly endeavoured to imitate. This was not the kind of sport in which Mordaunt ever took an active part, and now he looked on with a frown of impatience.

"Come, gentlemen, what's your game?" he asked. "Lu, or five-handed Ombre?"

"My Lord, I do not play," said Francis. His Lordship

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accepted the statement with an indifferent nod. Yet it was an extraordinary one in an age when cards were the common passion of all ages and both sexes. In any other young man it would have argued something like heroism to have made it in such company, but the truth was it cost Francis no effort to be singular. Had the vice of gambling been less ordinary, it might, in spite of his common sense, have had temptations for him. As it was, the sordid side of it lay continually open to those critical observations which it was his pleasure to make on things in general. His mind was still in the state of excitement caused by his unexpected discovery, but it was now a calm and luminous excitement, in which the images of things and people presented themselves to him with extreme clearness and meaning, without interrupting the course of an inward debate as to his action or inaction, which he felt to be of immediate importance—for was not Lord Peterborough starting for Spain next morning? The reverence for mere bonds of blood was still strong in that generation, and the conviction that Mordaunt was his brother gave that heretofore rather indifferently despised young man a sudden interest for him.

For Mordaunt the silent youth at the fire-place behind him had ceased to exist. He was seated at the card-table. Tully had removed his peruke and was tying a silk handkerchief round his head in lieu thereof. In obedience to his impatiently repeated summons, the others came to the table, and after a dispute as to what game they should play, began drawing for places in the new game of Quadrille, which all but his Lordship preferred to the true Ombre, as requiring fewer wits in the player. When the dealer and the partners, the stakes and the number of *tours* were determined; "'Tis you and I, Van," said his Lordship, "so don't let's have any of your Beastings."

Which was as much as to say, "Don't let us have any of your mistakes."

The Colonel flushed a bright pink, and reached a card to mark the *tours* with before he answered.

"Pooh! my Lord, you think my play ruined by the ladies, but I warrant my ruin is of another guess fashion. The chattering baggages know neither mercy nor honour, and when they have luck, love to call a king."

Expressions of reprobation passed round the table, though the Colonel himself was notorious for playing this risky and selfish game, by which the player breaks partnership and plays

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for his own hand. Lord Mordaunt and Vanhomrigh were formidable opponents for the two other young men, and the game now began in earnest, all attempts at talk being sternly checked by the host.

Every face at the table wore a look of intense and more or less ignoble concentration. Lord Mordaunt's clear-cut features showed themselves to the spectator at the fire, now profile, now three-quarters, against the flame of a wax-candle beyond, stripped of their usual expression of haughty indifference as entirely as of their shadowing curls, and sharpened by attentive anxiety. The drooping lids were lifted from the dark eyes, the fine lips lengthened and straightened by the clench of the jaw, and the whole face looked older by ten years and strangely mean, spite of the beauty of its outline. There was a cold keen eagerness about it, a nameless something, as though some devil of remorseless egoism, usually lurking in the shadow and mystery of the human heart, had suddenly and shamelessly stepped into the light. Francis, surveying his new-found brother with a critical eye, smiled in scorn of womankind, when he thought of the praises that Mrs. Vanhomrigh, the looks and blushes that Molly lavished on this bad-hearted young man. Yet, alas! their mistake was more worthy of pity than of scorn. The world provides the regulation domino and mask for every frequenter of its masquerade, and it is less often the wise than the ill-natured who are swift to divine ugly shapes behind them.

At first the game went, as might have been expected, in favour of the two more experienced players, but the others took their losses with good-temper, if not cheerfulness. Against luck, however, no skill can stand. When it came to Mordaunt's turn to be the Ombre, or player, he surveyed his hand with a glance as keen and swift as that with which his father would have reviewed a regiment of recruits, and cried "Pass" immediately. When it came round to the Colonel again, they lost Codille.

"I'll trouble you not to draw my Basto next *tour* with your cursed Manille," observed his partner in a voice as sharp and cold as a steel knife-edge.

The next *tour* found the Matadors yet more against them, and they lost heavily. Raikes and Ponsonby, heaping up their mils and fishes, which marked the score, dared scarcely indulge their satisfaction even by looks, so black the silence that brooded over the table, broken only by an occasional oath from Mordaunt at his cards or at his partner. At length

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Ponsonby, putting down his card, cried "Gano" to his partner, as a request to him not to take it. Mordaunt dashed his cards on to the table, and shooting out his right arm suddenly, presented the finger like a pistol at Ponsonby's breast.

"Beasted, Peter!" he exclaimed, with a short laugh.

Peter also dashed down his cards and swore indignantly. On this there arose a clamour as great as can be made by four gentlemen all talking together, and each bent on making his imprecations, if not his arguments, audible. For Quadrille being yet in its infancy, the rule which forbade the call for Gano was not fully established, and the two winners were by no means willing to reduce their winnings by paying the fine demanded.

While the rest of the company were thus intent upon their own affairs, Francis Earle left the room and the house unobserved.

(*To be continued.*)

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"GENERAL" BOOTH'S SCHEME.

BEFORE the publication of this article most persons interested in social questions will have read Mr. William Booth's remarkable work entitled 'In Darkest England and the Way Out.' In the second chapter of that book he says:—"I do not hesitate to submit my proposals to the impartial judgment of all who are interested in the solution of the social question as an immediate and practical mode of dealing with this, the greatest problem of our time." The following are some considerations suggested by those proposals to the mind of one of the class to whom they are addressed.

"General" Booth is struck with the residuum of misery existing in London; and without concerning himself with the interests of society as a whole, he sets himself to contrive a plan by which the moral and material condition of the individual sufferers may be improved. Starting with a vast network of refuges so contrived as to be as attractive as possible, he proposes to collect together all the homeless and destitute of the metropolis, and draft them off into a colony in the country, where they are to acquire habits of sobriety and regularity, and be taught the means of earning their own livelihood for the future. Having converted his unemployed into useful citizens, he will next have to find them work. This he proposes to do by emigrating the bulk of them to some new colony across the seas, and planting out the remnant, or such of them as are not absorbed into the ordinary population, on farms conducted on co-operative principles, or small allotments where they may well support themselves by fruit-growing and other similar industries. A remnant, however, will, as we shall see later, be left, for whom it will be necessary to make permanent provision at the colony. Not yet content, though he has put his *protégés* into the way of earning an honest living, General Booth will go on to provide *monts-de-piété* where

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they can borrow without usury, a seaside resort where they can enjoy a change of air whenever they require it, and a suburban village where those who have returned to work in town can sleep in healthy homes.

It will be seen that it is not one, but many experiments that General Booth proposes to commence at once and to carry out simultaneously. Any one of these could be tried, possibly with greater chance of success, by itself. We do not propose to criticise each of these plans in detail. They might each fairly form the subject of a separate article. Some of them, to be successful, must obviously be carried out on commercial lines. Some are already being tried by those who have much greater experience of the kind required for the special purpose than that possessed by Mr. Booth. The most important element in his programme—that which has already attracted most attention—is his scheme for catching and reinstating as members of society the homeless and destitute outcasts of the streets of London. This, unlike the greater part of his programme, is clear and definite, and is susceptible of being considered on its own merits.

The first thing then which we propose to consider is the network of refuges which General Booth proposes to spread over London, and by whose means he hopes to clear the streets of all beggars, loafers, and homeless persons. Of these refuges there will be two sets—one for men, one for women.

Before, however, proceeding further, we may point out that throughout the book there is considerable confusion as to the class of people with whom Mr. Booth proposes to deal. In the early part of his book he states that there are, in England, 3,000,000 persons nominally free, but really enslaved, "whom we have to save." This population he calls the "submerged tenth," and asks, "Is it beyond the reach of the nine-tenths in the midst of whom they live, and around whose homes they rot and die?" We do not propose here to criticise these figures, beyond saying that in the class he includes those who are described by Mr. Charles Booth (from whom he borrows his figures) simply as "very poor;" but we wish to point out that while he estimates his "submerged" population at 3,000,000, and while in his speech at Exeter Hall on November 17th he asserted that if his scheme was fairly and patiently tried, in twenty years there would be no labourer without work of a remunerative character, and all disabled people would have means of support, the machinery by which he proposes to effect this end is, in its initial stages,

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adapted only for the benefit of single, homeless men and women in London. The number of homeless persons in London he himself estimates at 33,000; so that, even assuming that the whole of that class consist of single men and women, all of this 3,000,000, with the exception of 33,000, are blocked at the very threshold from admission to the benefits of his scheme. This omission does not, of course, detract from the merits of his provisions for the benefit of single persons; but it is worthy of notice, seeing that Mr. Booth claims for his project that it will once for all remove all destitution from our sight.

If, however, the scheme meets the case of all the homeless single—or professedly single—men and women, it will do a work which has hitherto baffled charitable effort. There are, it is true, apart from the Poor Law establishments, many charitable institutions in existence for the relief of this class. Such night shelters for men as Leicester Square Hospice, and the Newport Market, Field Lane, and Banner Street Refuges, have long existed, and are well known to all casuals except those newly imported from the country.

But these refuges are practically useless, because they merely afford board and lodging for a few nights, leaving the inmates at the expiration of their stay in the same condition as they were at the beginning. It is the experience of those who have had to do with the homeless class that in the vast bulk of the cases no mere material assistance will produce the slightest permanent benefit. The men who frequent the casual ward or the charitable refuge, are for the most part morally incapable of regular work. A large proportion of them are the victims of drink; others are incorrigibly idle, or have the vagrant instinct deeply ingrained in their nature. Under stress of hunger they may do a short job of work; but they will not keep a situation. Their object is to subsist at the smallest possible cost to themselves. Whatever is done for them, they will, unless a radical change is effected in their characters, quickly relapse into their former condition of life.

For some years it has been the practice of the superintendent of the Leicester Square Hospice to send every man who enjoys its hospitality to a Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, who, during his stay there, make inquiries into his antecedents, and if they can devise any means of putting him into a position of independence, spare no trouble or expense in doing so. Looking back at the results of their work, the

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Committee cannot claim that they have been able to do any real good to more than five per cent. of the men so referred to them. From time to time, it is true, apparently honest and willing workers have passed through their hands, who have been maintained till they have found work, and helped with clothes and tools. But even among these picked cases, if the subsequent career of the man is watched it will sometimes be discovered that the condition in which he had been found was due to some latent defect of character which had eluded their diagnosis, and which quickly reduced him again to the same position.

One such case was that of a carpenter who was found to be a skilful workman; he enjoyed excellent health and did not drink; yet he was hopelessly out of work and in the greatest destitution. A place was fortunately found for him. His employer reported that he was quite satisfied with the work he did, and for a fortnight all went well. Then, when his master was particularly busy, he absented himself without a warning and without any apparent reason, and was of course dismissed.

Against this case may be set another, which in the first instance appeared much less hopeful. Though it was ascertained that the man had been irregular in his habits, he seemed really anxious to improve, and a foreman in certain works was persuaded not only to give him work, but also to take a personal interest in his welfare. He went to work, but his old habits were too strong for him, and he repeatedly absented himself. It was only by the assiduity of the foreman, who on each occasion went to his lodgings and fetched him to the yard, that he was kept at work. This process went on for more than a year, until at length the man acquired habits of regularity. This exceptional instance illustrates the rule that you cannot, except by the constant and personal influence of a friend, change a lazy, loafing man into a useful member of society.

Turning to the case of homeless women, the phenomena are very different. There are many shelters in existence for girls exposed to danger, and many institutions for the reformation of those who have fallen. Those situated in London, or available for the reception of women from London, number nearly three hundred. All these institutions are ignored by Mr. Booth. It is true that they are for the most part unattractive to the class for whose benefit they exist; and it is only after a girl has become aware of the danger in which she stands, or is desirous of changing her way of life, that she will seek their aid; but it is very doubtful

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whether Mr. Booth is likely to be more successful in his rescue work than are the old-established institutions. The shelter which he opened some time ago is only one among many institutions of the class, and the opinion of some who have visited it is that it is by no means the best. Possibly it is too large. It has certainly been thought deficient in the matter of classification; and it has been suggested that the separation between girls who are merely wild from those who have led the most degraded lives, might be more carefully carried out. In most of these institutions personal religious influence is brought to bear upon the inmates, and some of them certainly claim as large a percentage of successful cases, as that for which General Booth gives himself credit.

Let us return to the case of the men. Mr. Booth frankly admits that the bulk of the homeless are, as we have pointed out, unhelpable except by some agency that will effect a change in their character. His language is not always consistent, and he sometimes speaks as if the class included a large number of men who are able and anxious to work, but the position which he generally occupies throughout his book is that which we have stated. He asserts that for such as these the casual ward and existing charities are useless, but he claims that he has it in his power, if he can bring them under his influence, to change their character. With a view to bringing this influence to bear upon them, he proposes to make his shelters as attractive as possible. All applicants who cannot pay for admission are to have the opportunity of earning it, while the superintendents are to have a discretion to remit the task of work altogether in certain cases. From the shelters they are to be sent on to the Town and Country Colony, where they will be taught habits of regularity, and various forms of industry which will fit them to earn their living in the future. Now we do not doubt for a moment that Mr. Booth will be able to attract his men into the shelters, but in the light of our experience we should naturally predict that as soon as they feel the irksomeness of work, of regular hours, and of abstinence from alcohol, they will leave the colonies and return to their former mode of life. Mr. Booth's answer to this objection is simple. He claims that by his peculiar religious methods, he can change their character and be the means of implanting in them a sincere and effectual desire and determination to work and to acquire the capacity of earning their living in an honest and regular way. For the success of his method it is clear that

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this change must take place during the short interval between their admission to the shelter, and the commencement of the irksome and monotonous life at the labour colony; and indeed throughout his book he treats this reformation as taking place in a single evening We venture to quote the following passage (from p. 97), which fairly illustrates the method on which he relies:—

"Two or three hundred men in the men's Shelter, or as many women in the women's Shelter, are collected together, most of them strange to each other, in a large room. They are all wretchedly poor,—what are you to do with them? This is what we do with them. We hold a rousing Salvation meeting. The officer in charge of the Depôt, assisted by detachments from the Training Homes, conducts a jovial free-and-easy social evening. The girls have their banjoes and tambourines, and for a couple of hours you have as lively a meeting as you will find in London. There is prayer, short and to the point; there are addresses, most of them the testimonies of those who have been saved at previous meetings. . . . There is a joviality and a genuine good feeling at some of these meetings which is refreshing to the soul. There are all sorts and conditions of men; casuals, gaol-birds, Out-of-Works who have come there for the first time, and who find men who last week or last month were even as they themselves are now; still poor, but rejoicing in a sense of brotherhood and a consciousness of their being no longer outcasts, and forlorn in this wide world. . . . These tell their mates how this has come about, and urge all who hear them to try for themselves and see whether it is not a good and happy thing to be soundly saved. In the intervals of testimony . . . the conductor of the meeting will start up a verse or two of a hymn, illustrative of the experiences mentioned by the last speaker, or one of the girls from the Training Home will sing a solo, accompanying herself on her instrument, while all join in a rattling and rollicking chorus."

Many would be inclined to doubt the permanence of a change effected in this way, but Mr. Booth's book contains some forty-three illustrative cases intended to prove his success in the past. It is noteworthy that even among these cases may be noticed some in which a serious relapse occurred, and in which the ultimate rescue of the individual was due solely to the persistent efforts of a friend. Whether this unremitting personal attention could possibly be given to each case if the work were carried out

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on an immensely increased scale may well be doubted. Another consideration which strikes the reader is the inherent improbability of the details stated with regard to some of the cases. As illustrative of the last two points which we have mentioned, we may perhaps be allowed to extract the following case:—

"Maggie.—She had a home, but seldom was sober enough to reach it at nights. She would fall down on the doorsteps until found by some passer-by or a policeman. . . . But she came to our barracks and got soundly converted, and the Captain was rewarded . . . by seeing her a saved and sober woman. All went right till a friend asked her to his house, to drink his health and that of his newly married wife. . . Maggie, nothing suspecting, drank, and as she drank, tasted in the glass her old enemy whiskey! The man laughed at her dismay, but a friend rushed off to tell the Captain. . . 'It's no good—keep awa'—I don't want to see 'er Captain,' wailed Maggie, 'let me have some more.' . . . But the Captain was firm, and taking her to her home she locked herself in with the woman, and sat with the key in her pocket, while Maggie, half mad with craving, paced the floor like a caged animal. . . . The Captain started up to see the door open and Maggie rush through it. . . . Down the stairs, Captain after her, into the gin palace. . . . Maggie was coaxed away and shielded till the passion was over, and she was herself once more. But the man who gave her the whiskey durst not leave his house for weeks. The roughs got to know of the trap he had laid for her, and would have lynched him could they have got hold of him."

The obvious absurdity of the last statement may well make one doubt the accuracy with which the main facts of the case have been related, and ask for some verification of its ultimate success. General Booth's strongest claim for support is based on the ground of the work which he has actually done in the past. That he has obtained an enormous following among respectable persons of the middle and lower classes cannot be doubted, but it is still open to question whether he has exercised any great influence over the drunkard and vicious. The evidence at our disposal apart from his own *ex-parte* statements is vague, and scarcely of such a nature as to justify us in placing in his hands the enormous power for which he asks. Some of our readers will remember an episode which took place a few years ago. General Booth's agents had claimed that their efforts in the slums of West Marylebone had been attended with great success. In reply to an open challenge by the Rev. Llewellyn Davies, the

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Salvation Army undertook to produce six persons converted in that district through their agency. The result was a lamentable failure. The only trophy produced—and that after much delay had intervened—was a shop-keeper from Paddington! The account of this incident can be found in a letter from Mr. Davies, published in the *Times* of Dec. 25th, 1888. If further evidence were necessary, it could without difficulty be obtained from men who have served for years in the Salvation Army, and who state that in certain large districts, at any rate, the army, successful as it may have been in attracting crowds of servant girls, and other respectable persons of the same class, has utterly failed in touching the depraved, the very persons in respect of whom Mr. Booth now claims special credit. It is true that he has at his command a vast force of workers who are in part drawn from the lowest class, and so presumably have readier access to the inner life of those with whom they have to deal than is possessed by most charitable workers; but in the face of the facts to which we have drawn attention, it is surely desirable that an independent inquiry into Mr. Booth's forty-three cases should be made before they are held to prove the truth of his assertions. Is it not even possible that his present departure is due not so much to his success in the past in organizing a large army of followers, as to his comparative failure in reaching the class whom he wished to reform?

That his case is not proved is generally admitted; but it has been asked in the Press and elsewhere, "Why not let General Booth try his experiment? The most that can happen is the waste of £100,000 or £1,000,000." This argument is extremely fallacious. Whether successful or unsuccessful in benefiting the individuals with whom it deals, Mr. Booth's scheme will inevitably tend to produce some evil results. He considers primarily, and almost exclusively, the interests of the individual sufferer, and takes little or no account of those of society as a whole. It is an admitted fact that the Mansion House Distress Fund attracted a large number of the unemployed to London. To such an extent does the existence of the Poor Law Casual ward foster the idle and vagabond class that a reaction against that sort of institution has arisen in some quarters, and in one union the question of its abolition has been definitely raised. From our experience we can say that the charitable refuge also operates in the same way. Mr. Booth himself states that taking three batches of homeless men in London he found that twenty-two out of thirty, forty-two out of

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sixty, and sixty-three out of eighty-five respectively, were country born. A vast system of new refuges, expressly made as attractive as possible, could not possibly fail to draw fresh recruits from the country to the army of London unemployed ;* and nobody can be found to deny that the further congestion of casual labour in the metropolis would be a great calamity.

Before leaving this part of our subject there is one other fact to which we have already alluded, but which must not be forgotten in the present context. General Booth's proposed machinery is adapted only for the rescue of single men and women. He states that a large number of his applicants who come to him as single men subsequently prove to have wives and families, and his experience in this respect is not unique. Is it fanciful to say that in opening attractive resorts for every single man who cares to apply, he is offering an encouragement to all those who find the task of maintaining their family a difficult one, to leave them to the care of the parish and betake themselves to Mr. Booth ?

We have so far considered only the machinery proposed by Mr. Booth for the collection of his human material, and its rough manufacture into useful labour stuff. We come next to the second stage—the means he proposes to adopt in order to provide with work those whom he has fitted for it. In the first instance, no doubt, these new workers would find ample occupation in and about the farm colony. The buildings would have to be erected, the estate laid out, the food for those undergoing the process of training to be begged from the houses of the well-to-do in town. But Mr. Booth will find that with all his efforts he will not exhaust the class with which he undertakes to deal. He himself declares that when one is removed by death his place is immediately taken by another; the class is being constantly recruited from above with the idle and dissolute ; and it is indeed possible that its numbers are restricted only by the limitations of charity. General Booth's efforts will be analogous to those of a man who by continual baling attempts to empty a bath which is already full to the overflow pipe, and whose tap is constantly running.

In view of this state of things Mr. Booth feels called upon to devise special methods for providing occupation for his men after the completion of their period of training. He anticipates that the bulk will be provided for by emigration across the seas. The

* The above was written last November. Abundant evidence is now (January 1891) forthcoming that the process has already begun.—H. C. B.

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co-operative farm and the garden allotments will afford a scope for the energies of others. It is clear, however, that there will be left a residuum—and a constantly growing one—even of his reformed material which will be unsuitable for employment in any of these special undertakings. For them he will apparently have to provide artificial work at his farm colony. He thinks it will be strange if he cannot find something even for the weak-minded to do by which they can fairly earn their bread. But what if they have a wife and family? Are they to be paid according to the number of their children? It is perhaps profitless to push such questions home. Now and then, indeed, Mr. Booth seems to hint at a vast organization, or, as he would call it, regimentation of the lower kinds of labour, which is to be under his absolute control. Every member's labour is to be regulated (whether by himself or by General Booth is not quite clear) by the interests of the whole of his community and not that of the man's own family. It is, in short, a system of Platonic Socialism, of which the logical outcome would be the total abolition of the family and domestic life. The really significant fact is that General Booth certainly contemplates artificial and charitable employment for all who declare their need of it.

It is scarcely necessary at the present time to prove that the application of charitable effort in this direction is a mistake. The experiment has often been tried, and has always failed, except when carried out on a very small scale and during periods of exceptional distress. This fact is now openly accepted by our public men. As recently as the end of last October Mr. Ritchie refused to see a deputation which desired to urge upon him the desirability of instructing local authorities to open relief works for the unemployed during the present winter, giving as his reason that the Government were satisfied that such works tended to the congestion of labour in the districts where it was not wanted.

This principle of non-interference with the free flow of labour is one which no rational philanthropist would have thought of questioning, had not General Booth made its rejection part of his scheme. But is the provision of charitable employment (except as mere test work) an essential part of his experiment? We think not. It is the experience of those who have had to do with the unemployed individually that, given that a man is once able and willing to work, he can find something to do except in most unusually bad times. He may have to wait, and in that case the existence of a friend is invaluable. But this fact affords no

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reason for opening a labour yard, where his work will be comparatively useless because not the result of a natural demand, and his occupation will merely prevent him from seeking employment where his labour may be really needed. We may, indeed, appeal to General Booth's own cases. It does not appear that when his *protégés* were reformed they suffered any inconvenience from inability to obtain work, and in many instances the men are actually described as having subsequently continued in regular employment.

We have considered the farm colony from the point of view of principle only. We cannot here discuss the practicability of the scheme. The experiment has not, as far as we are aware, ever been tried in this country. As a reformatory institution for adults it has, when tried on a limited scale, met with partial success in Germany and Holland. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our doubts that the loafers of London can ever come to earn their living as farm labourers, or women from the pavements of Piccadilly by gathering strawberries in Essex.

Of the still larger schemes to which we have already referred we can only say that they are not represented to us in a form in which they can be profitably discussed. If General Booth adds one more agency to those engaged in the work of emigration, he will scarcely produce greater results in proportion to the money entrusted to him than they do. Whether he has or has not the special experience for the purpose we need not decide. But when we consider the amount of charitable money already expended in emigration, the hundreds of thousands of pounds already settled on charitable trusts, and subscribed to commercial companies, with the object of providing improved dwellings for the poor, and when we observe that Mr. Booth ignores or treats with contempt all existing agencies which profess to cover the ground which he now seeks to monopolise, we cannot help regarding as mere bombast his statement that with £100,000 he can give his scheme, including all its branches, a fair start, and provide a remedy commensurate with the evil with which he has to deal. Why, he shows that the mere provision of tubs and sacks for his "Salvage Brigade" will cost £25,000! The project for a "Whitechapel-by-the-Sea" may be dismissed with the comment that he assumes that a railway company will be found to convey persons from London to the seaside and back at a uniform charge of one shilling per head!

It is then in our opinion only the scheme for the reclamation

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of the lost which calls for serious criticism. Its strength lies in General Booth's appeal to what he has done in this field in the past. But we have yet to be satisfied that his efforts in this direction have been attended with any great success. When proofs have been called for, they have, as we have seen, not been forthcoming.

General Booth condemns existing institutions, because they do not touch the residuum; but if they do not do so directly, are they not at any rate likely to prevent individuals from falling into it? Statisticians are agreed that the number of the destitute in proportion to the rest of the population is steadily diminishing. Is it not at least possible that this fact is due in part to the wise administration of the Poor Law, and educational and charitable institutions? Is it not equally possible that General Booth's scheme, even supposing that it may raise some individuals from the class, will lead to the increased influx into that class from above?

In conclusion we may note that the last suggestion made for labour and training colonies in this country was advanced from a very different standpoint. Mr. Charles Booth, the author of 'Life and Labour in East London,' to whose careful inquiries and statistics relating to the numerical proportions of the different classes of wage-earners all persons interested in the social question are heavily indebted, came to the conclusion that the number of the lowest classes, *i.e.* those whose way of living is condemned by public opinion as unsatisfactory, has become relatively so small that it could be swept away altogether by legislation. By severe sanitary enactments, strictly enforced, it would be possible to render their present mode of life illegal, and force them to choose between the workhouse and prison. Such enactments would, however, in the present state of public opinion be a dead-letter, unless public opinion were satisfied by an improved workhouse. With a view to this he threw out a suggestion that labour colonies should be started by the parish, where all persons unable to keep themselves and their families in such a condition as would satisfy the law, should have an opportunity of fitting themselves to earn better wages. At the same time he suggested that it would be necessary in such cases to provide that the head of the family should not during his period of training be separated from his wife and children. This scheme has not been regarded by many persons as practicable at present; nor has Mr. Charles Booth, we believe, urged it with any insistence;

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but it has this advantage over that of General Booth, that it recognizes the fact that you cannot drain the slough without stopping the constant influx into it.

General Booth challenges his critics to produce an alternative scheme for the regeneration of the lost. We have none to offer. We believe that in the future, as in the past, the proportionate numbers of the destitute will gradually diminish, and that individual sinners will be rescued through the agency of religion and of sympathetic friendship; but as long as vice and drunkenness exist, suffering will follow in their train. Much has been done, and is being done, both by public and private effort, to attack the evils at their source. The results of such efforts are slow and gradual, but they are sure. Meanwhile we must not forget the existence of the Poor Law. While it is in force no person can, except of his own free-will, either starve or pass the night in the open air.

H. CLARENCE BOURNE.

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MAXIMS FOR NOVEL-WRITERS.

OWING to the increasing amount of attention now being paid by men, women, and children of all classes of intellect and profession to the interesting amusement of writing novels, it is thought that it may not be out of place to offer to the writing public the following little compendium of the principles adopted by our most successful modern authors. The compiler trusts that it may at least contribute to save the beginner from the necessity of a distressingly lengthened survey of their works, the dislike of which ordeal, it is to be feared, not unfrequently drives him to the desperate measure of observing human nature at first hand.

ARSENIC.—The poison administered to others by women intending to commit murder. (See also "Chloral.")

ARTIST.—A limp creature in long hair and knickerbockers.

ATHEIST.—If introduced, always the most virtuous man in the book.

AUNT.—Always "maiden," and eccentric in behaviour.

BARONET.—A bold, bad man; something like a French marquis, but younger.

BARRISTER.—As bad as a baronet, but not so bold.

BEAUTY.—Many prefer to make their heroes and heroines "not exactly handsome according to the severe canons of Art, but yet possessing a charm of expression which instantly fascinated all who beheld it." The advantage of this description is that nine out of ten of your readers will think it fits themselves, and will be pleased accordingly.

BISHOP.—"Worthy;" has been an athlete; has "calves," or sometimes "a pair of calves."

CAPTAIN (ARMY).—A dashing, well-dressed man in want either of cash or morals, and generally both.

CAPTAIN (NAVAL), not much used.—"Jolly."

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CASTLE.—Always "feudal."

CHARACTERS.—It is usual to have a bad young man and woman, a good young man and woman, two or three unintelligent old persons neither good nor bad, and a few dummies of either sex, who perhaps ought not to be included under the head *Characters.*

CHLORAL.—The poison administered to themselves by women intending to commit suicide. (See also "Arsenic.")

CONFESSION.—When you have got the story into such a hopeless mess that your murder cannot by any other possibility be discovered, then naturally your murderer will confess.

CONFIDENCE.—A secret told to a friend and confided by him to others.

COTTAGES.—Are "nestled," not "situated," and be careful not to forget the honeysuckle.

COUNTRY HOUSE.—If large, always Elizabethan.

CRIME.—An illegal act committed in order that it may be discovered in three volumes. Crimes are of two sorts; 1. the High Life; 2. the Low Life. There are three in the first class, viz. Forgery, Breach of the Seventh Commandment, and Murder. The two latter also appear in the second class, together with Burglary, Assault, Theft, and kindred offences.

CRITICS.—You know the celebrated definition invented by Théophile Gautier and copied by Disraeli. By the same token, you may be one yourself some day. Therefore, restrain your abuse of them. We never know what we may come to.

CURATE.—Is expected to use bad language once in the book.

DAGGER.—Only used in exoteric novels and such as deal with low life. Owing to the recent glut of "butcher" literature they have gone somewhat out of fashion. The Venetian glass dagger, of which the handle is snapped off, is the best, since it leaves no wound apparent. But poison is, after all, the nicest.

DEATH.—Is caused by arsenic, broken heart, chloral, consumption, decline, drowning, duel, fire, hunting, pining away, shooting, suicide, and wounding.

DELIRIUM.—(See "Secret.")

DETECTIVE (in English novels).—A professional intended to be outdone in his own line of business by an amateur in the same.

DIARY.—A vehicle for conveying incriminating information which otherwise could not possibly have been discovered.

DOCUMENTS.—When intended to be destroyed are torn up,

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never burnt, or how could they subsequently be pieced together?

DUCHESS.—Is "dear," portly, and respectable.

DUKE.—Not much used.

EARS.—"Shell-like" for heroine.

EYES.—Violet for heroine; brown for honesty; grey for cruelty.

ELOPEMENT.—Almost obsolete, owing to the telegraphic system.

FIRE.—Only breaks out when girls are desired to appear in deshabille. See therefore that the fire never occurs during the daytime.

FOOT.—"Dainty" for heroine.

FOREIGNER.—A shady character, of whose antecedents nothing is known, but who nevertheless gains admittance to the most select circles. If "wealthy," he wears a fur coat and smokes big cigars and "delicately-perfumed cigarettes."

FRENCH.—Is the language authors believe themselves to be using when they introduce and italicise words which they know are not English.

GHOSTS.—None except those conforming to the rules, regulations, and bye-laws of the S.P.R. admitted.

GOVERNESS.—Either spiteful, and mars the heroine; or delightful, and marries the hero.

GUARDS.—Heroes are usually recruited from these, or from some section of the Household Brigade.

HAIR.—May be any colour. If false, it denotes bad morals. In the case of a woman, it is either "gathered carelessly into a knot," "drawn back from the forehead," or "braided at the back." It is always done "simply," and nothing but "a single rose" is ever worn in it.

HERO (or HEROINE).—A portrait of yourself as you think you might have been.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE.—(See "Guards.")

HUNTING.—An opportunity for flirtation and a means of death.

INDIAN NOVEL.—Make your characters decidedly black, and your story rather hot. Learn from troopers, and describe those details of fighting which officers and gentlemen are wont to conceal. Be cynical, be slangy, and the public will swarm to your productions like the flies that July evening in Poonah round the—— But that is another story.

INGÉNUE.—A useful novelistic fiction.

JESUIT.—A clever scoundrel who succeeds in the first volume, is baffled in the second, and shown up in the third.

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LAW.—Always at fault, and never even moderately equitable unless some woman can outwit the villain's solicitors.

LOVE.—Four out of the five letters composing "novel" spell "love," and hence four-fifths is the proportion indicated by the inventors of the English language of love to the whole matter of the book.

LOVERS.—The rule is, "Two to each girl, if good; one apiece to the rest; one rejected lover at least to remain single all his life."

MARQUIS.—An old and wicked French gentleman.

MARRIAGE.—In first volume, dismal; in second, doubtful; in third, happy.

MONTE CARLO.—Describe the scene; introduce the expressions, "*Pair*," "*Impair*," "*Croupier*," "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus*," and make one person at least break the bank, and have his (or her) winnings stolen the same night.

MORALS.—Most modern novels are without morals.

MURDER.—A crime committed by an apparently respectable person, the suspicion of which is attached to one who is shown to be innocent only towards the end of the third volume.

NAMES.—Take a "Peerage," and choose real names from those of well-known families. It adds piquancy, and if you make anybody wince, why should you care? Your withers are unwrung.

NOSE.—Usually described only in the case of women.

NOVELS.—If alluded to, speak disparagingly of them. Théophile Gautier says novels have two uses—one, material; and the other, spiritual. The material use is to enrich the author, to adorn the library, increase the profits of paper merchants, provide wages for printers, and so forth. The spiritual use is this—that by inducing sleep, they prevent the reader perusing useful, virtuous, and enlightened journals, and other indigestible literature of the same kind. (See also "Indian Novel," "Philosophical," "Railway," "Social," and "Sporting" ditto.)

NURSE.—Avoid young women who nurse male friends with a view to matrimony. This use of illness has been done to death.

OATHS.—Many lady novelists still make great use of these.

PHILOSOPHICAL NOVEL.—Describe the mental history of some misty-minded individual, who is led by information derived from a sixpenny Handbook to Philosophy to abandon the faith of his youth in favour of chaotic agnosticism, and then, in later

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life, is influenced—how and why you can best explain—to adopt the form of belief professed by yourself.

(N.B.—You will not refer specifically to the sixpenny handbook in question, but you must read it. In the actual text it will be sufficient to allude generally to Kant, Hegel, Reid, Berkeley, Hume, Fichte, Hobbes, Schopenhauer, Descartes, Plato, Apollodorus the Epicurean, Wolff, J. J. Wagner, Spinoza, Zeno the Eleatic, Pherecydes of Syros, and, of course, men like Metrodorus of Lampsacus, R. Lambruschini, François de la Mothe le Vayer, with others of like importance.)

PLAGIARISM.—It is generally conceded that this is impossible, therefore copy freely.

> *Sneerwell.* Haven't I heard that line before?
> *Puff.* No, I fancy not. Where, pray?
> *Dangle.* Yes, I think there is something like it in "Othello."
> *Puff.* Gad! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is. But that's of no consequence; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought, and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.—*The Critic*, Act III., Sc. 3.

Formerly plagiarism was considered to be as possible as squaring the circle was impossible. Now the reverse is the case. An author gains admittance to a (not very) particular literary circle, and, by conforming to certain well-understood rules, finds it possible to square it; after which he can cause it to be demonstrated by any member of the circle that plagiarism is a chimera, and originality a necessary virtue.

PLOT.—It is still usual to have one; some prefer two. If the latter, then remember Puff's *dictum*, "The grand point in managing them is only to let your under-plot have as little connection with your main plot as possible." (*The Critic*, Act II., Sc. 3.)

POISON.—(See "Arsenic," "Chloral.")

PRINCE.—Always Russian. When a girl is in love with one, she addresses him as "*Mon Prince.*"

PUBLISHER.—A necessary middleman standing between you and the reading public.

RAILWAY NOVEL.—Books of this class are read by travellers on long journeys when they have exhausted their newspapers,

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and have perused not only the advertisements, notices, and cautions put up in their compartments by a considerate railway company, but also the directions printed in small type on the backs of their tickets. Having regard to the probable condition of the reader's mind under such circumstances, it would seem immaterial how the railway novel is composed. It should, however, be light to hold in the hand, and the leaves should be perforated near the back so that they can be easily torn out and made into spills, &c.

RELIGION.—Nothing need be said on this subject.

SALE.—If you follow the advice given in these Maxims you are pretty sure to be sold; the only question is, Will you be bought?

SECRETS.—Are always divulged except when first mentioned towards the close of the book. The methods of divulging are six: 1. by leaving about papers on which the secret is written; 2. by talking loudly in the presence of those from whom it is desired the secret should be kept; 3. by somnambulism or talking in sleep; 4. by delirium; 5. by visions in dreams; and 6. by blotting-paper.

SOCIAL NOVEL.—A blue book with a yellow back.

SOCIETY.—Use only the highest or the lowest, though you probably know nothing of either, and show only the "seamy side."

SOMNAMBULISM.—(See "Secret.")

SPORTING NOVEL.—Take two or three descriptions of runs from a sporting weekly; see that your heroine is always nearest the brush; make your hero speak of her as a "filly," and propose to her in hunting phraseology on a frosty morning in the kennels; spin the above material into three equal volumes, and you will find that such men as Surtees and Whyte Melville are not even in the same field with you.

SUICIDE.—A convenient method of weeding out bad characters whom the rest are too virtuous to murder. (See also "Chloral.")

SUSPICION.—Odium attached to the innocent.

TEETH.—"Pearls" for women, "regular" for men. They may be spoken of collectively as "a pleasing set," and are then usually said to be "displayed"; *e.g.*, when the hero smiles.

TITLE.—Miss Braddon once published a serial story under the title of "Her Splendid Misery." Before long a fellow-author wrote to say he had already so named one of his novels. She accordingly changed it to "Her Gilded Cage." Some one

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immediately went to her publishers to say that this title also had been forestalled. She next proposed to call it "Barbara's History," but discovered that "Barbara's History" had already been written. Finally, the novel was christened, "The Story of Barbara; Her Splendid Misery and Her Gilded Cage." This shows the need of aiming at originality in titles. None of the rest of the book need be intentionally original. (See "Plagiarism.")

UNCLE (*Avunculus legans*).—A person who makes money presents and leaves unexpected legacies. He must be carefully distinguished from the Fleet Street variety, *Avunculus tripilaris*.

VILLAIN. "When the villains fail or mend
The story always ought to end."

VOLUMES.—The first should titillate; the second, mystify; and the third, explain.

WIDOW.—A very wicked or a very pious female.

WIFE.—If introduced as such at the commencement, a little dallying with the Serpent is expected.

WILL.—Is made to be altered, left about, or lost—if irretrievably, then see that a subsequent and more equitable Will is discovered.

WORLD.—Consists of Great Britain, Paris, the Riviera, Rome, Naples, Venice, and Homburg. Some novelists believe that there are other places, and occasionally allude to them; but it is unsafe to venture beyond the localities indicated.

YEOMANRY.—Give balls.

YOUNGER SONS.—Call these "detrimentals," but make them better than their elder brothers. Of course you must never give them any money to begin with, but this need not prevent you putting them in the Blues or Life Guards.

EGOMET.

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A TURKISH BRIGAND ROMANCE.

IF you travel by the railway (and what a primitive railway it was to be sure—with its little shanty stations, where the groups of Turkish peasants stood agape at every train that passed as if their wonder at the snorting, smoky means of locomotion had for ever taken the place of any more active employment of life!) from Haidar-Pashar, on the Bosphorus, to Ismidt, and you get out at a little station almost exactly half-way between the two places,—if you then mount one of the little rough country horses, always ready at five minutes' order, trust yourself tenderly to the trial of an awful imitation of a saddle "alla franca," and ride for six slow and painful hours, you will come to the curious, tumble-down village where Ayesha lives. It nestles high up in the hills close to a haunted wood, the home of the demon who is a terror to the simple-minded Turkish folk, but who has a sufficiently kind heart to have never manifested himself since the time when he was seen by the grandfather of the most ancient elder of the village, and then only in the shape of a stag with a single horn growing out from between his eyes,—high up in the hills from which glimpses may be had, over depressions in the sweeping downs, of the blue Marmara—hills where the air is scented by the wild thyme and mint in the summer, and the vine runs wild; where the harvests are plentiful if the seed be only sown; where the thick underwood affords cover in the winter for numberless wood-cock—fine sport for outlandish guns; where little clear streams purl for ever musically under the trees, and the wild flowers grow, and the birds sing, and peace and contentment might, but for man, reign undisturbed for ever.

Eight long hours would Mehemet, a great handsome giant of a Turkish peasant, often tramp on foot through that beautiful country behind his scraggy pack-horses from his village (the

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same in which Ayesha lived) to the small town with a railway station, where he would sell his charcoal for money to be paid to the tax-collector, and seven hours back again, with one taken for rest between. At the end of the sixteen hours' journey Mehemet would lounge into what he called his "harem," and be greeted by his old mother, its one inmate, with a plate of rice, and the unfailing question:

"Didst thou ride the beasts back?"

"Not I," was the invariable answer; "I am heavier than charcoal."

"Very right," the old woman would reply; "wise men walk where fools ride."

After his plate of rice he would saunter off to the *Kavédgi*, the coffee-seller, whose small shop formed a kind of meeting-place for the men of the village, and after bidding the "Peace be with you" to his gossips, and receiving from them the "And with you be peace," would enter into a conversation which consisted frequently—ideas being as scarce as news, and necessity for their interchange therefore absent—of prolonged intervals of silence linked together by grunts. Sometimes, if he were pretty flush of money, he would indulge in a little cup of muddy black coffee to accompany his cigarette of contraband tobacco. As to the tobacco being contraband, that must not be laid to his blame; the tobacco administration was in the hands of foreigners, a pack of Giaours and money-grabbers, whose ends, he thought, in his simple peasant's faith, it would be serving his God and his Padishah to frustrate. And Mehemet frustrated them with considerable success, and was on the whole—happiness after all being a relative term—a happy man. He really wanted for nothing. He had a cow and a few sheep which grazed under the eye of the village herdsman and shepherd on the common pasture-land—commons have not yet even begun to be enclosed in Turkey; and a queer old-world sight it is to see the shepherd in by no means a Watteau costume, but attired in skins of departed members of his flock, playing on his Pan-pipe strange outlandish melodies with which the air of that country has vibrated for countless centuries. Then to pay his taxes, and buy a little rice and coffee and one or two articles of clothing for his old mother, Mehemet burnt charcoal and sold it, as above set forth; and that same old mother herself spun and wove the wool sheared from the backs of his sheep into clothes for him, and they had their little cottage

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to live in. He had a gun too—a wonderful French gun, which, after painful scrapings and savings, he had managed to buy in Stamboul, and by which he added sometimes a savoury morsel to the scanty meals; and he grew maize on a bit of land near the village, and contraband tobacco behind his cottage. Surely there was nothing more that the soul of Mehemet could desire.

Yes! there was! His soul longed for a harem more attractively inhabited than at present, and as an abstract principle and matter of theory he considered that it was time that he should take unto himself a wife. But he had gone far beyond the mere abstract principle, and had found an object for his philosophy in the person of Ayesha. It is on the whole unusual, though less so in the country than in the towns, that a Turk should fall in love before his marriage, or even see his future spouse's face undisguised by a *yashmak*. But Mehemet was one of the exceptions. The field of Ayesha's parents adjoined his, and he had had many opportunities of noticing her graceful figure and her pretty face (for the custom of wearing the *yashmak* is more honoured in the breach than in the observance when work is being done in the fields). Nay, Mehemet and Ayesha had even found occasion to exchange a few words every now and then, she responding shyly to his advances at first, but subsequently showing much ingenuity in contriving to be close to him at some hour or other of the day. And so the end of it all was that Mehemet was very much in love—had sold a few sheep in order to raise sufficient money to put his house in order, and had made his mother propose formally for him to Ayesha's parents for her hand. Thus Mehemet's cup of happiness was soon to be complete. Ayesha's parents were nothing loth to lessen the number of their household by one, and the marriage was arranged, as also the dowry of a cow and a few more sheep which Ayesha was to bring with her to swell her future husband's fortune. Therefore Mehemet could not for the life of him understand why it was, on the day on which this history begins, that Ayesha seemed so reluctant to come near the confines of his field, in spite of the many obvious chances he gave her, and that when at last she did approach him her face was swollen with weeping, and her eyes still streaming tears. Being—except as to divers scoldings from, or quarrels with, his mother—quite unused to the ways of women, none of the explanations occurred to him which might have come into the sophisticated mind of a

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Western man, even in his own class. He did not give vent to any consolatory reflections on the variableness or unaccountability of the fair sex; he simply cocked his fez forward, put his head on one side, rubbed his fingers through his hair, stared at her, puzzled and uncomfortable, and waited for an explanation. But as Ayesha went on with the pretence at hoeing—which was her pretext for coming near him—without speaking a word, scarcely even raising her eyes, he plucked up his courage, and, hoeing too vigorously on his side, said—

"What art thou crying for?"

To this abrupt question he received no answer for so long, that he looked up startled from his work to find Ayesha, with a disturbing forgetfulness of proprieties, leaning on her hoe and looking at him with an expression of such evident distress that he also forget himself and, stopping the quite unnecessary trouble he was taking over a piece of ground already thoroughly prepared, he took a stride nearer to her and asked again, in a louder tone—

"What art thou crying for?"

His movement and his voice startled Ayesha into her hoeing again; but a trembling answer came back to him:—

"I am going to be married."

This announcement plunged Mehemet into an abyss of astonishment. His mind became a blank; he blamed himself for not understanding the ways of women; he tried to conceive some reason why he too should weep because he was going to be married, and could find none—on the contrary, he was delighted. Ayesha seemed to him more lovely and desirable than ever. A little auburn curl had escaped from under her *mahrama*, and was waving in the light breeze and shining in the sun; all he felt was a wild wish to run up to her and kiss it. But though his amazement had entirely driven his fictitious work out of his mind, the proprieties kept him standing where he was, though blankly staring at Ayesha. At last he found his tongue.

"I have not understood," he said. "I also am going to be married. It is arranged that we are to be married; why should that make thee cry?"

"Truly thou hast not understood," replied Ayesha miserably. "It is not thee I am to marry—would God it were! I am to be married to Bahri Bey."

Mehemet stood as one stunned. His hoe dropped from his hand, his knees trembled under him, he nearly fell. He looked

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up at the familiar hills round him, and though he seemed to see each well-known point and feature with extraordinary distinctness, he scarcely recognized them ; they had a strangeness about them. He looked down at the soil at his feet ; that too he saw with a sight unnaturally clear ; each tiny grain of earth,! each minute fragment of stone, were cut out in sharp relief ; but it was not, it seemed, the same soil he saw every day. And the light of day grew pale, and all the beautiful colours which clothed the luxuriant nature round him looked dead, and nothing was the same, for he himself had changed, and a great bitterness had entered into his soul.

"Bahri Bey!" he groaned at last, and even his own voice was unfamiliar to him, as if some stranger were speaking. "Bahri Bey! I have not understood. I had arranged all with thy father ; what has happened? They cannot break their word! By Allah!" he said, with sudden savageness in his tone, "I will keep them to it!"

"May God grant it!" said Ayesha, with sobs rising in her throat. "I have refused, and kept on refusing, but they will not listen, and in the end I may be forced, or worse shall happen. Do thy best, and may God grant it! I must not stop here talking. I have recommended thee to God. . . . Ah! Mehemet, I love thee much!" And with this ingenuous and heartfelt confession Ayesha turned sadly and walked away, the tears streaming from her eyes, whilst Mehemet stood looking after her, with the veil of strangeness thrown over his vision.

At last he gathered himself together, and, picking up his fallen tool, turned his face homeward. He had made up his mind that in some way or other he would keep old Sâdi, Ayesha's father, to his promise, and would frustrate Bahri Bey ; how, he could not yet see, and indeed a fresh blow of despair struck him every time that the name of Bahri Bey occurred to him, for this was a terrible rival indeed. Bahri Bey was a rich Turkish proprietor, some fifty years old, who lived in a large *tchiftlik** hard by. He had many thousand acres of land, and numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep ; he was the descendant of a great line of Dereh-Beys, or Lords of the Valley, and had succeeded in preserving much of the possessions and greatness of his ancestors ; had himself been Mütessarif, or governor, of the district, when, after the manner of his kind, he had considerably added to his wealth, and now, retired into

* Half country-house, half-farm.

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private life, divided his time between his *tchiftlik* and Stamboul, where he had a *yalé* on the Bosphorus. So Mehemet thought on all the luxury and glory of Bahri Bey, and chill despair crushed his soul. "He is rich," he kept on murmuring to himself, "he could get any beautiful Circassian girl he chose; why cannot he leave Ayesha to me?"

His first move in the fight against fate was a direct appeal to Sâdi. But seeing, after an hour's pleading and furious reproach, that in that quarter no hope was to be found, he went his way with a still heavier heart, but a resolve as fixed as ever.

Now Bahri Bey was a man of definite decision and quick action. Having made up his mind that he would marry Ayesha, whose grace and beauty had often greatly struck him as he rode past her working in the fields, he had promptly sent for Sâdi, her father, and announcing his determination, to the intense astonishment and delight of the good peasant, ordered him to prepare his daughter to be married in fifteen days' time.

But when Sâdi announced the good news at home, he met with perfectly unexpected opposition, for far from being overjoyed at the magnificent prospect laid before her, Ayesha refused point-blank to be a party to the marriage, and would not be moved. Sâdi and her mother tried every means—flattery, persuasion, threats, upbraiding, scorn, authority—and the more they tried, the more Ayesha exasperated them by repeating that she was afraid of Bahri and should die if she married him, that her marriage with Mehemet was arranged and must be carried out, and that she would thus be quite contented. Sâdi finally put an end to the matter by saying that her contentment was empty talk, of which he required no more, and that in fifteen days she should be the wife of Bahri, whatever might be her fear of him; besides which, he added, it was only kindness to the man she loved, for were Mehemet to be the cause of his wishes being thwarted, Bahri would surely kill him. He had, in fact, mentioned her engagement to Mehemet in his conversation with Bahri, and the latter had said as much.

Then Ayesha, in the darkness of the night, weeping in the corner which was her sleeping-place, but where it seemed to her that sleep would never come to her again, became convinced that resistance was hopeless; she was terrified at what her father had said of Bahri's vengeance on Mehemet if she married him, and convinced that it was no invention to force her to consent. All she could do would be to tell Mehemet next day; he was big

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and strong and might be able to save matters yet. How she told him and what effect it had on him has already been related.

* * * * *

Slightly before sunset of the day before that fixed for his wedding with Ayesha, Bahri was walking, as was his wont, in a grove of trees not two hundred yards away from his house, when he suddenly felt a crushing blow upon his head; the next thing he knew was that he was lying on his back watching the stars, which were just beginning to glimmer palely forth from a sky in which some traces of sunset-glory still remained, and that things seemed strange to him, as if he were looking through some one else's eyes. He attempted to sit up in order to collect himself, when he found himself confronted by the barrel of a revolver, held by a man whom he thought he recognized, and who ordered him roughly to lie down. "If you attempt to get up without permission, you will be killed," he added; "we are three armed, you are one unarmed; no harm will happen to you, if you do as you are told." So he lay quietly back, and looked at the stars, and presently coming more to himself made pretty certain that he had been taken by brigands; that would mean a tiresomely big ransom; but the risk was none, as he was sure that he could pay it at once. As to his wedding, it was put off for a few days, which was annoying, certainly; but after all it did not really matter; besides it would be such a pleasant contrast to go for the first time to the arms of the lovely Ayesha from this rough adventure. Thus he rapidly put himself into a comparatively happy frame of mind, and when ordered, as soon as night had fully set in, to get up and walk between two of his guardians, the third walking behind, all three with revolvers ready in their hands, he started off pretty briskly, feeling only a little dizzy from the blow on his head, but no fear. They took a north-easterly direction, striking straight into the great range of stony hills which forms the back-bone, running east and west, of the southern half of Bithynia. For the first three hours Bahri walked well; the exercise and movement through the night air helped him to recover from the shock he had suffered; all he felt was considerable curiosity as to where he was to be taken to, and who were the men who had captured him. That great giant of a fellow behind him, he was certain he had seen him somewhere before, but though he racked his brains he could get no recollection of how or where. As he was puzzling over this he felt a sharp pain in the sole of his

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right foot, which suddenly reminded him that when he had been kidnapped he had only a thin pair of slippers on, most unfit for long tramps over rough and rocky hill-sides. He carefully felt his slippers as he walked, and came to the unpleasant conclusion that the sole was worn right through in the place where he felt the pain, and that in a very short time there would be no soles left at all to protect his feet. Presently, for the first time breaking the silence, he appealed to his guards to stop, for he was walking on bare feet. They answered shortly that they had far to go before sunrise and had no time to lose. Soon the pain became so great that he could no longer choose his steps, but stumbled along anyhow, continually striking his bleeding feet against corners of rock, now and again nearly falling, sick and faint with pain and exhaustion. The two men walking at his sides could not but take pity on him, and gave him some support; but the party was urged on by the tall man behind, who would allow no slackening of the pace. They had now been going for five hours, it was about half-past one in the morning, a little more than two hours to sunrise, and in those two hours it seemed from the muttered conversation of Bahri's companions, that much distance had yet to be covered. The despair with which he heard this, redoubled the pain he was suffering; each step was a pang of agony, and what with this, and the blow on his head in the evening, and the emptiness of his stomach, for he had not, of course, had his sunset-meal, Bahri at last found relief in delirium. He talked and laughed wildly, welcomed his companions to his wedding-feast, extolled the beauty of Ayesha, laughed at Sâdi, railed at Mehemet, much to the amusement of the men at his sides; the third man pressed them on with a grim stern face, in unbroken silence.

When for the second time in twelve hours Bahri regained consciousness, the sun was already well up; he was lying in a wood; a few yards off him were two of his companions of the night's march, and some seven or eight others stretched in various attitudes of repose; a little apart were sitting two little children, a girl and boy; close by him was the tall man who had driven him so cruelly, watching him, and, as his eyes met those of Bahri, he gave a peculiar smile.

"Here, Essad," he called out. "Our good friend Bahri Bey has woke up."

At the call a magnificent-looking man, well-dressed and fully armed, came up to Bahri Bey and politely made a salaam to him.

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"I am glad to see you, Effendim," he said. "I fear you must be suffering great pain from your feet, but we could not act otherwise. They will no doubt get better soon, and when you go back it will be possible for you to ride. We have a letter ready for you to sign to order your horse here; but before looking at that you must eat. Bring meat and drink to the Effendi," he continued, raising his voice.

Bahri, who had greatly recovered himself by means of the few hours' sleep he had enjoyed after his delirium, ate well of the rough food set before him and drank a good draught of milk. Essad, who was the chief of the band, watched him with approval.

"I am glad to see you eat," said he; "be happy, Effendim, for we wish you nothing but good; truly your visit was not chosen by yourself, but it depends entirely upon yourself how soon you return. Whilst you are with us we are your slaves, and will serve you well. If you will sign that letter we will send it to its destination, and then you had better rest again."

"I will read it," said Bahri; and he read that, unless within five days from that date, three thousand five hundred pounds were deposited in a bag at a certain spot distant about two hours' ride from his house, he would be killed; that therefore he begged that that sum might be deposited as indicated as expeditiously as possible. His face fell; things had begun to wear an ugly look.

"You are asking impossibilities," he said. "I have scarcely any money in my house. All my property is in my houses and land. In order to raise such a sum as that, they must send to Stamboul, and it must be a week at least before I can get the money back. Besides, the sum is too large. I am not so rich as you think."

Essad looked at the tall man, who shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of contradiction; then, "Effendim," he said, "let us not waste words. We know exactly your wealth, and what money you have available. My companions are difficult fellows to restrain, and unless you sign that letter at once I shall not be able to restrain them. I beg you will sign it."

Bahri held out until he saw that his resistance was too seriously dangerous; but at last he signed the letter, only asking that it might be sent as soon as possible.

By the morning of the following day, when Bahri awoke, the messenger who had taken the letter was back. He enquired anxiously of him of what news he brought,

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"What news should I bring? No news at all," replied the man, with a shrug of his shoulders; "I delivered the letter into the hands of one of your servants; the answer will be found, I suppose, at the appointed place in four days from this." There was an expression in his face as he said this that sent an uncomfortable shiver down Bahri's back.

But although he felt the shadow of death over him, he accepted the situation with that happy resignation natural to a Turkish Mussleman. He grumbled a little at the pain given him by his feet, for the band was always on the march, moving from place to place in the vicinity, so as to elude the search of the Government force which might have been sent out after them, but passing now and then near one village or the other to enable them to buy such provisions as could be found. On the whole, however, his temper was so cheerful, and his demeanour so undismayed, that his captors were evidently much attracted by him, and the intercourse between them and their captive was of a most pleasant and friendly nature. But his chief interest and curiosity were centred in the two children. They were the pets and darlings of these rough brigands, who played with them, caressed them, carried them if they were tired, and in every way showed them the greatest care and affection. So that at first Bahri had supposed them to be the children of the chief, and on the third day of his captivity had enquired of one of his unwelcome friends whether this were so.

"Not at all," had answered the man, raising his head in a decided negative, "we took them nearly a month ago from a village not far off. We have asked a ransom of one hundred and fifty pounds for them, and as the village from which they come is well-to-do, we are certain it is not too much. . . . We gave one week's time for the money to be paid, and have kept on giving extension of time because we love the children, and cannot bear to lay hands on them." He stopped here for a few minutes, but presently went on again with a voice low and thick. "But the time is come, we cannot let ourselves be played with; if we let them go without the ransom demanded, we shall be no longer feared, and that means murder only, and no money; and we want money, and love not killing. This morning we sent a last message, the village is not far; to-morrow morning at sunrise their fate will be decided; and we fear greatly." As he finished, great tears welled up in the fellow's eyes.

That day the brigands lavished more loving attention on the

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children even than they had shown on those preceding, and when early in the evening the little ones had gone to sleep on the rough couch improvised for them, long and anxious council was held amongst them. It was clear to Bahri that Essad and the tall man who had been so unfeeling towards himself had taken the part of sparing the children, and were doing their utmost to persuade their comrades to the more merciful course. The discussion being protracted, and at times excited, he overheard enough to learn that the majority took no notice of the tall man, who was, he understood, a new comer, and threatened to depose Essad from being their chief unless he carried out relentlessly the rules of their livelihood. At last the fatal decision was taken, and the brigands lay down for the night; but Bahri, lying awake, saw one after the other of them steal up to the children, and bend over them gently in their peaceful sleep. Before sunrise next morning two emissaries left the primitive encampment for the final answer. Within two hours they were back, and Bahri heard despair in their voices—they had nothing to show but a letter.

After that, his painful interest in the fate of the children was so intense that he lost all count of time, and it seemed to him as if he were enduring a fearful dream. The events seemed to run into one another, and get confused. The brigands were playing with the children, caressing them, passing them from one to the other, and kissing them; then a game was extemporized—they had to lie down and see how long they could keep quiet whilst being tickled, and there were shouts of childish laughter, whilst great ruffians turned away and sobbed; suddenly there was a flash of yataghans, a vision of spouting blood, a few convulsive struggles, and two little draggled corpses lay on the ground. Then these were sadly lifted up and carried for a march of about an hour to the spot where the letter had been found; there they were laid down and covered with heaps of flowers.

The rest of that day, the fourth, was passed in sullen silence; a humanising influence had passed away, nothing but rude ferocity was left. Bahri was left to the companionship of his own thoughts, and of the tall man, whose face, white and set, seemed to be always glaring on him with a fixed purpose written on it. The evening came, they were now in familiar country, not three hours' distant from Bahri's *tchiftlik* and Ayesha's village, and scouts were set out for the night, for there was danger of Government forces being out in search of the brigands. After

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the evening meal, Bahri composed himself as best he could for a night's rest, whilst the tall brigand, as usual, came and set himself down by him to continue his unceasing watch. Fatigue, and excitement, and the horror of the morning's scene had overcome Bahri, and he soon fell into a heavy sleep. He had scarcely, however, it seemed to him, slept for a minute before he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear,

"Bahri Bey!"

He started up, and saw the white face of the tall brigand close to his in the moonlight.

"*Suss!*" said the brigand. "Hush, my Bey! I will speak to thee but very softly, and thou, in answering, wake no one, and be prudent. Listen to what I say. In the morning thou must surely die, for certain it is that the ransom will not be ready; my purpose was laid that time should not be given. There can be no respite, for at any moment the Government troops may be here, and thou canst not have delay. But listen. Thou wast to have married Ayesha, the daughter of Sâdi; the evil eye was upon thee when thy desire of her arose. She was promised to me, Mehemet, the son of Saïd, and I swore I would keep them to their word. On thy death I would leave the band and go back to the village and marry her; but I do not wish thee to die. I am sick of blood, and would I had died before those two children; but I had sworn, and thine is the responsibility. Nevertheless, give me thy word that thou wilt renounce Ayesha, and that I shall marry her, and I will endeavour to lead thee away in safety. If not, the responsibility is again thine."

For a moment Bahri sat in stony astonishment; his mind could, scarcely more than had Sâdi's before, take in the real purport of Mehemet's story. He was brought to himself by an impatient whisper from Mehemet: "I want thine answer," he said; "delay not; time does not remain—look!"—and following the direction of Mehemet's finger, he was startled to see the Eastern sky already growing pale. So he had slept, he thought first before replying, until almost morning; but unconsciously, almost, his mind was working and his answer was ready.

"So it is the girl Ayesha," he said, "and thou art Mehemet the son of Saïd. I thought I knew thy face. So that old fool Sâdi did not lie and it is thou that wilt marry her. Yet how dost thou dare brave it? Let me go free with thee and how canst thou be certain what will follow?"

"Thou wilt give thy word, and it is enough," answered Mehemet.

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The instinct of high honour natural to the Turk when not smothered in Western corruption was all alive in Bahri. "I give my word," he said. "There is no doubtful choice between life and a girl," he added reflectively; "truly wisdom is a good thing; thine is the love of the ignorant."

"Then rise," whispered Mehemet, taking no notice of the concluding remark, "rise, and follow me. There is much danger, but thou shalt escape or I will die."

Softly they rose and crept together past the sleeping brigands; one turned in his sleep and muttered as they went, and a stone kicked by the foot of Bahri rolled and clattered. They lay down quickly, close together, and did not move for five minutes; then crept on softly and fearfully again, as if the least noise would have called forth a troop of devils at their backs. For two hundred yards they went thus; then Mehemet straightened himself up a little.

"Come, my little Bey," he whispered, using the familiar Turkish diminutive, "let us get along a little quicker. We are free of danger behind. I wish I knew where Essad had put out his scouts. But if we go by the rocky ground and avoid the paths, we must be safe. Would I had decided quicker; but I could not tell whether to let thee die, or to take thy word. The children saved thee; it was all for the sake of Ayesha. Now, if the morning light would only delay, we should be safe; but see how fast the day comes on, and the scouts must be still some way in front."

Indeed, the morning was coming on apace, and already the air was full of that pale unearthly glare which precedes the rising sun, giving all things a ghastly and strange look, and throwing an unnatural glamour on the great bare rocks, as if they were in a lunar landscape. Both of the companions in that fearful morning walk felt, too, as if this were part of another life, a slice of experience, as it were, apart from themselves and the world in which they lived and which they knew. They stopped breathless at the sight of a dark form against the brightening sky a little way to the front, and took a *détour* only to find on better observation that it was a thorn-bush of misleading shape. Presently Mehemet quickened his pace and spoke again.

"In old times I knew Essad, before the girl he was to marry had been ill-treated by Zaptiehs, and he had been driven to such madness by his sufferings in prison because he took vengeance on them, and by their insults and wickedness when he had been

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set free, that he became a brigand to revenge himself better. Thou wouldst have married Ayesha although she had been promised to me, and Sâdi, may God give him evil! would not listen to me, and threatened that thou wouldst kill me. I ask thy pardon, Bey Effendi, but I saw no other way; I went to Essad and proposed thy capture, in order to kill thee. Now thou hast renounced Ayesha and promised her to me, I am sorry for thy suffering; but God is good, and with time thou shalt forget it, whilst I would serve thee always. Rejoice now, for we are safe, and may speed on our way. They will not dare come to the village on account of the Government troops."

He had scarcely finished speaking before passing over a little ridge he stumbled, with a sharp cry, and nearly fell, whilst the startling report of a fire-arm rang through the morning air. At the same moment a man, over whom he had tripped, sprung from beneath his feet and seized him by the throat. "Back," cried the latter fiercely, "it is forbidden to pass here."

"Forbidden?" panted Mehemet in reply. "Who said so?" And in a second, before Bahri had time to spring to his assistance, a corpse rolled at Mehemet's feet, with the stab of a yataghan through the heart. Mehemet snatched the dead man's rifle and ammunition from him, and thrust them into Bahri's hands.

"We are past the scout now," he cried, with a kind of gasp, "and we may go like the wind, without care. It is more blood, but how could I help it? That gun will have awakened the whole band. We must fly like birds, they must already be running to assist, and going fast they can be but twenty minutes' distant."

They set to running. Mehemet, with the practised foot of the countryman accustomed to the rough rocky ground, bounding from boulder to boulder as surely, and if he had been alone as swiftly, as a goat, but Bahri, unaccustomed to such exercise and with his feet still sore from his first night's adventure, going uncertainly, missing his footing often, and sadly retarding the pace. But he set his courage to it and laboured bravely on, till suddenly slipping on the edge of a rock, he fell heavily forward with a groan, and lay helpless, half-fainting with pain. Mehemet brought himself up sharp, and in a moment was at his side, pulling him up.

"Come, my little Bey!" he said. "Courage! a fall is nothing when life is in speed and death in delay."

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But Bahri could not put his foot to the ground. His ankle was broken, he could not move a step. Mehemet understood his case at once, cast a desperate look backward, and seemed to reflect—yet for scarce a moment.

"I am with thee, Bey Effendi," he said; "I have given my word." And then, lifting up Bahri in his powerful arms, he went forward again, with clenched teeth and fixed resolve.

But it was slow work, for though a man be big and powerful, the weight of one of his fellows is a heavy load for him, and anxious, for the report of the rifle must have been heard at least by the other scout, who must be running up to see what had happened, would discover the death of his comrade, and would immediately give the alarm to the whole band. Rapidly Mehemet cast up the start which this would give him in time; there was cover, a wood, a long way on to the right, a wood which stretched right away to his own village. If he could reach that, the chances of escape were all in favour of both of them; if not—he looked round to see what were the possibilities. There was nothing but here and there a rock sticking up which might serve as a cover, but was a most doubtful hiding-place. The sun had now just risen, pouring a flood of glorious light over the whole country; there was no morning mist, nor the lightest breeze to temper his rays. With the sweat rolling from him, but undismayed, untired, with surprising strength, Mehemet bore on towards his goal, Bahri lying heavy and helpless in his arms; only now and then, without waiting a moment for rest, he cast a glance backward to see whether he was yet followed. Suddenly he started, he thought a distant shout had fallen on his ear; he looked round again but could see nothing. Hark! another shout! This time there was no doubt about it; but it was not from behind, it was from the right-hand side, even a little to the front. Thither Mehemet directed his eyes; he stopped, rooted to the spot.

"*Wallahi*, my little Bey," he cried, "we are already overtaken; they have made also for the wood, and outstripped us far."

"Drop me and run," said Bahri, "they will yet perhaps await my ransom; if thou canst save thyself thou mayest hasten the payment, in any case one would die instead of two."

"Impossible," replied Mehemet, "I have sworn to stay by you;" as he spoke he moved under the shelter of a rock, about four feet high, putting it between him and his pursuers; "we can use our rifles," he said. "I must lean you against this rock, we

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can both fire over it. Can you do it, my Bey?" and he propped him up behind the rock.

"I can do it," replied Bahri, and taking a careful aim he fired; the shot took no effect except to stop the advance of the brigands, who seeing one of the fugitives already wounded, had not counted on resistance, and were now only a few hundred yards off, although they had not fired a shot. But Bahri undeceived them, and in a moment six or seven bullets whistled by in reply. Then the unequal battle began in real earnest. The brigands, who were eight in number, made no attempt to advance, and themselves at first got under such cover as was available; for two Winchester rifles, well handled, can make a very formidable defence against eight enemies. For some minutes a dropping fire was sustained from both sides, now and then a crash upon the rock in front of them telling Bahri and Mehemet of the marksmanship of their opponents, when suddenly the former threw up his arms and fell backward without a moan. Leaning up against the rock, scarcely able to move more than enough to use his rifle owing to his injured ankle, his head and shoulders had remained exposed, a good mark for the hostile bullets. One had hit him fair in the forehead; Mehemet was spattered with his brains.

"It has finished," muttered Mehemet, setting his teeth. "Would God I could at least hit one of them!"

The brigands had greeted the successful shot with a shout, and now gaining courage, two crept out of their cover from each side, moving to right and left, with the object of creeping round Mehemet and shooting him from the flank. But the latter had not lost his nerve in the slightest degree; always dodging behind his rock when not taking aim, he fought like a lion brought to bay, and after he had, to his keen satisfaction, disabled two of his attackers, the flank movements ceased, and the direct fire became hotter than ever. When suddenly he heard a sound which stopped the beating of his brave heart,—he felt that it was all over. There was the sound of firing from behind him; bullets whistled over his head from the opposite direction. Dropping under cover from the front fire he faced desperately round, rifle in hand. And then all his hope surged up triumphant within him. There, scarce two hundred yards off, lining a ridge of rising ground, were men in uniform—the Government forces sent out in pursuit of the brigands. Unperceived in the excitement of the fray they had come, drawn by the sound of firing.

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Forgetting all danger, heedless of the bullets whistling round him, he stood up to his full height and laughed aloud in the direction of his furious adversaries.

"*Allah-i-rahman u rahim!*" he shouted. "God is almighty and merciful; Ayesha is mine!" The next moment he lay stretched at full length by Bahri, a bullet through his heart.

* * * * *

Up in the Bithynian hills Ayesha stills works, hoeing in the fields. And now and then as she stands in the corner where she used to exchange sweet words with her lover, her blue eyes look far away and fill with tears as she wonders how it came about that, in the famous fight when Essad was killed and his band dispersed, Mehemet whom she loved, and Bahri who had ruined all her happiness, were found lying dead side by side.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

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SOCIAL BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA," "MAN PROPOSES," &c.

CHAPTER I.

FROM King Bladud to Beau Nash is a far cry. And yet any account of Bath, social or otherwise, would be imperfect without an introduction to the traditionary hero whose romantic story is an idyl in itself worthy of a poet's pen.

Bladud, son of Lud Hudibras, King of Britain centuries before Christ, was unhappily discovered on reaching manhood to be a leper. Human nature among the ancient Britons was, in its dread of infection, very much the same as it is now. All the gay courtiers, clad in their hides and war-paint, were so alarmed lest they should catch the disease, that, notwithstanding the victim was their king's only son, they all petitioned that he might be banished. The king, unable to resist the voice of the people even in those rugged times, had to give way to the demands of his courtiers and send his son forth into the wilderness as "unclean," an act of cruelty which roused all Bladud's resentment against his father and the courtiers who had instigated the deed.

His mother, however, nursed a hope in her breast that the prince might yet be cured. Before leaving to enter on his terrible solitude she gave him a ring as a token of recognition between them, should he ever return clean and whole.

Heart-broken and outlawed, our poor Bladud wandered forth into the world alone. After travelling some little distance, he met with a shepherd feeding his flocks upon some downs surrounding a fertile valley, the valley where the town of Bath now stands. Weary of wandering and loneliness, he determined to

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seek for some employment, and engaged with a swineherd to take charge of his pigs. What was his dismay, however, to find not long after that he had infected the pigs with his fell disease.

He was in despair lest his employer should discover what had happened. He knew not what to do. At length he hit upon a mild stratagem to withdraw the animals from his master's observation, and so put off for a little the evil day of ultimate discovery. He proposed to take the drove to the opposite side of the Avon, where, the supply of acorns being very abundant, he could better fatten the herd. His master consented, and off he went with his drove of pigs, his heart sad and anxious enough through this fresh calamity.

But soon a strange thing happened. Suddenly all Bladud's pigs started off as if possessed—which no doubt they were—and ran violently down the steep hill into the valley, never pausing until they came to where some hot springs were boiling and bubbling up. Bladud could not understand what had come to them as he saw them wallowing in the mud and scum and *débris* of dead leaves which formed a quagmire covered over with brambles that hid the oozy flowings of the springs. He watched them with astonishment. How they seemed to enjoy the bath as they disported in the muddy stream! He could not get them to leave it and only enticed them out after some hours by a tempting meal of acorns which he spread before them. Thus he drew them on and on until he brought them safely out of the bog to a place of security on the heights. Here he hoped that by keeping them apart he might prevent the ruthless disease from spreading.

He was in this spot (now known as Swainswick) some days when he missed one of his sows. Misfortune seemed to pursue him. Setting out along the valley in search of the missing animal, he found her wallowing again in the same hot springs. She had been one of those infected by his disease, and had evidently returned to the waters, remembering the enjoyment of the bath. Having enticed her out and washed away the mud of the swamp, to his surprise and joy Bladud discovered that the sow was perfectly cured of the leprosy. This set him thinking. If the muddy waters had cured the animal, why should they not cure him? At any rate, the experiment was worth trying. He bathed, and in the end with the same happy result, not only for the drove that were similarly diseased, but for himself. In a

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short time he and his fellow-sufferers returned to their master at Swainswick in splendid condition.

It was then that Bladud took his employer into his confidence and told him all his story: who he was, and the miracle the gods had worked for him. But his master was dull of belief, and only laughed at him, calling him a madman. "That he may have had a disease and been cured of it might be true enough, as the gods could do great wonders; but that he was the king's son—ah, no!" That was more than the hind could be expected to credit. So Bladud bided his time, and by his good behaviour at length won the heart of his low-born master, until the latter began to think at last there might be some truth in his story, and went so far as to say that he would go with him to the court of Lud Hudibras and bear witness for him that he was no impostor.

And now behold these poor travel-stained wayfarers arriving at the court. The king and queen were dining that day in public, surrounded by their courtiers when Bladud and his master appeared upon the scene. The queen had called for wine. As it was being poured out, Bladud took an opportunity to drop the ring into the goblet. Standing apart with his uncouth attendant, he watches with a beating heart the effect the discovery of the ring will have upon his mother. He sees her raise the goblet to her lips. The wine is clear. As she drinks to the end she perceives it!

Starting from her seat, to the astonishment of the king, and those around, she cries aloud in rapture: "Where is Bladud, my child?"

They think her mad as they look at her, and then around them to find the cause of her outcry. But Bladud has heard his mother's voice, and needs no second appeal. Making his way through the crowd, he prostrates himself before the king and queen, who recognise and receive him with great joy, notwithstanding his disguise, and declare him, then and there, not only their son, but heir to the crown.

But Bladud soon wearied of his life at court, and, anxious to be removed as far as possible from those courtiers who had been instrumental in his banishment, he begged his father to send him to Athens, that he might study.

For some time Lud Hudibras refused to listen to his appeal; but finally consented, and then Bladud went to Greece, where he remained for eleven years in Athens, studying philosophy, mathematics. and last, but not least, necromancy.

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The occult had a charm for him since he had been cured by a miracle. After this lengthened sojourn in Greece, he returned to his father's court, a man of culture of his period. He brought all the powers of his mind to bear upon the art of good government, and when at length he succeeded his father, he was accepted by his people as a most capable monarch.

His first act on coming to his kingdom, was to seek out the scene of his miraculous cure. Bringing all his learning and experience to the service of nature, he built cisterns in which to gather the healing waters, and around them he erected a palace for himself, and houses for his courtiers. Finally he removed his Court to Caerbren, as it was then called, and it became the capital of the British kings.

Bladud did not forget the old master of his days of exile. He sent for him, and endowed him with a gift of land in the north part of the town, which has been known since by the somewhat uneuphonious name of Hogs-Norton.

King Bladud had in the end, to pay the penalty of all those who tempt the occult to unlawful ends. His passion for magic induced him to practise it to arrive at nature's closest secrets. Or are we—on the authority of those who could not form a true judgment—charging him with being a magician, when perhaps, after all, he was only an earlier scientist! No doubt Edison and others, to the cultured ancient historian even, would be regarded as magicians of the black art. Bladud may simply have gathered a few secrets of science while in Athens, which he tried as experiments on his return to Britain.

Be this as it may, tradition declares that he strove to fly with a pair of wings he had invented for the purpose, and met with a tragical death by falling against the temple of Apollo, and being dashed to pieces in his own dear city of "the waters."

Bladud deserves, therefore, a place in our social history of Bath, on the same ground as Balsac once claimed half the money from Théophile Gautier, for the article the latter wrote about him. Had there been no such person as Balsac, Théophile Gautier could not have written about him; and had Bladud not founded Bath, it could not have become the theatre of the fashionable social spectacle that the last century exhibited, whose interest, it would seem, will never die out so long as the names that sustained it as actors in the scene are engraved on its history.

The foregoing sketch of Bladud, therefore, is the centre around which the wits, beaux, and beauties of a subsequent age will

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disport themselves for our wonder and amusement, and his monument of the "cisterns" is a lasting witness of the healing power of the waters.

But it is not of Bath as a modern pool of Bethesda that we purpose to talk; but of Bath as the focus of a fashionable crowd of dead and gone celebrities, whom we hope to "materialize," to borrow a metaphor from the spiritualists—by the medium of our pen; that the rank and fashion, folly and beauty, which met together and made merry in this Homburg of the last century, may once more appear before us, and act their parts.

The legitimate successor of King Bladud, as king of Bath, was Beau Nash, a very prince of adventurers, to whom belongs the proud distinction of having restored Bath. Before he appeared upon the scene, it was a sort of "cripples' home," the refuge of the valetudinarian and splenetic, whose diseases, as a rule, do not contribute to the "gaiety of nations" from a social point of view. There had been an attempt on the part of the residents and visitors to make the place otherwise attractive, apart from its waters and its doctors, by establishing gaming-tables. Gaming at that time was the idle man's profession, and was found most lucrative; so much so, that for once men did not object to women competing with them for its prizes. London was then the only centre in England where professional gamesters could follow their calling. As soon as the London season was over they were compelled to migrate in flocks, like the birds, across the water, to either Aix, Spa, or the Hague. This programme, year after year, became irksome at a time when—while imitating the birds—the flight was not as rapid as theirs, nor as it is at present. It was determined, therefore, to establish gaming centres nearer home; and Tunbridge Wells, Bath, and Scarborough were selected as offering the best attractions. They possessed healing waters, under the cover of which the gaming-tables could be sheltered, and gamesters renew their hostilities around the "board of green cloth," which, as Goldsmith wittily put it, was the only "font" they desired to bathe in.

It was thus that Bath, at the beginning of the last century, began to spring into notice. The impress of fashion was given, when, in 1703, Queen Anne paid it a visit, not—it need hardly be said—to win her subjects' money, but to bathe in the waters. After this, people of distinction found it "a place to go to," and we read that "the company was numerous enough to form a country dance upon the bowling-green; they were amused with

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the fiddle and the hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the Grove, between two rows of sycamore-trees." To recall this picture we have only to study the Watteau landscapes with which we are all familiar, many of them adorning the hand-painted fans of a by-gone day, Although fashion may be another name for folly, folly could be the reverse of fashionable, in the sense of being well-mannered and refined. Folly in the form of rakes and drunkards, very soon disturbed the harmony of these pastoral amusements, in which the fashionable indulged. The streets of the town were the scene of such practical jokes as screwing up the watchmen in their boxes, amusing enough to the jokers, but creating nothing but confusion. "Set a thief to catch a thief,"—that was the only remedy. On this principle, the mayor of Bath called to his aid one of the rakes, to produce order among his comrades, and in this way the office of Master of the Ceremonies was first inaugurated. We do not read that the mayor was knighted for his "happy thought." At least he deserved it, and his act is recorded as one worthy the notice of posterity.

The creation of such a post was necessary, as Bath was growing full. Fashionable doctors then as now began to write up the waters; and fashionable people who had suffered from the arduous campaign of a London season either in their digestions or their pockets, flocked thither for healing. Country squires who could not afford their wives and daughters a trip to London brought them to Bath to see the fine world. Thus all sorts and conditions of fashionables—of whom we write as of a distinct species, having their fine gradations well marked out and recognised among themselves, met together around the "cisterns" of Bladud. But unless acquainted with each other through the authorised form of an "introduction," they might just as well have been encamped in a wilderness for all social purposes; so essential was it to their dignity that its lustre should not be tarnished by contact with a promiscuous and unknown crowd. Here were met together, it is true, all the materials for a social paradise. Wealth, beauty, distinction, fashion; all gazing at each other in this happy valley, and yet all intercourse at a deadlock for lack of the harmonising wand to blend them discreetly, and organise their pleasures.

A Master of the Ceremonies was the man needed as much by fashion as by folly to supply the axle on which the wheel of pleasure and order could revolve. The mayor had called in the

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aid of one; a certain Captain Webster a fashionable *roué* frequenting Bath at the time; a gaming, blustering man about town, who appeared to know everybody. He was invoked in the first instance, as we have seen, to keep his fellow-brawlers in order—but his powers grew with promotion; a sort of devil's advocate turned fashionable saint or would-be saint, as he made a very poor affair of establishing anything like social order. But he was not without his uses to the fashionable crowd who had followed in the wake of Queen Anne to this modern Jericho-beyond-Jordan so far removed from the Metropolis.

People who would not look at each other in the great city are not averse to mix and mingle in foreign lands. Thus the "quality" from London were not unwilling to meet, and occasionally permit an introduction to, the little people when they were assembled together in the Bath Casino of the period, under the direction of this novel functionary, the Master of the Ceremonies. To pass the time they were ready to unbend; but Captain Webster was not the man for such a delicate and diplomatic post. It needed tact akin to genius to discern the right people to introduce to each other's notice. No brawling gambler, intent only on his gains, could do it discreetly. Naturally the great ladies retired in disgust from amusements devoid of all elegance. Men were permitted to smoke unrebuked in the public rooms, and—so called—ladies and gentlemen presented themselves at the entertainments in their rough boots and morning aprons.

"Rough, coarse creatures!" cried in disgust the fine ladies, accustomed as they were to devote whole mornings to the cult of the toilet at the altar of their mirrors, while poets read them sentimental verses, and beaux whispered delicate nothings interspersed with scandals. How was it possible such superior beings could tolerate boorish squires and their blowsy dames, especially in an age when the aroma of the *précieuse* of France was penetrating English boudoirs. To find themselves suddenly cheek-by-jowl with such vulgarians was insupportable. Barbarians who had so few entertainments that when they did meet they were like children out for a treat; unable to stop, but dancing on into the night, or card-playing far on into the day, until luck as well as money changed hands. Such a display of manners and customs among its frequenters, very nearly imperilled the rising popularity of Bath, its tables, and its "cisterns," among those in whose power it was to make it the fashion.

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Another source of complaint, too, was the bad accommodation for visitors. It was worse than scanty. The limits of the town were determined by a wall and four gates; exceedingly interesting as relics of the Roman period to an ardent archæologist, but highly inconvenient to a fashionable throng who wanted comfortable lodgings. These, again, were expensive. Goldsmith, writing from evidence, says, "The chambers were floored with boards coloured brown with soot and small beer to hide the dirt; the walls were covered with unpainted wainscot, the furniture corresponded with the meanness of the architecture; a few oak chairs, a small looking-glass, with fender and tongs, composed the magnificence of these temporary habitations."

The city itself was mean and contemptible. Macaulay, judging from pictures given of the exterior of the houses, compares them to the lowest rag-shops in Ratcliffe Highway. Travellers complained loudly of the narrowness of the streets; while someone writing from a personal recollection of that period, according to the same authority, declares that "gentlemen who visited the springs slept in rooms hardly as good as the garrets occupied at a later day by footmen." Chairmen, the lineal ancestors of our latter-day "cabby," had it all their own way, and refused to allow gentlemen or ladies to walk home without insulting them. To crown all, a "big" doctor, a supposed authority, in order to retaliate some private affront, boasted that he would "poison the waters by casting a toad into the spring."

Some historians of Bath regard this story as apocryphal. It is unnecessary here to enter into its authenticity. Let it serve to "adorn our tale," as it was at this desperate juncture in the fortunes of the city that Richard Nash stepped into the breach and by his worldly wisdom saved the city. Captain Webster, as we have seen, was a poor sort of fellow. His onerous position did not diminish his love of brawling, and he was killed in a duel on Claverton Down about this time. The post of Master of the Ceremonies, or *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, as the classical students designate it, became vacant; and who so fitted to fill the post as popular Richard Nash, whose tact, manner, and gay clothing made him the centre of attraction among fashionable people then frequenting Bath for bathing or gaming. He was a gamester by profession—no disgrace this in an age when gaming was an accepted science, and the card-room a gold-mine for the used-up aristocrat; a recognised money-market where by means of gambling he could earn an "honourable" if not an honest

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penny! The only one, in fact, left open to him, and one in which ladies of distinction were not slow to join. It often brought them, it is true, in contact with that parasite of the profession the "sharper," but then what profession is free from its parasite?

Nash was an instance of the oft-quoted lines:—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> That, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The opportunity offered, and all his previous training enabled him to turn it to account. Never was it more true of any one than of Nash that "manners make the man." He had studied his world, knew the relative importance of every one, the social weight of every action, and how to establish the ascendency of his influence on a capital of birth and fortune that were conspicuous by their absence. And yet, like Napoleon, he lived to conquer and to reign. How he did this will be told in due course after we have brought our hero on the stage to explain himself. He was a royal personage in every way, and in nothing was he more remarkable than the manner in which he governed even the fickle goddess of Fortune herself with a skill so autocratic that she gave him all he asked until—— But this is anticipating.

In the year 1674, Richard Nash was born. His father was a gentleman of the middle classes engaged in some commercial pursuit in Swansea, a quiet, worthy man from all accounts, about whose pedigree we hear nothing; hence we may be sure he had none to boast of, as humanity is born with this pardonable weakness—it loves and never fails to chronicle a good descent. His mother had some pretensions to family connection, being the niece of a Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell for some breach of military discipline. Very possibly the colonel was the only man the family had to boast of, and they made the most of him. In no other way can Nash's passion for the grand and great which he subsequently displayed, be accounted for. His mother had evidently talked much to him of the gallant deeds and martial glory of her uncle "the colonel," and the good company he kept, and the great men who were his friends, until the child, listening eagerly, longed to be a man, that he might follow in his footsteps.

But how? For Nash's father was but a poor man, and he had to pinch considerably to enable him to give his boy a suitable education befitting an only son, the hope of a family, from whom

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a brilliant career is expected. Nash, the youth, had been sent to Oxford to qualify him to become a member of the legal profession. His father hoped great things of him, as he was a bright, intelligent fellow; but unfortunately he was one of a vast number whose very abilities undo them. Knowing that he could learn easily, he was an idler. He took his pleasure and forgot his books. With attractive manners that made his homely features a secondary consideration, arrayed always in the latest and most sumptuous of fashions, he became the favourite of the idle set at the University, and graduated in gallantry where he failed in classics. He was very susceptible, and his first adventure was worthy of the daring of his subsequent career. He fell in love with some girl living in the neighbourhood of the University. It mattered little that he was penniless. None but the brave deserve the fair, and who so brave as the daring pauper who offers himself in marriage without a farthing to support the responsibility? Fortunately for Nash's father, some of the tutors discovered the son's folly, and put an end to the young man's passionate escapade by sending him home to his family, who received the young prodigal more kindly than he deserved.

Love had given young Nash a distaste for the law and its dry details. His passion for the fair sex, and his power over them, as lately evidenced, made him thirst for the glories of a uniform, if not for war. His mother, no doubt, quoted her uncle "the colonel" to support his request that his father would buy him a pair of colours, and had visions of her son as a field-marshal, no doubt, since the hopes of a fond mother over an only son are illimitable. The father yielded, the colours were purchased, and now, as Goldsmith expresses it, Nash started on his new career "a professed admirer of the sex, and dressed to the edge of his finances."

But Nash soon began to weary of his splendid uniform. The life of an officer then, as now, could only be enjoyed to the full by men of certain means. In order to present a fine exterior of scarlet cloth and gold lace, Nash had to deprive himself of many solid comforts. His real object in rendering his plumage so gay, was, not that he might aptly typify the hero ready to conquer his country's foes, but the fascinating beau who could thus more readily capture the hearts of the fair sex. He was not a good-looking man, and had to trust to his tailor to supplement the deficiences of nature; but "wit, flattery, and fine clothes," he used to declare, were weapons sufficient to overcome the scruples of

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the inmates of a nunnery, and with these he certainly conquered the fair sex in society. It is often the boast of men of genius of unprepossessing appearance—Wilkes to wit—that, given the start, they could drive the handsomest man out of the field of a woman's affections by the superior power of mind over matter. Nash's gallantry was of this order.

But of what use was his uniform to the beau, if its lustre and beauty, together with his precious time, were to be wasted on the fatiguing and monotonous routine of military duty instead of the attractive end for which he had adopted it? Finding, therefore, that his sacrifice to military enterprise did not serve his real purpose, and that his money was insufficient for his pleasures, he sold his colours, and entered his name as a student—save the mark—in the Temple!

To whatever use he turned the study of the law, it is very certain he studied thoroughly the art of enjoying himself, "to the summit of second-rate luxury." Goldsmith thus summarises Nash at that period:—"Though very poor, he was very fine. He spread the little gold he had in the most ostentatious manner, and though the gilding was but thin, he laid it on as far as it would go. They who know town cannot be unacquainted with such characters: one who, though he may have dined in private upon a banquet served cold from a cook-shop, shall dress at six for the side box, one of those whose wants are known only to their laundress and tradesmen, and their fine clothes to half the nobility; who spend more in chair-hire than in housekeeping, and prefer a bow from a lord to a dinner from a commoner."

There was one scriptural maxim Nash adopted to some purpose; he knew how to make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness in the adroitest manner. He was always ready to confer a favour that he saw would purchase him an advantage, as we shall see presently.

Nash possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of reticence about himself. Vain he was to an inordinate degree, but not an egotist. He never obtruded his family or his affairs on the notice of his patrons. To such an extent did he carry this, that it became a joke among his friends that he never had a father. Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, who was one of his intimate friends, with her usual audacity and disregard of the feelings of others, once rallied him on the subject. "You are like Gil Blas," she said, "who was ashamed of his father." Nash, who before all things desired the reputation of a wit, replied to her with the

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utmost good temper (was he not talking to a duchess? a fact he never forgot).

"Nay, madam, it is not that I am ashamed of my father that induces me to be silent about him, but because my father had so much reason to be ashamed of me."

If no luminary of the law, Nash soon became one of the leading lights of pleasure in the Temple, and when some revels were held by the students in honour of King William the Third, he was the moving spirit of the entertainment. Indeed, he carried things through with so much good taste, that the king offered him a knighthood.

"Please your Majesty," he replied, "if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your poor knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least to support the title."

The voice of the wag lurks in the humility of the reply; but the king would not take the hint; and Nash, whose vanity was so inordinate he could hardly have been purchased, even at his own price, declined the honour. What could knighthood do for him? Was he not already, as plain Mr. Nash, received into the best society, and what is more considered an acquisition, since he urged no pretensions beyond elegance of person, and those graces of speech and manner which made him at all times a guest to be welcomed by people of distinction. His refusal of the knighthood provoked the curiosity of Queen Anne, who asked him why he had declined the honour.

"Lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who has been knighted, should call me brother," replied Nash.

His answer throws a side-light on his ambition. What could knighthood do for a man on joking terms with a duchess, and on speaking terms with a queen?

(*To be continued.*)

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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

PASTURES NEW.

"STONE-END! Stoned! Stone!"

Mabel stepped out of the railway carriage and stood for awhile on the platform of the small open Stone-End station, taking a leisurely speculative view of her surroundings. It was only as the train glided shrieking and panting out of the station that she recollected she had no maid with her now, and, consequently, that it devolved upon her to look after her luggage. There was nothing in the shape of a trunk to be seen, only a small heap of fishing-tackle which its owner was gathering up, with admiring side glances at the young girl standing apart on the platform.

She turned to consult a porter. "Gone on, for certain, miss. No luggage taken out here. But a telegram can be sent on to the junction, giving instructions for it to be returned by the afternoon up train."

"See that it is done, will you? And, oh, yes; I forgot them too. I must have left them in the carriage—a dressing-case, and wraps, and things. Be good enough to see after them also, if you please."

"In the carriage, miss?" dubiously. "Were there any other passengers there?"

"Three or four."

"Three or four might be safer than one perhaps, miss, in a case like this. But there is no time to lose. If you will please

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to give me a list of the things gone on, and the money for the telegram, I will send it off at once. It will reach before the train gets in."

"A list!" echoed Mabel, looking rather at loss. "Oh, a dressing-case—the usual kind—one or two wraps, a parasol, and a Schiller"—the latter he put down as a shilling. "That is all, I think."

"Trunks all labelled, of course."

"Oh, yes," feeling that everything that devolved on Milner had been properly done.

"How many, miss?"

"How many?" She was about to reply, "I haven't the slightest idea," but recollected in time, and said, with what she flattered herself was quite a business air, "The correct number will be found, no doubt." Putting a half-sovereign into the man's hand, she added: "When the things arrive, please send them without delay to the Grove—Mrs. Raynes's, the Grove."

"You may depend on me, miss; and I'll bring you the change in one minute."

With a graceful little gesture, she waived aside the idea of change, not indeed suspecting that she was doing more than giving him a trifle for his trouble. All travelling arrangements had been hitherto made for her, and, inexperienced as she was in such matters, half-a-sovereign seemed little enough to pay for the telegram and trouble of sending the things after her, and so forth. She had been about to ask whether she had given him sufficient, when he began talking about bringing change.

The man touched his hat in speechless surprise: "A shilling for the telegram, one for the barrow to the Grove, and eight for myself!" he rapidly summed up, as he ran off to do her bidding at the telegraph office. He presently ran back again: "They will be on the watch now at the junction, miss, and I will be on the look-out to take charge of the things and see that you get them all right after they get here."

"There's a fly waiting outside for some one expected at the Grove," said another porter, coming up. "Is it you, miss?" mentally adding, "though you don't look the sort to be going there neither. More the cut of the Castle ladies, a deal!"

"Now I must be careful," thought Mabel, as she took her seat in the somewhat musty-smelling conveyance awaiting her. "The

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first mistake is excusable, perhaps; but there must be no more stupid forgetting."

As the fly jogged slowly along a level, dusty, unshaded road, flanked for some distance on either side by the flattest and most uninteresting bit of country she had yet seen, Mabel tried to prepare herself for the *rôle* she was about to play. She did not anticipate much difficulty, and felt only the natural shrinking from the idea of introducing herself to strangers, which would be very soon overcome. They, on their side, would of course do all they could to make things easy and pleasant for her. The only governess she had known was the elderly lady pensioned now and living near Vale Park, who had had charge of herself and her sister. Mabel was indeed under the impression, judging from Miss Alleyn's happy contented life with them, that a governess's position could not be a very trying or unpleasant one. People were bound to be considerate and courteous to any one in a subordinate position. What would her pupil be like? What kind of place was the Grove? The Grove! how delightfully suggestive it sounded of trees and birds!

She was not kept long in suspense. Houses were beginning to make their appearance — pretty cottage homes, with gay gardens about them, dotting the road-side—although the general aspect of the country could not be said to improve. They were approaching a town, and presently, within a short distance of the entrance to it, the fly drew up before a large, square brick house of George I.'s date, which seemed, in a solemn, ugly, conceited fashion of its own, to stand aloof from and look down upon its humble, cheery little neighbours.

There was nothing like a grove to be seen. The only evidence in favour of the possibility of there once having been a grove in the vicinity was in two half-dead old trees standing in front of the house. Steep steps ascended direct from the pathway in front to the hall-door, on either side of which were two high narrow windows with brown wire-blinds, and above was a row of five, equally narrow and high, with plain white muslin curtains, adorned with stiffly pleated frills and draped with careful precision.

"This cannot be the Grove!" mentally ejaculated Mabel, looking up at the house with dismayed eyes. "Impossible!"

But the driver was getting down from his seat, and the hall-door was opened by an elderly man-servant in old-fashioned, ill-fitting livery. A wizen little old man, as solemn and conceited and stiff-looking as though he had been built to match the house.

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There was, too, something offensive, it appeared to Mabel, in his way of looking first at his ponderous old silver watch and then at her as she ascended the steps, while he snapped out to the driver that he ought to have done the journey quicker, and must not expect to be paid for loitering about for his own pleasure.

Closing the door upon the retreating man, he turned towards the astonished Mabel, and, after regarding her meditatively for a moment, slowly the while passing his hand over his chin, informed her: "Luncheon has begun."

"Oh, has it?" she replied, with a half smile, regarding him somewhat curiously, in turn, as she added, "It is of no consequence; I will go at once to my room, and you can send——"

"Nearly ten minutes," with solemn persistence, taking no heed of anything she might say or think. He stood considering a moment or two, gazing dubiously at her, one hand on his hip and his elbow consequentially stuck out. Taking it for granted that he was waiting to relieve her of her dust-cloak, she took it off and threw it over his arm.

Had he been accustomed to act upon emergency, she would have been given to understand that Jacob Greenaway did not regard it as part of his duty to attend upon the governess. He was only, for the moment, capable of protesting so far as to let her cloak drop as it might from his arm on to the hall-table, and even this was not rendered so expressive as it was intended to be, nature having denied him dignity of movement.

"How obtuse he seems! Kept on in their service out of kindness, I expect, and the other servants engaged just now. But it is quite time that you were pensioned now, good man," she thought, watching him with some amusement as he crossed the hall, opened a baized door, and held a short consultation with some one inside.

After a few moments, a middle-aged, and not very amiable looking woman-servant, in prim old-fashioned attire, made her appearance. Coming slowly forward, and eyeing Mabel not very favourably the while, she enquired whether she would like to be shown to the school-room.

"I must be shown somewhere, I suppose," shortly returned Mabel, not very agreeably impressed by her reception.

"This way, if you please."

Jacob Greenaway stood watching Mabel as she went across the hall, and up the stairs, with disapproving eyes, shaking his conceited old head, and muttering to himself about "people as

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didn't know their places. Fine ladies are all very well in their places; but I can't abide them as sets themselves up for it when they've nothing to back 'em. She won't suit *us*, I take it."

The woman showed the way up two flights of stairs to a large, barely furnished room, and, after another doubtful glance at Mabel, said: "Luncheon must be nearly over now, miss. I can't think how it happened the London train was late to-day, it is generally so very exact to its time. But if you would like to remain here until Mrs. Raynes leaves the dining-room, I will tell her, and——"

"Oh, yes; that will do. It does not matter in the least," graciously replied Mabel, who had now had time to reflect a little, and wished to let it be seen that she was willing to excuse the manner of her reception.

The woman quitted the room, and, not a little curiously, Mabel looked about her. What a room! To her it looked like a prison, from which everything pretty in shape, make, or colour had been, as if by some stern law, banished. "As inimical to education perhaps," she thought, trying to keep up her spirits with a little jest.

The room was excessively neat and clean; but why need everything have been so ugly and bare and formal-looking? The maps upon the walls were rolled up; the books on the shelves and the globes on their stands, carefully shrouded in brown holland; one of the two chairs placed with mathematical precision opposite a desk at the end of the baize-covered table, the other before the ugliest pianoforte she had ever seen; while the mantel-shelf was decorated with a square, black-faced clock, obtrusively forcing the lapse of every second upon the notice. Above the mantel-shelf hung the one work of art in the room—an old-fashioned, highly-coloured print, representing a very tall lady, in a scant short-waisted gown, with a scarf over her shoulders and sandal shoes, directing, with her parasol, a little girl, in a pelisse and large bonnet, towards a pagan-looking temple at the top of a steep hill.

Mabel sank into a chair. What a dreadful place! What a contrast to the dear old room at the Park, with its chintz-covered furniture, pretty water-colour drawings, well-worn books, that looked like old familiar friends, flowers, cheerful outlook, and general aspect of comfort! Here everything suggested the pains and penalties of learning, with nothing to "sugar the suspicion."

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But she strove to keep up her courage. Had she not gone there to prove her independence of circumstances? She had resolved to make the best of the life as she found it; and if this place should turn out to be below the average, there would, of course, be all the more credit in adapting herself to it. Undesirable as the Grove might prove to be as a home, it would have fallen to the lot of some poor governess had she not accepted it. She was, too, presently telling herself that it would be open to her to improve matters, so far as brightening the aspect of the room went. To begin with, her own little belongings, books, writing and painting materials, work-baskets, and what not—all indeed of the refined artistic kind, designed for rich and dainty workers—would impart a more cheerful home-like appearance to the room. And flowers were always to be had for the ordering, and lots of pretty things. Oh, yes, it would be easy to make the room more habitable!

Unconsciously she had already given a little touch of colour and brightness to the dingy room, by the deep-red roses, Dorothy's parting gift, and the pearl-grey gloves, which she had thrown on to the faded baize table-cover, and otherwise slightly improved matters by pushing the ugly desk aside, altering the position of the chairs, and so forth, to say nothing of the effect imparted by her own graceful presence. She imagined she was dressed quite simply; but the simplicity of her pale-grey travelling gown—one of Redfern's *chef-d'œuvres*—was not that of women who have their living to get, to say nothing of the minutiæ of her toilette. She looked as much out of place there as did the roses and gloves on the table.

To while away the time she presently opened the piano, and ran her fingers over the keys. "Better than might have been expected," she murmured; "poor, miserable thing that you look, as though you could only groan!"

She had entirely forgotten where she was in the endeavour to recollect a favourite bit of Schumann—a dreamy expression in her blue-grey eyes, and her cheeks flushed with a delicate rose tint—when she heard her own name spoken in a somewhat raised voice. Turning hastily round, she beheld a tall, slender woman of about forty years of age, with a narrow face, pale grey eyes, rather too close together, a long upper lip, severe reticent mouth, and sand-coloured hair, banded tightly back under a widow's cap.

"Miss Leith, I presume?"

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"Yes"—dubiously, asking as she slowly rose from her seat, "Are you Mrs. Raynes?"

Mrs. Raynes bent slightly in assent, half extending her hand. Mabel gravely returned her gaze for a moment, then, with a mental "Oh, dear!" touched the cold hard fingers presented to her.

"Your train was delayed, I presume, Miss Leith?" Why does she go on presuming? thought impatient Mabel as the other coldly went on: "It was unfortunate, as I never permit the rules of my house to be infringed, and our luncheon hour is half-past one. In naming the train, which is due at a quarter to one, I calculated that there would be time for the drive from the station, and at least ten minutes to spare after your arrival."

"I do not know that the train was overdue, Mrs. Raynes. I suppose I must be to blame for the delay, if any one is," said Mabel, with a smile at the other's precise calculation of minutes. "I forgot to see after my luggage, and left things in the carriage. It was all taken on, and had to be telegraphed for."

"Oh, indeed!"

There was a slight pause, each eyeing the other a little gravely and doubtfully again. Mabel was asking herself what kind of man Mr. Raynes could have been to select this woman, above all others, to spend his days with, and wondering whether she herself would be able to endure life at the Grove for the six months she had decided on remaining.

On her side, Mrs. Raynes was drawing equally unsatisfactory conclusions. This beautiful, fashionably-attired, and eminently cool young lady was not at all the kind of governess she would have selected for her daughter. She was beginning to regret having made the engagement through an agent, by letter, her first venture in that way, after a succession of disappointments in others.

"You have received careful home-training under a governess and masters, I think you stated, Miss Leith?"

"Oh, yes; everything in that way has been done for me," somewhat absently returned Mabel. "Steinmitz for the piano, Müller for German, Grazzi for singing, Pelham for painting and—all the rest of them." Suddenly recollecting again, she more soberly went on—"I think I can conscientiously claim to be capable of teaching your little girl, Mrs. Raynes; at any rate, for the present. Eleven, is she not?"

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"Eleven years and one week."

"What does it matter about the week!" impatiently thought Mabel.

"I believe you will find her fairly advanced for her age, Miss Leith. She is amenable to rule, and has been very carefully trained—so far;" adding, with a glance at Mabel's rings, "and quite unaccustomed to frivolity of any kind."

She paused a moment, as if expecting a reply; but Mabel was dumb, and she presently went on—

"Selina Jane is my only child, and, as she will inherit a large fortune, it is very essential that she should be early taught to rightly employ the talents committed to her charge."

Mabel was fain to assent with a little bow, still at loss for words.

"And it may be as well to say now that I wish my daughter to walk in one direction only in taking her daily exercise. I omitted to mention this, in the outset, to the young lady who was here last, and it was afterwards, I think, considered to be a grievance that I objected to her going into the town. During the season the place is very crowded, and, I fear, not quite select. Moreover, my daughter might be tempted to look in the shop windows. Also"—after a slight pause, and another glance at Mabel's toilette—"I must beg that there be no conversation with Selina Jane about dress."

"I am not in the habit of talking dress," replied Mabel, with slight hauteur.

She was not, indeed, in the habit of either talking or thinking about it. Her large means enabled her to do what she preferred to do—just choose what was prettiest and best, and give no further thought to the matter.

Mrs. Raynes' eyes fell upon the roses and gloves lying on the table. She looked severely at the gloves, and took the roses into custody.

"They are mine," said Mabel, holding out her hand.

Mrs. Raynes gave them to her; rearranged the cloth, slightly awry on the table; placed the ugly little desk more precisely even again, and then, with a stiff little inclination of the head, which was as stiffly returned, said something about bringing Selina Jane, and quitted the room.

"Oh, you poor little Selina Jane, unaccustomed to frivolity, and surrounded with everything that is ugly and mean! My heart quite aches for you," thought Mabel.

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The door opened again, and Mrs. Raynes re-entered the room, leading by the hand a little girl dressed in mourning, and very much like herself in feature and colouring, only, perhaps, rather more solemn and old-looking. Her not very abundant flaxen hair was strained tightly back from her narrow, mean little face, which, with the stiff unchildlike figure, formed the most objectionable whole Mabel had ever looked upon. She half smiled at the idea of letting her heart ache for Selina Jane, as that high-shouldered, demure-looking young lady advanced towards her, presenting a bony little hand.

"I do hope I shall not become so uncharitable as to detest you, Selina Jane," was Mabel's mental ejaculation, going on to say a few words to the child, which she feared must sound terribly stiff and cold. They appeared to be considered quite warm enough.

"I trust Miss Leith will find you obedient and diligent with your studies, Selina Jane?"

"Yes, dear mamma."

After a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Raynes turned towards Mabel again.

"You would, perhaps, like to have some refreshment brought here, Miss Leith? Ordinarily, my daughter and you will dine downstairs at the luncheon hour; but to-day"—with slight emphasis to mark the concession—"wine and cake might be brought here, and, if you wish it, something substantial at tea-time."

"Oh, yes, that will do quite well!" graciously returned Mabel, in her desire to make the best of things, under the impression that the concession was entirely on her side.

Mrs. Raynes was silent; but her face expressed her surprise and disapproval as she went out of the room. Mabel was too much absorbed in trying to overcome her own surprise and disapproval to notice the others. After a few moments she turned towards her pupil, and said, doing her best to speak pleasantly, "And now you and I must begin to make friends, Selina Jane. Are you always called by your two names?"

"Yes, Miss Leith."

"Selina Jane"—with a little *moue*—"Do not you think we might make a pet name out of one of them? Wouldn't it be pleasanter to be Ina, or Jenny, at any rate in the school-room?"

"Dear mamma would not approve of my being called by any but my two names, Miss Leith. They are my aunts' names.

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Papa's sisters were not kind to dear mamma, and she had me named after them to show her forgiveness."

"Oh, indeed!" adding after a pause: "Do you think you could keep your shoulders a little farther from your ears, Selina Jane?"

"I will try, Miss Leith."

"What a dreadful state of things!" thought Mabel. "I am beginning to feel quite spiteful to the child. I had no idea I could feel so unkindly to any one. Surely I am not so unreasonable as to dislike her for her poor mean little face." She honestly strove to overcome her rapidly growing aversion; and, when presently a man-servant came in with wine and cake, said, "Would you like some of this cake, Selina Jane?"

She fancied she saw a momentary gleam of interest in the child's colourless eyes; but Selina Jane demurely replied—

"I am not allowed to eat anything between meals, thank you, Miss Leith."

Mabel turned away with an impatient shrug, and proceeded to help herself. After a few moments' silence, she made another attempt.

"Are you often naughty, Selina Jane?"

Selina Jane cast a sharp side-look at her interlocutor, then appeared to be conscientiously considering a few moments.

"I think—I used not to be able to learn poetry quite so well as my other lessons;" meekly adding, "I am afraid I do not care about poetry as much as other things."

"No, poor child, how could you?" thought Mabel, with a glance round the room, considerately adding aloud, "You could not be to blame if you honestly tried your best, and were really incapable of learning poetry, you know," not perceiving that, in her frankness, she was suggesting a somewhat dangerous precedent as coming from a governess to her pupil. She presently recollected her promise to write to Dorothy and her aunt as soon as possible after her arrival, and inquired, "What time does the afternoon's post go out, here?"

"At half-past four."

Mabel looked at her watch. "In good time. Will you give me some paper and envelopes, Selina Jane?"

Selina Jane's eyes grew narrower, and her shoulders went up a little higher.

"You would not like mine, perhaps, Miss Leith, and—I think there would be time for some to be got at the stationer's. It is not very far, and Thomas the boy could——"

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"Oh, no, I will not chance it! Yours will do for to-day," replied unconscious Mabel.

Selina Jane took some keys from her pocket, and slowly proceeded to unlock the desk upon the table. After bending over it in deliberation a moment or two, she selected a sheet of paper and one envelope, placed them on the blotting-pad before Mabel, then hurriedly locked the desk again, intimating that the inkstand was for general use.

"Kitchen use, one might think," was Mabel's mental comment, with a glance at the heavy pewter inkstand; adding aloud, as she contemptuously turned over the sheet of note-paper, "Do you write your letters on such paper as this, child? Is this the best you have to lend me?"

"I can lend you some of the best, if you wish it," promptly replied Selina Jane, making her sense of the difference between giving and lending sufficiently evident to attract Mabel's notice, as, with cheerful alacrity, she reopened her desk and brought forth some best cream-laid.

"I am seriously afraid I shall detest you, Selina Jane!" mentally repeated Mabel, as the child's motive dawned upon her. She sat down to write a few lines to Dorothy, who would be anxiously looking for news, as cheerfully as might be. Not for worlds would she allow it to be supposed that she was already beginning to find the part she had chosen to play more difficult than she had expected it to be.

When she had finished her letter, Mabel rose, rang the bell, and bade the surprised-looking maid-servant, who, after a sufficient delay obeyed the summons, "See that this letter is posted at once, please. I wish it to go by this afternoon's post."

"If the letters are not gone," ungraciously returned the girl. "They are generally put into the box on the hall table, ready for Thomas."

"Does she mean that *I* ought to have put it there?" wondered Mabel. Taking out her purse she selected a florin, and putting it into the girl's hand, said: "If the other letters are gone, give this to some one to post for me, please. It is very important that it should go this afternoon,"

"Very well, miss," replied the girl, looking still more surprised. A florin for taking a letter to the post! "Am I to take away the tray, miss?"

"Oh, yes." Glancing for a moment in that direction, Mabel noticed that one of the two pieces of cake she had left had

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disappeared, and the expression of Selina Jane's face, as she sat with her hands meekly folded in her lap, and eyes downcast, caused her to suspect what its destination had been.

"Meanness and deceit are not considered naughtiness here, I suppose," thought Mabel, eyeing her pupil askance. One thing was very quickly made manifest to her. Selina Jane was so well advanced in her studies as to be likely to tax her governess's powers to the utmost. A very few questions elicited the fact that she possessed more solid knowledge than do many girls of sixteen. Drawing she had no taste for; her music was as expressionless as herself; and the best of poetry would be only rhymed words to her. But the rest!

She cheerfully informed Mabel that she was accustomed to study three hours in the morning—Latin, French, German, English analysis; geography and use of the globes on alternate days. Two hours in the afternoon were devoted to arithmetic, geometry, history, and chronology; and one in the evening to music, previously to preparing the next day's lessons. In addition to this, there was an hour's practice at the piano before breakfast, and half an hour for serious reading with "dear mamma.",

"But we are not to begin until to-morrow morning, Miss Leith. There would be only an hour now, and dear mamma thinks you will like to unpack and arrange your things, while I prepare my lessons for the morning."

"Oh, very well," replied Mabel, recognizing that this also was meant for a concession, and endeavcuring to feel in some degree appreciative of "dear mamma's" consideration. Everything the child did and said jarred upon her, even to the parrot-like repetition of the "dear mamma." It certainly sounded rather mechanical in connection with the cold expressionless tone and impassive manner.

"But why should I be so carping and critical? It may be only her unfortunate manner; and surely she is capable of loving her own mother?" thought Mabel, as Selina Jane conducted her to the governess's room. It was small and bare-looking, but neat and clean, and quite as good as her acquaintance with the schoolroom had given her reason to expect.

She found that her trunks had arrived. Their quantity, to say nothing of the dressing-case, the quality of the parasol, wraps, &c., had caused not a little talk amongst the servants. Everything she had left in the railway-carriage had also safely

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arrived, with the exception of the "shilling," which it was officially notified to her had not been found. She bravely set to work at the business of unpacking two of the big trunks, telling herself, with a little smile, that the contents of number three, which her maid had carefully explained consisted of evening dress only, might not be required for the present. But she soon found that even in unpacking some method is required. Milner, who understood that she was to prepare for a long visit, had been mindful to put everything to hand for her careless young mistress; but it was mixed in inextricable confusion now.

"What can I do with it all?" she wondered, looking with dismayed eyes from the heaps of dresses and the innumerable adjuncts to the toilette requisite for an heiress in society, to the one closet and small chest of drawers deemed sufficient for the wardrobe of a governess. She only succeeded in getting more and more bewildered over her task; and, at length, lost patience, settling matters in a summary fashion of her own, which, could she have witnessed it, would have brought tears to Milner's eyes.

By the time this was done, and she was ready for the hard, narrow little bed, she was too completely fagged to be critical of the scant comfort it afforded, falling into a sound dreamless sleep as soon as she lay down.

CHAPTER V.

GRIGG'S COURT.

A broad road, lined on either side by shops, catering for the poor dwelling in the streets and alleys running into it. Low-priced eating-houses, low-priced drapers, and second-hand furniture shops, all thickly interspersed with highly-decorated gin-palaces; a dinner for twopence, a bonnet for elevenpence three-farthings, a costume "as worn by the princess" for five and ninepence, and innumerable odds and ends in the way of household requisites, from a flat-iron to a bedstead, at proportionately low prices, and ranged, for the most part, along the outer edge of the pavement for the greater facility of sale. The houses are of widely different age and style—some old, low, and dilapidated; some new, and lofty and gorgeous.

Two simply-clad women alight from a cab, walk a short distance along the road, turn down a narrow street, and thence pass under an archway, which is the entrance to Grigg's Court,

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one of the most squalid and neglected places in the poverty-stricken neighbourhood. But the ten houses of which it consists —four on each side, and two at the end facing the entrance— are large and well built, and, even in their present stage of desolation and decay, bear traces of having been the homes of prosperous people in the days when City merchants lived in the vicinity of their wharves and warehouses. Broad flights of steps lead up to the entrances; there are still to be seen remnants of elaborately-carved stonework above the doorways; and the solid banisters of the wide staircases are of oak, black with age and dirt.

The railings in front of the areas and the pavement of the court have, for the most part, disappeared, the latter being carpeted with dust when it is dry and mud when it is wet, littered over with broken crockery, scraps of decayed vegetables, and other refuse. Even the name had degenerated with the rest, having been corrupted from the original one of Greek's Place to Grigg's Court. The sunshine of this bright July morning only makes the dirt and squalor more evident, and imparts no picturesqueness to the yellow-white rags which hang limply in the stagnant air from the line on either side a broom, thrust out of an upper window. Each house shelters a colony of lodgers —people, for the most part, in a chronic state of being out of work and without any apparent desire to find it—one family, and in many cases two or three, inhabiting each room.

At the open window of a front room on the basement floor of the first house sits a cobbler grumbling over his work, the job in hand having to be finished before any more beer would be obtainable. After a little hesitation, the younger of the two newcomers ventures to address him, asking him if he knows whether Mr. Aubyn is in the court, and, if so, at which house?

"Number four, most like. Row there just now," curtly.

"Which is number four?"

"You've got eyes in your head, I suppose. Can't you see for yourself?" and, his small stock of patience exhausted, he showered down a succession of angry taps upon the heel of the boot in his lap.

"I beg your pardon; but——"

"Be off!" was the ungracious rejoinder, as he scowled down at the pieces of leather he was turning over on the bench at his side.

A little nervously, although Parker could not induce her to

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turn back now, Dorothy Leith passed up the court. Fortunately for her, it was one of the best moments that could have been chosen for paying a visit there with the chance of being unnoticed, most of the inhabitants having followed some friends just conveyed to a neighbouring police-station.

"The place seems quiet enough now," said Dorothy, breathing a little more freely after she had advanced a few steps, followed closely by Parker. On her former visit to the Bryants she had seen nothing worse than poverty and misery. She knew, now, that there was worse, and shrank from the thought of meeting it; but having followed Mr. Aubyn there, she would not turn back without making some effort to see him.

But which was number four? Every door stood open, and, if there were any numbers on them, they were not to be seen.

"I think it must be here, if they count from this side," said Dorothy, pausing before the last house. There seemed to be no one about of whom she could enquire, and, after a moment or two, she ventured to ascend the steps. Seeing nothing in the shape of bell or knocker, she tapped with the handle of her parasol against the open door.

A little child who had followed them unperceived, dragging along a broken bottle by a string, timidly accosted them.

"Number four is over there, please, miss," pointing to the opposite side of the court.

"Thank you," replied Dorothy, with a pitiful look at the thin unchildlike little face. "Is Mr. Aubyn there, do you know?"

"Yes, miss; I see him going in just now. There's been a fight at Sprack's. They've been a-banging each other worse than ever, and Mr. Aubyn went in after they was took to the p'lice-station. There's nobody but him and the little uns now."

"Thank you." Dorothy gave another pitiful look at the pinched, white face, and, yielding to the pleading of her heart, put a shilling into the child's hand, turning away with a sigh at the thought of the little good it would do. Of this there was indeed immediate proof. As soon as Dorothy's back was turned, the child was cuffed and shaken until she resigned the money to a big brother, who emerged from one of the houses, and disappeared again with lightning celerity.

Dorothy summoned courage to ascend the steps of number four, still followed closely by Parker, who was murmuring a protest against the whole proceeding. In the doorway they

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paused again, but hearing the voices of crying children, advanced, pushed open the door of the room whence the sound proceeded and looked in.

On the bare floor sat a gentleman of about thirty-three or four years of age. With his coat off, and cuffs turned back, he was doing something to the arm of a child lying in his lap and wailing pitifully with pain or fright. On their hands and knees before him were three or four children, watching him with curious, frightened eyes, and crying in chorus with the little sufferer. The remnant of a broken chair, a battered pewter mug, and fragments of dirty clothes and papers bestrewing the floor, indicated that this had been the battlefield of the tenants of number four.

"Do you think you could hold this for me, Tommy?"

"I don't want to, please," replied Tommy, bursting into tears again, joined by the others, who had stopped crying for a moment to listen.

Suddenly they all became silent again, gazing open-mouthed at the newcomers. Mr. Aubyn—they afterwards found it was he—glanced round for a moment in the direction the children were looking, and, just recognizing that they were women, said, in a low, quiet voice: "Come here, and hold this little one's arm for me, will you?"

Parker shrank back, but Dorothy advanced, and knelt down by his side. "Take it in your hands above and below—so—and hold it firmly, to stop the flow, as much as you can, while I bind it."

She silently obeyed, though the unaccustomed sight of the gaping wound made her feel faint and giddy.

"There! that's something to be proud of, eh, little man? We shall get you safely off now to the hospital, where they are so kind to the little ones, you know," adding sharply to Dorothy—"Steady! Keep still! If you felt a little more before as well as after this kind of thing there would not be so much of it. Now if you think you can hold the child perfectly still, and in the same position, while I—— Eh! What? Who?"

In spite of herself—she tried hard to control her feelings—Dorothy was paying the price for her first lesson in surgery, her head falling forward upon his arm. He looked down at her, and for the first time recognized that his assistant was young and beautiful, and of a very different class from what might be expected to be seen there.

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Parker had hurriedly stepped forward. "This lady is my mistress, sir. She has never before seen anything like this, and it has been too much for her," kneeling down, taking Dorothy's head upon her breast, and whispering tender reassuring words to her.

"If it is only that, she will soon get over it," said Mr. Aubyn, with what Parker thought to be insufficient sympathy. "Yes, already, you see," as Dorothy opened her eyes and sat up. "I am obliged to keep this child quite still, so you must do what you can for her;" then, noticing her helpless look around, he hurriedly went on: "Here, Tommy, my man, throw some of the broken crockery over those stains, and fetch some water in that basin."

"I am so sorry," Dorothy murmured. "Please excuse me."

"Excuse, indeed!" ejaculated Parker. "You ought never to have entered such a place; and I'm as much to blame for abetting you."

"But since you are here, you may as well make yourself useful, good woman," said Mr. Aubyn, abruptly cutting short sentiment. "To begin with, you might fetch a cab for me from the nearest stand—just along the road to the right—bring it to the end of the court, and let me know when it is there."

"But my mistress——?"

"Oh, your mistress is all right now, I think; are you not?" turning for a moment towards Dorothy, as he added: "There is not a moment to be lost in getting this little fellow to the hospital."

"Yes, it was only for a moment; I am well now. Go at once, please, Parker."

As the latter obeyed, although rather reluctantly in her unwillingness to leave her young mistress in such a place, even with Mr. Aubyn there, and but for a few minutes, Dorothy went on to him: "Am I answerable for this, do you think, Mr. Aubyn?"

"You!" regarding her with surprise. "The injury to the child, do you mean? How could that be?"

"There must have been drinking as well as quarrelling and fighting, I fear, and—— It was I who made the mistake of giving ten pounds to the Bryants a few days ago, Mr. Aubyn."

"Indeed," looking at her still more curiously.

"I know now that it was a great mistake."

"Yes; it is dangerous to play at benevolence here. But that

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affair had nothing to do with this, any more than that one outbreak sometimes begets another. There has been a fight, and two or three have been taken to the police station. This little one must, I think, have got accidentally injured by some of the crockery thrown about. They could not have noticed that it was hurt, or some of the women would have stopped to help me. There is humanity left among us still, thank God!"

"Can I do anything to help you, Mr. Aubyn?"

"No, thank you; I think not. How is it that you are here?"

"I came in search of you. At the schools they told me I should most probably find you here, and I want to ask your advice as to what might best be done to prevent another such outbreak as that I was the cause of recurring, when the man Bryant comes out of prison."

"I do not see what can be done," he replied, looking gravely down at the little figure lying so still now in his arms. "At present, I can only advise you to keep away from the place and give no more money. Something more than money, or even a kind heart, is required to do any real and lasting good amongst us."

"But I want so much to try to help these poor people, and how could I do that without going amongst them, and seeing something of their lives. It could, at any rate, do me no harm."

"That depends. There would be harm in your being shocked and made miserable to no purpose; to say nothing of your losing faith in your fellow-creatures, which might happen had you nothing stronger than good intentions to uphold you. Special qualifications are required for such places as Grigg's Court, and, unless you possess them, it is better to keep to—humbler work," with a smile. "Say Gray Street round the corner; a different kind of poor, and nothing specially to shock you there. Just the place for enthusiastic young ladies desirous of seeing life in the East. It certainly is not desirable that you should come amongst us here while you are so inexperienced as to give ten pounds at a time to such as the Bryants. Excuse my plain speaking. You are not the first philanthropist who has put a stumbling-block in my way, and it is better you should hear the truth."

"I wish to hear it, and I will try not to be a stumbling-block again, Mr. Aubyn," simply, and entirely without offence.

"Have you any pet schemes for moulding your *protégés* into some particular shape?" with a keen glance at her earnest face.

"No; I only want to help them. For that purpose I should

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be willing to be moulded myself." Noting the smile in his penetrative, though frank and genial brown eyes, she quietly added, "But only for that purpose."

The smile broadened over his whole face, rendering one cause of his popularity evident enough, as he replied: "You would find the process of being trained for Grigg's Court a not very agreeable one even for so good a purpose as that. I have women at work for me, but they belong to the people and are accustomed to their ways. Their work is very real; nothing comes amiss to them, from showing a poor woman how to make the most of a few bones and onions, or a little oatmeal, to scrubbing a room or washing the clothes for a helpless invalid. I know there are ladies capable of such work; but it requires a very grand lady indeed to do it aright. Even love and sympathy have to be in some measure trained in order to be used judiciously here."

"I could not do any of the work you speak of—yet, but I should like to learn, and—meantime, I might help in the way of providing funds for the employment of others. I am rich, Mr. Aubyn."

"Rich, young—with every advantage in life; and you find that not enough?"

"Yes, it is just that; it is not enough," accepting the facts without protest or self-consciousness.

He was more impressed than he would allow to himself that he was. But with the remembrance that the fashion had set in for such work, and of two or three enthusiastic inexperienced young ladies who had shown a desire to work, and what had come of it, he was on his guard. She was certainly very different from some of the would-be helpers, so ready to work with but not without him; and, if she were indeed what she seemed, his unreadiness to meet her would matter nothing in the long run.

"There are places in the neighbourhood worse even than this. So much so, that it would be almost at the risk of your life to enter them; but it is no easy task to do good even here."

"You yourself are not to be discouraged, Mr. Aubyn."

"I am not a young lady accustomed to all sorts of luxury and refinement. No, no; Gray Street is the place for you. Most of the people there do work of some sort, though they hardly get paid enough to keep the life in them."

"Ah, it is just that I wanted to——. Have you read the

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pamphlet suggesting a plan for getting rid of those making their living out of the wages of the people who do the work?"

"Sweaters? Yes."

"Do you think that the idea is practicable?"

"I am not sure," slowly and thoughtfully. "By having an agency of their own the workers would, it seems to me, be at any rate more directly in touch with the employer, which would be a step gained. But the suggestion was put forth chiefly, I think, in the hope of drawing out other people's ideas upon the subject—to set the ball rolling, you know."

"And so was the pamphlet 'Court Life,' I suppose. It was reading that which brought me to the Bryants."

"In that case the blame for what followed ought to rest with the writer; at any rate, so far as not making himself clear goes. He certainly did not mean to benefit the Bryants in that way."

"Of course not; it was my stupidity—no, inexperience. Do you know him? He is at work here, is he not?"

"Sometimes, and sometimes in a much worse place. He is working his way. Matriculated in Gray Street, went for his first in Grigg's Court, and hopes to take honours in Thieves' Alley by and by," with a smile that might have caused her to suspect who the writer was had she not been too preoccupied to notice it.

"'Court Life' made me very sad and—uncomfortable," reflectively.

"Woke you up, as we say here. He ought to feel quite proud of himself for that any way." Glancing round at the thin hungry faces of the children, curiously watching and listening, he quietly changed the subject, asking, "Have you any money with you?"

"A few pounds," hurriedly putting her hand into her pocket.

"A few sixpences, you mean," with a warning glance drawing her attention to the sharp little eyes fixed upon her.

She understood. "Oh yes, of course, a few sixpences."

"If you can spare the money, you might give a real feast here. You know how to eat bread and treacle, don't you, little ones?"

"Yes, sir," broad grins now instead of tears on the grimy little faces.

"How much will it cost?" enquired Dorothy, who had not the slightest idea as to what the price of a feast of bread and treacle was likely to be.

"If you could afford two shillings, now?" gravely.

Four pairs of eyes shifted anxiously from his face to Dorothy's.

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"Yes, I could afford that;" in some surprise. "A feast for two shillings!"

"Sixpence for two pounds of treacle, tenpence for two quartern loaves, and eightpence for two quarts of milk; there's a feast for you!" putting the money she gave into the hands of one of the elder children. "That gallipot seems to have been left whole for the special purpose of holding the treacle, and you might for once borrow the beer-can for the milk, if you wash it out afterwards. Off with you, Tommy. Ask Sally and Bob Mills over the way to come and help eat, and see fair. You know I trust you and Bob."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, with brightening eyes; glancing a moment towards Dorothy as though to say, "Did you hear that?" he pulled a stray lock and scurried off, gallipot and money clutched in one hand, and his tattered clothes hitched up at the side with the other.

A child about six years old, who had been meanwhile studying Dorothy's face, edged a little more closely up to her side, and enquired in a low voice whether she was a friend of the kind gentleman who so often gave Mr. Aubyn the money for a feast for the children?

Before Dorothy could reply, Parker came hurrying in, and after a quick, anxious glance towards her young mistress, informed Mr. Aubyn that a cab was waiting at the archway.

"Thank you. And now be good enough to put that coat over my shoulders and button it at the top for me, please," he said, rising slowly and carefully in order to keep the helpless little figure in his arms as much as possible in one position. As Parker somewhat ungraciously proceeded to do his bidding, he added: "You had better pass out before me, I think."

They silently obeyed, and as they emerged from the house and passed down the court they understood what his motive had been for advising them to go in advance of him. A group of women, ragged and dirty and coarse—a type Dorothy was quite unacquainted with—had gathered about the cab, in eager expectation of some new excitement. A cab was rarely seen there, except when required to convey some one to the hospital.

The moment Mr. Aubyn came in sight with his little burden, the attention of the women was concentrated on him. They came hurrying towards him, with murmured enquiries, their voices becoming louder and shriller as the excitement increased.

"What's the matter, sir? What's been done to it? Why if it ain't little Sprack!"

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"Sprack's been and killed his child!"

"And if he were here, he'd run the risk of being torn to pieces on the bare supposition," thought Mr. Aubyn, hastening his steps. "Thank you, no," he said to the women pressing around him with noisy sympathy and offers of assistance: "I think I can manage very well, and the little one will pull through if I can get him quickly off to the hospital. Greatest danger from loss of blood before I saw him; got his arm injured by some broken crockery—accidentally, no doubt."

Not appearing to take kindly to the idea of its having been done accidentally, they gathered together again to discuss the pros and cons. He took the opportunity to say to Parker, "I advise you to get your mistress away from here as quickly as possible."

"When can I see you again, Mr. Aubyn?" hurriedly enquired Dorothy. "Will you call upon my aunt at Kensington? Here is our address," giving a card.

"Thank you; but I have so little time to spare and rarely go so far west as Kensington."

"May I call upon you, then, and at what time?"

"I am at home in the morning until ten; after that it is uncertain."

She inclined her head, and, without another word, turned away with Parker.

Declining once more the eager offers to relieve him, he stepped carefully into the cab with the child in his arms, bidding the man drive as quickly as possible to the "London." The man nodded, gently closed the door, mounted the box, and drove off.

"She will come!" thought Reginald Aubyn, taking a last look at Dorothy, as she walked away with Parker. "I put it in that rough way, on purpose to test her. Had she been thinking of something besides her benevolent schemes she would have stood upon her dignity; had doubts of the propriety, objected to the hour, and what not. Yes, however lacking in other respects, she is in earnest; no question about that. Unfortunately, being in earnest is not quite sufficient for Grigg's Court, pretty as it is to look at. As to the money these good people are so ready with—it's their lives we want more than their money; do we not, Bobbie?" As he looked down at the little white face lying so still upon his breast, the half-smile faded from his lips, and his eyes took an expression which, in its tender pitifulness, showed another side to his character.

(*To be continued.*)

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PUBLIC OPINION AND STRIKES.

PUBLIC opinion has a direct influence upon strikes. If it does not actually promote them, it may render them so popular as to ensure their success; or, on the other hand, it may make them profitless by withholding sympathy at the critical period. The voice of the people and the tone of the press are the arbitrators in nearly every labour conflict nowadays, and the principle acts, in a certain degree, as a safeguard, but it is open to systematic abuse. One of the drawbacks of the system is due to the competitive character of the age. No sooner has a fresh struggle manifested itself between masters and men than every journal and every individual feels bound to take up sides, although the outer world is certain, for a while, to be in profound ignorance as to the real merits of the question. In fact, few of these self-constituted judges trouble themselves about technicalities at all. It is sufficient for them if some broad issue is presented in the simplest form to their imaginations, and, upon the barest premises they allow their sympathies to be swayed this way or that, for or against, in accordance with what they believe to be the promptings of justice, but which are the movings of sentiment merely.

There would be no ground for complaint of this summary method of cutting the Gordian knot of many a labour difficulty, the full consideration and settlement of which should involve the most painstaking inquiry into all the political, social, and economical, as well as technical issues concerned, were it not for the fact that the popular verdict may bring about positive injustice when the weight of its influence is thrown into the wrong scale. I therefore hold, that if the public at large is to take upon itself the responsibility of solving problems off-hand, it should, at least, inform itself of the points in dispute before it undertakes to give a guiding opinion upon a trade question.

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From a personal experience of most of the great strikes of the past few years, I assert that the advocates of labour have never been slow to realize the immense importance of securing the ear of the world first. The leaders of these movements are, generally, perfectly well acquainted with the best means of securing prompt and extensive publication of their case, whereas their opponents, the capitalist-employers, are, almost invariably, very tardy in adopting the same weapon—publicity, arguing, naturally enough, no doubt, that a quarrel between a master and his servants can in no way concern the readers of the newspapers. I believe they are frequently in the right, but in these days of investigation and of inquiry they are unable to maintain their position, and sooner or later they are compelled to invite the co-operation of the press, to withstand the attacks of agitators well trained in this species of pen-and-ink warfare. The battle would be fought, perhaps, fairly enough if the newspapers could afford to be dry and uninteresting. Few of them, and amongst these are the most powerful, dare, for any length of time, turn their columns into exhaustive committees, and directly the subject begins to weary one, or becomes intricate and out of the grasp of a non-expert, then the matter is gradually and quietly dropped, although it may have entered upon the stage when a knowledge of its results is of the most practical value to the community in general. Only the most meagre references are made to the developments of such a question, and, if unattended by renewed conflicts and the repetition of what the newspapers call "scenes," the total effect of a once all-engrossing strike is never, in some organs, recorded.

It is not, therefore, from a perusal of what one may read in the newspapers from day to day that the material is forthcoming to qualify the public for the work of a jury who are expected to decide on the spot whether the victory shall be with the employer or employed.

Within the next month or two the public will have the opportunity of discovering the wisdom or folly of the great Dock Strike which they so warmly supported in 1889. There is no doubt that Mr. Burnett, the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, is right when he says that before that struggle broke out "public opinion was fairly well-informed as to the position of labour in the East-end of London. Articles in leading magazines and reviews had fully described and discussed the situation of these workers, and above all, the House of Lords Committee, by taking evidence on the subject, had called

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attention to the evils which existed. Therefore, when, on the 13th of August, 2500 dock labourers came out on strike, a strong current of public opinion was already running in their favour." The pictures drawn of 15,000 casual hands starving at the dock gates, on the chance of getting a job which might only last one hour, for which the man would be paid fivepence, were irresistible, and the demand of the men for sixpence an hour, with a minimum of four hours, was deemed reasonable enough; and, as is well known, the popular verdict was given immediately against the Dock authorities. The Socialist movement underlying the dockers' disaffection was not at that time discerned. So strong was the tide of sympathy with the men, that the action of their Executive, even when it became of the most extreme and undisguised Socialist character—as, for instance, when a general strike of all labourers was ordered by a midnight manifesto—had scarcely any effect in checking the inflow of subscriptions, from at home and from Australia, without which aid the strike must have broken down. The public at large gave £11,732, British trade unions £4234, and £30,424 came from Australia.

It is important to bear these sources of revenue in mind when considering the possibilities of a future strike, or seeking the explanation of subsequent failures.

The public probably is no longer blind to the true origin of the strike which marked an entirely new departure in the history of labour. It began nominally with the dock labourers, whose union had been ineffectively struggling against the contract "sweating" system, now happily abandoned; but Mr. Tillett was powerless without the co-operation of Mr. John Burns, who was then conducting an agitation among the Beckton gas workers by means of open-air meetings. The dockers invited Burns to talk to them, and Tillett saw the wisdom of joining hands with such a competitor, but neither Tillett nor Burns could foretell that the campaign before them was to prove so gigantic, mainly because the Dock Strike was used for their own purposes by groups of more or less skilled workers whose grievances were by no means acute, but who closed with the opportunity of securing their demands at a time when trade was good and the employers were paralysed.

Will the carmen, stevedores, lightermen, and others who went out "on principle," and remained out until they had obtained what they asked for, make common cause with the docker upon any future occasion? If I go by the experience of the past year,

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I should say not. The actual and effective federation of unskilled labour is still a thing of the future, although a combination of circumstances made it possible, for a brief period in the summer of 1889. A great conflict of that character cannot be repeated yet awhile, unless the workers are forced into active co-operation to resist free labour, and a general "lock out" becomes inevitable. Twice last year there was an opportunity in London for a second edition of the strike, but the dockers' leaders declined the battle, as failure stared them in the face. Why?

The Dockers' Executive have a hard task. The class with whom they have to deal—although it has been weeded of the residuum of the population who have been made successively the cat's-paw of the sentimentalist, the Socialist, and the Salvationist—comprises a rough and ignorant set of men, strong-willed, obdurate, and much inclined to think they should be permitted to work just when they like and as little as they please for exorbitant wages. The leaders have done much towards teaching them discipline. Discipline must be the keystone of the arch; without it the Union must fall to pieces. During the severity of the winter discipline has been necessarily much strained by hunger, for there is still a superabundance of labour, and Union men have no longer the sole command of the docks. By an accident of administration for a time, they monopolised the gangs taken on, and whilst that period lasted the hopes of the leaders were raised to great expectations; "Recognition of the Union" was prominent upon their banner in 1889 at Liverpool, Cardiff, Bristol, and other places. At Liverpool again, in March of 1890, the stand was made upon the acceptance of Union rules, but the employers, who formed themselves into an association, insisted that unionists and non-unionists should work amicably together, and they were enabled to find sufficient free labour to make them independent. At Cardiff, in July, during the railway strike, a demand was put forward that none but Union dock labourers should be employed.

At Southampton, in September, the men struck for the recognition of the Union, although concessions had been previously made to them. Public opinion here had no difficult task. It decided promptly and definitely against the men, when the riot in Canute Road, by necessitating the presence of the military in the town, drew attention to the trouble. The Central Executive would not take up the strike on the ground that it was "unauthorised," but a very different policy would

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have been resolved upon had the Union been in a better position to meet strike pay, for a fortnight later, at its first annual congress, the report spoke of the heavy drain on the funds owing to numerous strikes, and steps were sanctioned with a view to repair this financial weakness. Australia was at this time clamouring for assistance from this side, in return for the help she had given in 1889. She thought that, as she had practically won for the London docker the struggle of the previous year, the latter ought in fairness to strain every nerve to secure the Antipodean success. For my own part, I very much question whether the measure of support the Colonials received from England will encourage them at any future time to send thousands "home" to labour agitators in London or elsewhere. The collapse of the Australian strike in November, consequent upon the marine officers having accepted the terms offered them, must have had a discouraging, but still a salutary, effect in England. English opinion, formed upon the slenderest information, it is true, was never in favour of the struggle; but, as a rule, English opinion is no longer so ready to endorse the policy of the workers, and its sympathy has not been so easily obtained of late by them. That is one reason why the dockers did not want to fight last year.

Had the Australian strike ended otherwise than in the capitulation of the employed, the dockers in London would scarcely have submitted to the alterations of system introduced by the directors in November, including the establishment of a permanent staff, the cancelling of the piece-work memorandum, and the non-recognition of the men's representatives at the taking on of hands. This revision must have been unpalatable to the men, and a crisis was averted only by the trial of a system of co-operation. Whatever its success may have been, a further important change is to come into force on February 1, unless there should be delay to suit shipowners who have not completed their arrangements. The proposal is that the Dock Committee shall cease to unload ships while retaining the quay work. Consequently the labourers will be henceforward employed, not by the Dock Companies, whose position was so strongly condemned fifteen months ago, but by the shipowners direct. It remains to be proved whether the latter will find the experiment an improvement. That it should be attempted was predicted before the close of the Dock Strike, and negotiations were in progress then.

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In addition to the other advantages at that time the dockers derived some strength from the divergency of interests and the want of common accord between the several classes of capitalists opposed to them; but the lesson taught by the strike has since resulted in a better mutual understanding on the part of the employers. The dockers have, therefore, in the future, to face a less divided front, and they can no longer count upon the disorganisation of their hirers. Thus, they have every inducement to make the change a satisfactory one, and if the leaders of the Union show that they have command and control over their members, to obtain implicit obedience, they will then demonstrate that the "new unionism" is permanent and not of an ephemeral character.

New unionism has not been uniformly successful. It was defeated badly a year ago when the gasworks struck against Mr. George Livesey's profit-sharing scheme, which was supposed to be intended to "smash the Union." It was beaten, too, at Manchester, and probably it would have met with a similar reverse had the strike which seemed to be imminent at Beckton in September last been forced upon the northern gas Company, for sufficient preparations, with the support of the Government, had been made to meet such an emergency. What was successfully done by the South Metropolitan Gas Company might, at least, be attempted by others, who are assured of popular approval. Agricultural labour is still uncontrolled by the new unionists, who are not, however, blind to its importance. Its existence menaces them.

The lesson learned by the workers was that an extraordinary power might be exercised by combination. Men of trades indirectly connected with the quarrel in point have been called out "in sympathy." Some say that the means to procure this end was intimidation, which, with a different police policy, need not have been tolerated. The latest instance of an "all-round" strike has been witnessed in Scotland, where the railway workers not only went for a day of ten hours, but also "recognition of the union," although in the course of the fight they postponed this point indefinitely.

In theory, the fathers of the new unionism have gone beyond the principle of turning out men of allied interests and of trying to compel one employer to give way because of the pressure of another, as might have been noticed in the case of the coal-porters in the South London Gas Strike. At Southampton, the

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sailors and firemen who supported the dockers "on principle," actually prolonged the strike to obtain the settlement of claims of their own. The proposal made is that the Dockers' Union should federate with other Unions, the principle highly approved at their Congress. Upon a limited scale it may be possible. The exact nature of this federation time alone can disclose, and the inherent weakness of the scheme will probably be found in the mutual jealousies which are rife among agitators, but which they would fain conceal. Still, the mere mention of federation on the part of the workers has led to the formation of a solid federation of capital in the shipping industry, and this body has already made it clear that it will employ free labour, if necessary, and lay up all vessels for which it cannot find non-unionist crews. The shipowners' federation may be subject to the same disintegrating influences as that of the labourers' organisation, but whilst the need lasts, capitalists will, with the past to guide them, pull together, and hence the dockers may find that in exchanging employers they have met their masters.

It seems to me that if capital is to be federated and labour also, the economical condition of the country will resemble that of the international Continental system of maintaining vast armies to overawe each other. If a small trade dispute is to be made the excuse for a declaration of general war, will the disputants be less inclined to disagree because of the possibly wide-spreading consequences? At the root of federation, however, is the financial question; and the workers, hitherto, have not been prompt to come to each other's assistance effectively, and there does not appear to be perfect harmony between the representatives of the "new" unionism and of the "old." The immediate consequences and inconveniences of a strike, moreover, are felt to a greater extent by the public than by the workers, although the effects are not so apparent nor so immediate. They recoil, nevertheless, upon the heads of the labourers, and it is a pity that the latter are so frequently wanting in logic as to dissociate the effect from the cause. Few dockers would acknowledge that the distress they have suffered this winter has been largely due to their own conduct, which has led to the taking of much carrying trade away from the Thames, and which, by the encouragement given to the strike in Australia, has largely impeded the commerce of that part of the world with this country. The innumerable disputes with their employers in which they have engaged during

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the past year have also had their blighting influences upon the national prosperity, which entails enforced idleness and distress.

Notwithstanding these obvious conclusions of the whole matter, strike fever appears to be just as catching as ever, and the promoters of the disagreements, in despair of deluding people into sympathetic support, now rely, it would seem, upon terrorising the public. To deprive consumers of gas, as at Leeds, where newspapers had to be brought out wholly by candlelight, or to block the whole railway service as in Wales, and partly in Scotland, or to persuade policemen to throw up duty, postmen to remain idle, and soldiers to mutiny, is to arrange a programme of horrors equal to those of an actual, but bloodless revolution. An unprincipled public might be forced into acquiescence by the mere contemplation of the possibility of being deprived simultaneously of the benefits of light, railway service, police protection, letters, and means of national defence.

With such contingencies before its eyes, contingencies which were indeed narrowly averted during 1890, the public feels bound to express an opinion upon strikes as they occur, and often aggravates the mischief by so doing; for time, talk, and temper might be spared by the reference of the whole dispute to Boards of Conciliation, representative equally of employers and employed, and charged with examining into details with the assistance of experts.

How far the existing London Board of Conciliation will meet the want, the reality of which was admitted at the Trade Union Congress in Liverpool, has still to be seen; and also whether its influence under the present constitution is strong and weighty enough to be interposed successfully between the conflicting interests of federated bodies, such as may conduct the labour struggles of the next decade.

One outcome of the great strike of East London tailors for 10½ hours per day was the expression of opinion on the part of an employer, that all Unions should be amalgamated, and controlled by a central council of really responsible men, who would sift the causes of dispute in a given case, and define the action of the would-be strikers, or those who would lock out. The Unions, he added, should be controlled by definite laws. This strike was settled by mutual concessions, and the balance sheet showed that it had, to an extent, the support of influential gentlemen. The Union secretary suggested, that in all cases of disputes, the mediators between masters and men should be men

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of technical knowledge and experience, who could bring about an effective pacification. Amateur mediators and inexperienced arbitrators are indeed a mistake, as was proved by the quibbling which arose out of the "settlements" and "awards" following the Dock Strike, which were not defined properly until there had been a renewal of hostilities, first on the part of the lightermen, and then on that of the wharf labourers, with reference to matters which should never have been left in doubt.

Perhaps some may think the solution of the labour problem, as a whole, rests not in the efficient constitution of powerful labour boards, but in the enactment of legal measures to provide pains and penalties for every infraction of the code. The new unionists at Liverpool, it will be recollected, carried the legal eight hours day as opposed to the "combination" eight hours day, which was put forward by the "old" unionists who preferred the action of trade unions to that of Parliamentary interference with the rights of labour, especially as it would be difficult to draft a Bill to suit all industries. By the adoption of the legal eight hours day, the Congress approved what is really the Socialist creed, which was expressed with indistinctness during the Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park demonstrations of 1885–1887, by some of the very men who have since espoused the cause of the employed, rather than continue to address inflammatory utterances to the starving poor and to criminal idlers. Everything which we have seen take place since Trafalgar Square became a political playground, has been due, in my opinion, to the revolutionary element which Government first tolerated, and then vainly attempted to suppress. The Socialist propagandism has been present throughout, sometimes concealed or suspected, as in the case of the postmen's agitation, and in the Guards' revolt, and sometimes openly avowed, as was clear in the police difficulty. As for the dockers, their leaders have become administrators, and in the process have sobered down under a sense of responsibility.

If Parliament is to put everything to rights, then the State should at once set the example. Although the police, postmen's, telegraphists', and just lately, the Savings Bank clerks' disturbances were put down with a strong hand, and it is evident that any recurrence or imitations of them will be similarly treated, yet there was a certain measure of reason for all these outbreaks, unpopular as their proceedings may have been. In their nature they could not be expected to gain universal

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sympathy. If, however, the police were utterly wrong, why should they since have been given a pension scheme which is practically what they wished, and promised revisions of pay? Then, too, the postmen's insubordination has had, and will have, yet more, its good results; and the Savings Bank clerks will, it is expected, derive benefit in the long run from their bad strategy. Certainly they have already obtained assurances as to their future prospects as a class which must have removed many doubts and misgivings, and so much publicity has been given to their grievances, that they cannot be wholly forgotten.

It is a lamentable reflection upon our present system of administration, however, that these educated young men who had entered the service upon the results of competitive examinations, should have deemed it absolutely necessary to take a step which was designed to bring them at once prominently before the public. The world adjudged their action to be wrong, or at least, ill-advised; and as the result the strike, being unpopular, failed; and their general contention that they were the employés of the Treasury and not of the Postmaster-General dropped to the ground, after the apology their delegates made to Mr. Raikes. The clerks had mistaken the capacity of the public to enter into technicalities—and they were led into faulty policy in consequence, and I offer no excuse for them, for in their case, at all events, the Treasury control of the Post Office was not a real factor.

Yet the connection between the Treasury and St. Martin's-le-Grand is curiously intimate, and it may have been responsible for many causes of dissatisfaction among the employés in other branches of the service.

The Post Office is a great revenue-producing department, which should be worked upon mercantile lines, coming into competition as it has done, since the Parcel Post and Life Assurance system were established, with private and public enterprise. The gross revenue for 1890 was £12,211,614 and the net revenue £3,346,087. Now the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not allow the department to hand over this profit only. The Treasury requires that all the receipts shall be accounted for to it, and in turn it insists upon its sanction being given to every item of expenditure. When it is borne in mind that the wheels of State grind slowly, one can understand how it is that days, weeks, months, and even years, elapse before the Treasury—in other words a host of junior clerks under one head

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—see their way clear through the interminable correspondence which arises, and finally approve the stale requisitions of the postal authorities. In the meantime whilst valuable time is consumed in the City, and at Whitehall, and expensive clerical staffs are kept for the sole purpose of writing on official paper to each other, the practical men who are doing the work are chafing at delay. In ordinary times the friction is pretty constant, but when men become infected with the strike fever and fall a prey to agitators, the hands of the executive chiefs are tied. A boon given quickly might once and for all dispose of the difficulty, but the will and the power do not go together. Reference must be made to the Treasury, and it is not until the men are "on strike," or nearly so, that the Treasury casts aside its routine and acts promptly.

Is not the moral of this to the men in the public service: "If you want anything badly, strike! for nothing else will do"? I am afraid that that contention is only too true. To strike against the State is egregious folly, but to penetrate the dull ears of the Treasury a demonstration of the kind has not been without wholesome effect.

Therefore, summarising my general argument, I would say, in view of the threatened struggles which may convulse the capital and the country: Let the Government first show the way to make labour conflicts impossible, and next let Parliament, if possible, assist in the laying down of rules, and the imposition of penalties in the settlement of trade disputes by representative Boards of Conciliation; and in the meantime let the Unionists on the one hand, and the employers on the other, abstain from organising purely aggressive forces, whilst public opinion should refrain from complicating questions by misplaced sympathy with or ignorant condemnation of an issue suddenly brought forward. Finally, I would contend that in a free country no agitator should be permitted to dispute the right of free labour to exist side by side with labour that is under the dominion of the unionism which is the child of Socialism.

J. HALL RICHARDSON.

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GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

II.—STEAMSHIPS AT HOME IN THE MERSEY.

ALTHOUGH Liverpool is a very fine city, the very finest among provincial cities known to me, I perceive a striking lack of courteous and grateful acknowledgment to Christopher Columbus. If it were not that ingratitude is the only sin which an average man will allow his neighbour to commit with impunity, long ago there would have been a statue erected there to the great discoverer who, by finding America, practically founded Liverpool. It is true that it existed in an inchoate and protoplasmic condition before his time, for in 1272 its inhabitants numbered 840; yet it must be recognized that it is a result of the New World, and that when in 1492 his vessels crossed the Western Ocean, which was supposed by him to extend as far as India, he was not only extending geographical knowledge, but opening up possibilities which have not yet been worked out. If indeed America may claim Liverpool, on similar reasoning England may to a very great extent call New York her own. It would be an interesting task for some one of a statistical turn of mind to carefully compare the growth of America's trade-metropolis with that of the great sea-ports on our western shores. They are so organically connected, they so interlock and interchange with the innumerable lines of steamships from the Mersey and the Severn, from Bristol, Cardiff and Swansea, that the examination could hardly fail to yield striking results. Certainly we know how the state of one affects the other; when America is financially or commercially troubled, Liverpool cannot be happy; but when one improves, the other brightens. For, in spite of Mr. McKinley and his tariff, the Mersey will be full of imports as long as England consumes and manufactures. In truth,

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considered from the point of view of trade, if from no other, the world is a great though loosely knitted organism; and thus the conditions of New York, of Liverpool, of interoceanic trade, are virtually and organically interdependent. The ships and steamers which cross the waters in ever-increasing numbers are called into existence by laws which may be called physiological, without any great wrenching of the word's restricted and original meaning.

The January article of this series dealt in a general way rather with the history of steamships than with themselves, their economy, management and making; with the ocean rather than the river. In the 'Liverpool Journal of Commerce' for the 10th of January, the writer complained that I had not mentioned the real cause which had made the 20-knot twin-screw lines take the place of the old 8-knot paddle-wheel *Britannia.* In saying the real cause is improved material, he seems to stumble on the word "cause." Among the philosophers they distinguish causes "efficient," "material" and "final," and by so doing they recognized the impossibility of pointing to any single cause. For what was, and is, the cause of improved material? Is it not the necessity of faster and better communication between England and America, the result of need and of rivalry? The great competition among traders forces them to make demands upon the builders, those in their turn appeal to the engineers, and these once more apply to the manufacturers of engine and boiler material. Mr. A. E. Seaton, in a paper read before the Iron and Steel Institute at Pittsburg on "The Marine Engine," made these remarks on this very subject:—

"Without your help we should be at a standstill; with it, we can advance step by step, and I am bound to say, in justice to you, that when we make clear our demand for some new thing, you always tackle the problem forthwith, and sooner or later give us what we need. We have not yet, however, exhausted the list of things we want, nor have you yet satisfied all our longings for the things we have asked for."

In exactly the same manner the necessities of trade have made the Liverpool Docks. If the owners of vessels had not continually stirred up the authorities who directly control these, and on pressure build others and enlarge the old one, they would by now be a century behind the times. But owners of vessels of 10,000 tons drawing nearly 30 feet of water, with a beam of 60 feet, must have accommodation. They pay enormously

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for it. The White Star Line pays in Dock dues and Dock rent £18,000 a year.

Although it would be interesting to speak of them at length, the Liverpool Docks are quite beyond the scope of these papers. The history of their rise, their disputes with the Corporation, which at one time took dues from them, and on being compensated for their loss, asserted its right to make the Dock authorities pay rates; the quarrels and rivalries with Birkenhead, and the great fiasco made by the Cheshire side of the river when it started so late on the vain quest of commercial supremacy, would alone make, as they indeed have made, half a score of books. It is better to deal with "causes," and the cause of these docks was the shipping, and the river itself.

One of the great complaints made by steamship-owners, to whom time means money, against the powers who try to rule and regulate the Mersey, is the existence of the Bar. The ideal entrance to a river is one permitting the passage of all vessels of all draughts at all states of the tide. Like other ideals it is extremely rare. Certainly the Mersey does not at its mouth fulfil the conditions of what, by a curious transference of sense, is sometimes called "bold water" by seamen, meaning of course water where a pilot may venture boldly, being sure that his vessel will not "fetch up" on a shoal or rock. At low water, with an ordinary spring-tide there is usually 11 feet of water on the Bar. It varies slightly from year to year, some years more than slightly. Thus in 1866, the soundings at low water gave 12 feet, in 1871, 11 feet, but in 1852, no more than 8. At high water of a neap-tide the depth is 29 feet, and 39 feet at the top of the highest springs. But the depth of 11 feet at low water means that a steamer may have to waste the greater part of an ebb and a flood before coming in. In the report of the Mersey made by the Conservator, Admiral Sir G. H. Richards, he acknowledged that the increasing traffic between Liverpool and the United States, and the great advance made in the size and speed of the steamers which conducted the trade, rendered some attempt to do away with the obstruction absolutely necessary.

Certainly the traffic is enormous. In 1889, 44,002 vessels passed in and out of Liverpool. Of these, 38,015 used the Queen's Channel, passing the Crosby Light Ship and Askew Spit, while 5963 went through the narrower Rock Channel. Thus the full average traffic in and out of the Mersey was 120

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steam and sailing vessels a day. Anything which stands in the way of such trade, which renders the navigation dangerous or only a little more difficult, which causes the loss of time, should be done away with. There are in Liverpool 60 lines of steamers trading "foreign;" 60 different house-flags can be counted in the docks on any day of the year which belong to the port, and these lines include at least 600 steamers, without saying anything of the coasting trade, or those boats which run to Ireland. In this same year, 1889, the Customs returns for Liverpool were, "inward," 8,586,381 tons of shippings, and "outward," 8,307,442. This was an increase of nearly 600,000 tons on the previous year.

Considerations such as these, added to pressing representations made by the lines owning the larger vessels, have at last induced the river authorities to expend a tentative £10,000 in experimenting on the Mersey Bar. There was until recently a very similar obstruction at Sandy Hook, outside New York Harbour, until the employment of sand-pump dredgers removed it. One is now working at Liverpool, and has been used since September. Two will presently be employed. It is much too soon to say whether they will prove such a success here as they did at New York. The silting up of rivers, the increase and decrease of old shoals, the deposition of new ones, and generally the action and interaction of current and tide in bays and estuaries, present problems of such infinite intricacy and complication, that even those engineers who are best acquainted with theory and local conditions often fail to make accurate deductions from the data so confusedly presented to them by nature. Outsiders then naturally rush in, and insolent with all the pride of inexhaustible ignorance, heap contumely on the unlucky man who has been unable to direct the Irish Sea and command the course of the Mersey. Yet it is probable that the Bar will not long stop the way. For a dredger can do an immense amount of work. One of the most interesting things I saw at Liverpool was the sand-pump dredger working on the Bar.

In fact, any dredger is interesting. It is a marine relation of the land "steam navvy," an American invention which seems half-human, half-devilish, and wholly self-conscious, as it pants and trembles, and thrusts and digs away at a hanging bank, wrenching out rocks, breaking tough old roots, and then complacently turning round to drop a huge double-clawful of earth

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in the waiting car. There are now built "grab" or "scoop" dredgers, which can pick up from 800 to 1000 tons of stuff an hour in suitable localities. These sand-dredgers or pumps can fill themselves in twenty minutes, under favourable conditions, with 480 tons of sand. Mr. Lyster, the engineer of the River Conservancy, who is in charge of the operations, gave me every assistance both in seeing them in the Coburg Dock, and while at work. They certainly deserve description.

These dredgers contain powerful centrifugal pumps, fitted on a boat built something after the style of a clumsy-looking life-boat, with air-tight tanks all along the sides and the ends. The pipe which does the dredging, and is let down until it touches the sand, is 60 ft. long, and about 20 inches in diameter, made of very thin but strong steel. The lower end, which is notched into long thin points, somewhat after the shape of the conventional crown given to a fire-king, which prevents its choking, for the interstices leave space for the entrance of water to rush in as well as sand. Thus sand and water are drawn up together. Two long pipes, one on each side of the boat, with sliding doors at the bottom, run fore and aft over the tanks which receive the dredgings. Each pipe is used in succession, in order to equalise the distribution of the sand, and keep the dredger on an even keel. To prevent her being "by the head," or "by the stern," the doors at the bottom of the pipe are worked in due order. If there is sufficient sand aft, the after-doors are closed, and the forward ones opened. And *vice versâ*. But it may be asked, How is the water got rid of which is pumped with the sand into these tanks? Naturally the water flows in in much greater quantities than the sand. That settles at the bottom of the tanks, which are soon filled with water. The boat is of so buoyant a nature, owing to its closed compartments, that it does not sink when in that condition, and the water simply flows over the sides, which are lower at the tanks than elsewhere. Thus, while at work, the dredger is in a way "awash," even if not on a level with the outside water in which it floats. When she has as much sand as she can carry, and it is to be remarked that the dredgings are so close and heavy that she cannot quite fill herself, she hoists her anchors, steams off to a selected spot, sets going her winches which open doors right in the bottom of the tank, and dumps the sand in a position whence it is unlikely to be brought back again to the Bar by any tide or current. The spot selected at these operations is Taylor's Bank.

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At present, while these works are still in the experimental stage, it is proposed to remove the sand to a depth of 4 feet over an area measuring 1000 yards square. This means the lifting of 700,000 tons. As they are at present employed, a simple dredger can shift about 10,000 tons a week, or a little over 20 loads. Thus, when two get into regular work, the extra 4 feet of water should be secured in much less than a year. The sand pumped up is by no means a quicksand; when sounded by a pole it rings almost as hard and clear as a rock.

When these centrifugal sand-pumps are working in favourable conditions at a normal depth of water—or about 5 fathoms—they will bring up 40 per cent. of sand. On taking a sample of the turbid liquid as it rushed into the hopper, I obtained 25 per cent., that is a bucketful, on being allowed to settle, gave a quarter of a bucket of sand. This was while the dredger was at work in rather rough water, with a north-easterly breeze blowing.

These operations are of course liable to interruption, and in the equinoctials little can be done. But some difference is even now observable in the soundings. The engineer in charge, Mr. Barling, assured me that 13 feet at low water of ordinary springs could now be found. Yet many people think that any change that has occurred is due to natural causes. They refuse to believe that this sand-pumping can really remove so formidable and ancient an obstruction. Undoubtedly the *post hoc propter hoc* Tenterden-steeple process of reasoning may come in here. Nevertheless, should the progress already noticed be maintained, even the sceptical will soon be convinced.

It is, however, possible that under a few feet of sand blue clay will be found. There is a theory held by some that a ledge of this runs across the entrance of the river, and that it is this which has really caused sand to settle and accumulate there. If so, the sand-pumps will have to give way to scoop or bucket-dredging, if anything of a permanent character is to be effected on the Bar.

If any one wonders at the trouble and expense taken to build docks, to enlarge their entrances, or to remove this Bar, he will no longer wonder after looking over the Alexandra Dock, in which so many of the Great Atlantic liners usually lie. On the day I visited it I found there the *City of Berlin*, the *Germanic*, *Majestic*, *France*, *Aurania*, *Catalonia*, *Saragossa*, *Servia*, *Alaska*, *Nevada*, *Polynesian* and *Parisian*, while close to, in the Langton Graving Dock, being painted and refitted with propeller blades, was the *Teutonic*.

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In my first article I spoke generally of the White Star boat the *Majestic*, 10,000 tons, and 16,000 horse-power. Since then I have spent some hours on board of her. Her 582 feet of length are no longer vague in my mind. On her main deck is a clear space of some ten feet on each side of her deck-houses—400 feet long. In this a 120-yard sprint-race might be run, leaving 20 feet at each end for spectators. She would just about fill North Castle Street, Liverpool, from end to end. From the Captain's bridge, when without cargo, I looked down nearly 50 feet to the water. Her funnels are about 14 feet at their largest diameter, for they are not circular, but oval in shape. To stand right in the bows of her, where the knight-heads would be in a sailing-vessel, and look aft is bewildering. To turn round and look down her stem is to peer over a shelving precipice. And I am not talking as a man might who had never seen large steamers. I remember once in New York taking two backwoodsmen, who had never seen the sea before, over a 4000-ton steamer. They were silent and awestruck. In the *Majestic*, by an effort of the imagination, I began to understand how these two innocent "mossbacks" felt.

I spent some two hours inspecting the passenger accommodation, but in this paper can give no account of it. Yet I confess I never saw anything like it. I am informed by men conversant with all Atlantic liners that they never did. Yet it is worth while enquiring into the cause of all the luxury displayed on this vessel and her sister, the *Teutonic*. Naturally it is competition. The Inman Line, which runs the only vessels out of Liverpool which are at all comparable in size and speed with the greater vessels of the White Star Line, is their rival. Their vessels, the *City of Paris* and *City of New York*, were especially built to compete with them. They leave usually on the same day. Mr. Ismay, the brains and will of the White Star Line, acts on something the same principle that the proprietor of a coaching line did in British Columbia not very long ago, when a rival started. Fares were cut down very low, and at last to nothing. Finally the man who won the day not only carried his passengers without charge, but gave them their meals in. It has not quite come to that on the Atlantic, but there is an enticing luxury in the accommodation of the *Majestic* and *Teutonic* which is on a level with the supply of peaches to saloon passengers when they cost sixpence or eightpence each.

But to me by far the most interesting portion of these boats,

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or of any boat propelled by steam, is that devoted to the engines and furnaces, I only saw them when they were, so to speak, asleep or dead, when the machinery was still, when the furnaces were dull, empty, and black, instead of alive and hot. Of these furnaces there are 72. They burn Welsh steam coal, which cost sums varying from 12*s.* to £1 a ton. Carrying some 2200 tons of coal in her vast bunkers, round and over her boilers, which are closely packed side by side and end to end, her mere motive provisions are worth on an average £1600 or £1700. When steaming, she burns 290 tons a day. Thus household expenditure in coal is about £200. It is as well to correct mistakes when they occur to one. I put the total expenditure of these steamers for a single trip at about £4000. It is much nearer £7600. To get this, let us make a little calculation. The Captain makes probably £1000 a year; the chief mate £20 a month; the first mate, £18; the second, £13; the third, £10. In addition, a bonus is given if the year passes without serious accidents. Then there is the engineering staff. The rest of the men get now, sailing out of Liverpool, £4 5*s.* a month. Thus the whole expenditure in wages for one trip cannot be much less than £1000. The provisioning amounts to about £3500. This brings the sum-total to £6100, and adding to that other stores, insurance and depreciation, it will be over £7000. I may remark, *apropos* of the character I gave the Western Ocean seamen, that the White Star system of giving a bonus to such of their hands as make ten consecutive trips, is calculated to improve their general conduct in a marked degree. But to return to the furnace-room.

It is now possible, when looking at the furnaces, to see what the much talked-of "forced draught" really means. An ordinary furnace-door usually permits the access of some air to the fire through its crevices. Here there is a kind of door added which serves as a damper, and effectually stops the indraught from the stokehole. The furnace is sealed up. Where then does the air come from which is necessary for the combustion of fuel? First, let me premise that cold air entering a furnace, to some extent chills it, and reduces its temperature. The problem was to feed the furnace with intensely hot air which would avoid this waste. The solution was found by coiling round the jackets of the heated boilers pipes supplied from other large feed-pipes, containing in them fans which forced the air finally into the very furnace itself. It was found that the hot-air blast saved

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20 per cent. in fuel over the first experiments which were made with a cold blast. In the *Majestic* seven fans drive this air in and make a "forced draught," which indeed burns more coal, but obtains more than proportionate heat. This system catches part of the wasting radiating energy and heat which would otherwise be lost. It helps to reduce the great percentage of loss which hitherto has been found unavoidable in every type of engine, marine or locomotive.

In this furnace there are employed 60 firemen, 6 leading hands, and 42 trimmers, who work the coal out of the bunkers and shovel it to the firemen.

It is very much to be doubted if even a competent engineer of no previous experience in marine triple-expansion engines could give anything like an intelligible account of the machinery in the *Majestic* which should present technical facts in an untechnical way. And I am no engineer. After spending an hour in a cursory examination of the port engines I was quite oblivious of the fact that I had only seen half the driving-power, and had missed comprehending half of that. The starboard engines I did not look at. They are totally divided from the others by a bulkhead. If one set broke down, the other could work. The one thing in the matter of the engines and furnace rooms which seems to me to call for adverse comment is, that part of the bulkhead originally dividing the furnace-room into two completely separate parts had been removed for the sake of additional coolness. If that portion of the vessel were injured in a collision, instead of half the furnace fires, all would be extinguished. Probably the extra ventilation might have been secured by additional fans, such as those placed close by the funnels.

One of the most notable things inside the whole vessel is of course the shaft. This is made of steel, in sections securely bolted together, and is 22 inches in diameter. Not infrequently we hear that such and such a steamer has broken a shaft. The immense torsion to which it is subjected, in driving such a weight and bulk through the water, necessarily in the end finds out flaws, just as guns discover their "greys" on being much used. Yet the shaft rarely breaks in two. If a crack is discovered before it goes too far, steel jackets are provided to clap on the weakening part, and these screwed up tightly will often prevent a breakdown. It is exactly similar in effect to "fishing" a cracked or wounded spar by lashing a sound one alongside of it.

The "tunnel," as it is technically called, in which this shaft

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works is not a space where one needs to crawl, as might be necessary on a smaller boat. I walked down its whole length without stooping, finding many subsidiary engines, such as those which drive the refrigerating gear for cooling the meat chambers, as I went. It is lighted by the electric light of course. There are regular electric turbines always running, and even the green and red side-lights are electric, workable from the steering-house.

The men who work the engine department of the vessel seem very numerous, though in such an organization we may be sure there are none too many. This is the list:—19 engineers, 18 greasers, 4 electric-light greasers, 2 refrigerator greasers, 1 refrigerating engineer, 2 electricians, 4 storekeepers. In all, 50.

After looking over the *Majestic*, I walked down to the Langton Dry Dock to take a look at the *Teutonic*, high and dry on the blocks, with her vast hulk securely shored up. As I came to the edge of the dock I noticed some half-dozen manganese bronze propeller-blades. Although they seemed large enough, they did not attract my attention just then to any great degree, for I confess to having no eyes for anything but the *Teutonic* herself. I never saw anything which made me think so much of the vast disproportion between man and his work. No cathedral or building of any kind so impressed me; I can think of nothing in nature which had a like effect, save a redwood forest in Northern California. The *Majestic* in the water seemed huge enough, but here was a similar vessel, with the 24 feet she drew visible to me, filling the dock and towering gigantically above it. Down below in a half-mist, for the day was not very clear, men were working about her propellers, which were double, the port one a little forward of the starboard, in order to give both a fair chance at the water. They also overlap to the extent of about 2 ft. 6 in. Right under her shapely run—for indeed, big as she is, her lines are good, though not so fine as the yacht-like *City of Rome's*—and on the projection which contained the last part of the tunnel, three men were at work with plenty of space at their disposal; and on the bottom of the dock was a new blade ready to be slung, hoisted, and bolted on. I said I did not notice their size as they lay near me, but I took the trouble to count the men working round this little piece of manganese bronze. In all there were 22, 8 being on it and the rest round it; and then more that half the blade was visible. Twenty feet above them the fitted blades stood out sharp and thin and keen, looking

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like razors, yet small, very small indeed compared with the gigantic bulk which they could drive through the sea at 20 knots an hour. I began to see the need of the great "thrust-block" in which the shaft worked with a dozen strong shoulders projecting above its ordinary diameter, that my intelligent guide had pointed out to me at the entrance of the tunnel. Were it not for that block bolted and secured to the very frame of the vessel itself, the screw would thrust itself into the ship, smashing and tearing ordinary bolts and fastenings before it overcame the *vis inertiæ* and set the hull in motion. As I came away it was growing dusk, and the fitters' lighted fire cast a reddish glow on the blades and on the ant-like men busy about their work, but it died ineffectually in the gloom beneath the vast projection of her naked hull.

In spite of their size, these vessels are easy to handle. By setting the helm over, reversing one screw and going ahead with the other, I am told they will turn in once and a half their own length. The steering gear is driven by steam, and is a marvel of size, strength, and ingenuity, having strong spring buffers which take the place of the clumsy artifice known on sailing vessels as "relieving tackles," which are used when a heavy sea puts a big strain on the steering gear. And as everything is lighted by electricity, so every piece of hard work is done by steam. The weighing, cutting, and fishing of the seven-ton anchor, the hauling in of warps, and the getting alongside with warps out, is all done by steam capstans and windlasses. I was surprised to learn that some means had not been discovered for doing away with "chain hooks" in ranging cable for letting go anchor. I well remember from my own experience that it was heavy work.

As an example of the ease with which such vessels are manœuvred, this will suffice. A man fell overboard; the engines were reversed, the third mate got into the boat, it was lowered close to the water, when her way was checked sufficiently he let go, and pulled after the drowning man. The *Majestic* turned and came after him, shot past as he picked up the man, turned again, took up her boat, and the whole affair only lasted twenty-three minutes. And as they are smart in such a manœuvre, they are smart when it is a matter of business to discharge a vessel and load her again. On one occasion the *Germanic* came home, went into dry dock, discharged, coaled, loaded, and sailed

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inside of twenty-four hours. A very similar story is told of the *Adriatic*. Such extra quickness is of course owing to trade necessity, but it could not be done without perfect discipline and perfect organization, ashore and afloat.

The White Star Works show what the system is ashore. In one compact block of buildings are three departments, Engineering, Victualling, and Marine. In the first all repairs are done, save those needing heavy forging. There are blacksmiths' and fitters' shops of all descriptions, and a complication of stored necessary materials. In the second, all matters dealing with masts, gaffs, sails, cordage, &c., are dealt with. The third looks after all the provisioning, and possesses a steam laundry, employing fifty women and girls all the year round. It has a bonded cellar as well; an upholstery department, and indeed everything which can possibly render the "White Star" people independent of outside help. Within its walls three hundred men are employed. There is no other steamship line in Liverpool which is so self-contained.

Everything which saves money in the fearfully expensive rivalry which is carried on by competitors for the Atlantic trade is very necessary. There is little doubt that the latest development in vessels is not so paying as it might be. The *Britannic*, the *Germanic*, the *Runic*, and *Cufic* paid in proportion much better than these greater vessels. But it was necessary to move with the times, otherwise the Inman Line might have been having it all their own way, whereas they now only get a fair share of the traffic. I do not here speak of the Cunard Line, which goes steadily on, and is still probably the first in the numbers of its vessels, and in financial success as well,

The McKinley Bill, or rather law, has made some curious differences in the character of goods carried. The exports from Liverpool do not include now so much fine manufactures; "measurement goods" have fallen off, and "rough stuff," which goes more by weight than the ton of forty cubic feet, has increased. But under present conditions a ship-owner cannot afford to refuse cargo, and "rough" or not, it is necessary for him to take matter which is harder to stow and to handle. Outside of the sea-going and mercantile professions it is hardly generally known that "stowing" is a fine art with innumerable rules and regulations. Every seaman before getting his second-mate's "ticket" is supposed to be acquainted with it, and must know that railway iron is usually stowed "grating fashion," and

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that a cask, if not "bung up and bilge free," will probably cause trouble. But even a rank outsider will understand that paraffin must not be placed cheek by jowl with fine hams or delicate dry goods, though, if what one of the White Star officers told me is true, that they carried everything outward bound, from pale ale to a second-hand pulpit, it might be stowed next the latter.

Certainly with the McKinley tariff the liners have to take everything that is offered them. Even the great racers of 20-knot speed do not disdain to carry whatever they can get. They have, in Western American parlance, to "rustle" for their living with the others. This tariff has made such ships less paying than they were before. Above I said that the *Britannic* paid better than these later developments. Certainly she has been a gold mine to her owners, to whose care she owes her long life. Although only running at about 16 knots as a usual thing, she managed lately to do even better, as though she thought it better to hurry a little in such times as these, when freight is almost as hard to get as if Arthur Young's wish had come true, and the Atlantic were a sea of fire dividing America from Europe. Mr. McKinley has done his best to ring his country round with a fence instead of a sea of flaming naphtha, but it is not a barrier which will stand very long. Every new tariff, every subsidy, every tax which bears on one hardly while unduly favouring another, whether that other be of the same nation or outside it, is but a futile endeavour after a kind of total independence which is against the tendencies of natural law, and an endeavour which will probably in the end have a socialistic tendency little suspected by those who try the experiment. We are each day, as individuals, as races, as political communities, more and more necessary to each other; and that altruism which bids us even on selfish grounds to help each other is as much wanted in international politics as in a society. For it does not pay in the end to be blindly selfish, though the Republican party in the States may find it pay them as individuals.

The question of "subsidising" on the part of foreign Governments is naturally enough a sore one with English owners. The reluctance of our Government to grant any sums of money save for services rendered, such as mail carrying; or for possible services, should these great vessels be required for transport or cruising purposes under given circumstances, may be a factor in harming our commercial supremacy. Even in the case of

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payment for the mails, the scale of remuneration is not calculated on a particularly generous basis. If the Bill which practically only requires the assent of the Senate become law in America, it will deal a heavy blow at our steamship trade. Not only do the American Republican party propose a subsidy on each ton of native-built steamers, but they will furthermore grant to mail ships $6, or 25*s.*, for every mile run by 8000-ton 20-knot mail carriers. Taking the round figures of 6000 miles as the distance between Liverpool and New York and back, this means about £7000 for the round trip, or just half the working expenses of a 10,000-ton steamer. The Americans as a nation will go into steamship trade, pay half the bill, and receive nothing but the satisfaction of partly owning vessels which would never have existed save for State help. That they do not naturally exist and pay their own way is due of course to the same causes which originally destroyed the American carrying trade, the substitution of iron for wood as a material for shipbuilding. The later development, which bids fair to render even iron obsolete, and to make steel universal, has to some extent even further removed the possibility of the United States taking back some portion of this business without State help or an alteration of the tariff.

But if they mean to give us this help, the result very naturally may be that some of our shipbuilders will remove to the United States and build there. It may be their only chance of saving themselves. If the Americans as a nation go into the shipbuilding business on sentimental grounds, or as a means of getting rid of their surplus, they will be able to sell us ships at less than English cost price, and cut out our manufacturers on the Clyde, at Barrow, or at Belfast. As France and beetroot subsidized sugar destroyed the refineries in England one by one, so the shipping yards may be undermined. Neither one man nor a firm can fight against a nation selling vessels for less than they cost.

It may be observed that this form of State aid means in the last resort State control. Whether ill-advised or not, whether consciously or unconsciously, the nations adopting it in a measure tend towards a form of Socialism. England still remains among Republics and Empires the greatest embodiment of Individualism.

As notice has been drawn, both privately and publicly, in the Liverpool papers to the fact that in my last article I only spoke

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of two or three great disasters as having occurred to Atlantic liners, leaving thereby the unintentional impression that other companies than those mentioned have no such record of misfortune, it will be best to give a complete list of such casualties. This I owe to my friendly critic in the 'Journal of Commerce.'

Ship.	Date of Loss.	Cause.	Owners.
Columbia	July 4, 1843	Stranded	Cunard.
City of Glasgow	March 1, 1854	Missing	Inman's.
City of Philadelphia	September 14, 1854	Stranded	Inman's.
City of New York	March 29, 1864	Stranded	Inman's.
Glasgow	July 31, 1865	Burnt	Inman's.
Scotland	December 3, 1866.	Collision	National.
Chicago	January 12, 1868.	Stranded	Guion.
City of Boston	January 28, 1870	Missing	Inman's.
Tripoli	May 17, 1872	Stranded	Cunard.
Colorado	February 7, 1872	Collision	Guion.
Atlantic	April 1, 1873	Stranded	White Star.
City of Washington	July 5, 1873	Stranded	Inman's.
Dakota	May 19, 1877	Stranded	Guion.
Idaho	June 1, 1878	Struck rock and sank	Guion.
City of Brussels	March 13, 1880	Stranded	Inman's.
Montana	January 7, 1883	Collision	Guion.
Oregon	March 14, 1886	Collision	Cunard.
City of Montreal	August 11, 1887	Burnt	Inman's.
Egypt	July 16, 1890	Burnt	National.

In the next article, which will deal chiefly with the steamers running from Liverpool, &c., to South America, I shall have something to say concerning the commercial and naval types of boilers, and the great Belfast shipbuilding yards of Messrs. Harland and Wolff.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

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MADRIGALS, FROM FOREIGN SOURCES.

No. I.—From the French of Sully Prud'homme.

I.

Dear, if you knew what tears they shed,
Who live apart from home and friend,
To pass my house, by pity led,
Your steps would tend.

II.

And if you knew what jubilees
Begets, in sad souls, a friend's glance,
You'd look up where my window is,
As if by chance!

III.

And if you dreamed how a friend's smile
And nearness soothe a heart that's sore,
You might be moved to stay awhile
Before my door.

IV.

Then if you guessed I loved you, sweet,
And how my love is deep and wide,
Something might tempt your pausing feet
To come inside!

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No. II.—From the Portuguese.

Love, like a June rose,
Buds, and sweetly blows,—
But tears its leaves disclose
And among thorns it grows.

Take it to thy breast;
Though thorns its stem invest
Gather them, with the rest!

Then, amid pricks and pain,
Confess that thorns remain
When Beauty, proven vain,
And Love, come not again.

No. III.—From the German.

I.

I thought that the swallow was wooing already
Her mate to the nest;
I thought that the wild bee with kisses already
The first rose pressed;
And that thou wert clasping me, Love, already,
Close to thy breast!

II.

How bitter and winterly waxed last night
The air that was mild!
How nipped with frost were the flowers last night,
That at dawning smiled!
How the bird lost the tune of the song last night,
That the Spring beguiled,—
And how thou forgottest last night, last night,
Thy poor, poor child!

Alice Horton.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

OCTAVE FEUILLET—NOTES FROM PARIS—THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN SCOTLAND—UNIVERSITY HALL—A SNOWY MOORLAND.

OCTAVE FEUILLET.

THE death of Octave Feuillet, the popular novelist, came as an unexpected literary calamity; for although his health had long been far from good, no one suspected that he was a prey to one of those diseases, the fatal issue of which is only too sure, sooner or later; medical science being powerless to do more than stave off the fatal day for a limited time. Perhaps in this instance his life might have been prolonged had he been a more docile patient; but he was of a strangely nervous temperament, and impatient of control. In the vain hope of finding that peace and silence for which he longed, he perpetually changed his residence; but everywhere something jarred on his nerves and became a torture. He could bear no noise; when he travelled, he always engaged the room above his own, that he might not hear a footstep; and when by any means he could avoid railways, he accepted any miserable vehicle, rather than endure the hiss of the engine.

Physically and morally, the sensitiveness of Octave Feuillet was that of a man flayed alive. When his books or plays came out, he suffered tortures; praise did not satisfy him, for he doubted its sincerity, and blame threw him into a state of despair. To use a familiar expression, he lived in a state of "fidget"; always anxious, always worrying himself about something. And yet he was an amiable man; always ready for a kind act, and wonderfully patient, when he could oblige any one. He was too nervous and excitable to like general society, but he was extremely agreeable, and even cheerful, with his friends, till the death of his son, two years ago, from which crushing blow he never recovered. In the days of the Empire he was a favourite at the Imperial Court, where his gentlemanlike manners and graceful conversation were fully appreciated; unlike many others, he remained in adversity the faithful friend of the exiled Emperor and Empress.

Octave Feuillet belonged to a good old bourgeois family of St. Lô, in Normandy, and had every opportunity of thoroughly knowing the

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society which he has depicted so powerfully, in his novels of fashionable life. But although the frame is true to nature, the portraits are those of exceptionally diseased minds. Women like the "Madame de Champvallon" of "Monsieur de Camors," or the dreadful "Julia de Trécœur," may exist in France, or elsewhere; but those who know French society, especially provincial society, will certainly recognize more readily women like "Madame de Camors," and her charming mother; or the "Suzanne" of "La Clef d'Or"; with the home of "Sibylle," and the dear old people so delightfully described there. Many others might be quoted, equally sweet and pure, amongst the heroines of Octave Feuillet's impassioned narratives; we are inclined to think that these have been more faithfully copied from nature than the others.

Notes from Paris.

An important event in the world of trade has taken place by the election of the "Prud'hommes," or chiefs of the professional syndicates, which have succeeded to the ancient "Corps de métier," or guilds. There are in the Department of the Seine as many as 245 "chambres syndicales," or syndicates, representing the various trades. The "conseillers Prud'-hommes" (or wise men) are chosen by moiety among the masters and among the leading operatives, and have the right of judging all quarrels between the masters and men. They also examine, with the syndicates to which they belong, all questions relating to reforms which may be proposed or considered necessary. On all occasions they are the recognized representatives of the interests of trade in Paris.

The "Prud'hommes" are named by election every three years; they number 138 at each election, and whether masters or men, receive for their trouble a compensation of 100 francs a month. The list of candidates is made out with scrupulous care by a committee of forty delegates from the "chambres syndicales." The electors must be at least twenty-five years of age, and must have practised their respective trades for at least five years.

The "Conseillers Prud'hommes" elected are divided into four councils, each one acting separately, and having its own President and Vice-president, judging in turn the various difficulties which may arise in matters of trade, and acting as umpires between masters and men. Every month the four Presidents meet to exchange their views, and discuss measures proposed for the good of all.

The "Prud'hommes" may or may not be re-elected, according to the pleasure of the electors.

A curious communication has been made to the "Académie de Médecine" by M. Motais, of Angers, whose works on the various diseases of the eye are highly esteemed. He has closely examined the effect of captivity on the sight of wild beasts, such as lions, tigers, &c.,

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and asserts that all animals in a savage state are far-sighted. The same remark applies to man in an uncivilized state, and even to those who, though civilized, follow avocations which oblige them to remain constantly in the open air, such as sailors or farm-labourers. The same faculty subsists in caged animals when they have been taken after the age of six or eight months; but when born in captivity, or kept in cages when very young, they become near-sighted, which M. Motais attributes to the narrow space in which they are confined, and the training which obliges them to follow the eye of the keeper or tamer to obey his will. The near-sightedness of school children may, in his opinion, be ascribed to the same cause; the habit of concentrating the sight on one point, and the fact that the power of the visual organ becomes modified according to the requirements to which it is subjected.

The terrible severity of the weather, and the sufferings of the poorer classes, add a fresh interest to all the efforts of private charity to procure some relief, one of the most useful of which is the "Asile des femmes," or refuge for women, at Clignancourt, the foundation of which is comparatively recent, although there are others in Paris. It was established by the "Société Philanthropique," and is directed by M. and Mme. Petit, their daughter, and three assistants.

Both women and children are received for the night, and the applicants being numerous, the task is not a light one. In addition to the night hospitality, baths are given in the morning to all the children who apply for them, and as a bowl of soup is given to all bathers, many are induced to come. The bath is enforced on all received for the night, not without great resistance in many cases, but the supper of soup is only given after the bath, immediately before going to bed, where they may remain till seven in the morning. The dormitories are kept scrupulously clean, and are ingeniously ventilated by replacing one of the panes of a window by a piece of stout linen, which, twice a week, is thoroughly imbued with carbolic acid. A light is kept burning (turned down) all night. Necessary washing is required on rising in the morning, a rule which is extremely unwelcome to most of the inmates, but it must be obeyed before receiving the ration of soup. Bread and milk is given to children.

Before leaving the house the women receive a certificate of having spent the night there. If unmarried, this entitles them to official assistance; but if married, the husband, however brutal and unworthy, is expected to provide for his wife and children, and nothing is given to the poor wretches, often more miserable than the others, on leaving the refuge.

A characteristic feature of Paris life may be found in the booths bordering the boulevards for the week preceding and the one following

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the New Year. The really ingenious toys sold for a few sous have been prepared in many a poor work-room, and the harvest of the New Year is awaited with anxious impatience, for numbers have staked their all on the chance of a good sale at that time. When the weather is unpropitious, when the *bonbons* melt in the rain or the toys remain unsold, the disappointment amounts to a calamity in many a household, so that all must wish success to the poor and ingenious "petits marchands" who, with imperfect tools and bits of tin, make such pretty little dolls, jumping on horses in a circus, or performing tricks on the tight-rope, or running along nimbly with brightly coloured carts, all sold for a few sous, and offered with such pressing earnestness! "Buy it, madame! See how it jumps! Such a *joli cadeau* for a child!" and so it really is. Then the cheap dolls of larger size, so prettily dressed, and looking so Parisian, sold for a franc! How ingeniously the merest bits of ribbon and lace have been worked up to make the little lady look the perfection of fashion! Some of the booths are marked "20 centimes" in large letters, and everything there is sold for twopence. We saw every imaginable article—little pocket-books in leather or cloth, all sorts of toys in painted tin, little china slippers with which children are delighted, tiny dolls, coloured pictures, all for twopence.

These humble booths form a line on the boulevards opposite the shops where all the costly gifts are so temptingly displayed—the dolls of 50 or 60 francs each, seated round an elegant tea-table, and gravely taking tea; others skating on a pond, wrapped in furs, or seated in sledges; others at their toilet, with powder-puffs and other accessories, which may be too suggestive to the infant mind.

In the Rue de la Paix the jewellers' shops are especially attractive, the great rage being for fanciful brooches, representing enamelled flowers (some very beautiful) and fruit. The green grapes, so much in favour last autumn, have become rather too common; but a bunch of three cherries with gold stalks is pretty; also red and white currants in cornelian, looking wonderfully natural; three dried raisins, with gold stalks, also form a brooch, but it is more fanciful than really pretty. We were much pleased with a sprig of blackberries, ripe and unripe, in contrast, very natural and prettily set. Some enamel brooches represent knots of ribbon, carelessly tied, and fastened by a diamond pin; the imitation of the texture is so good, that real ribbon would produce exactly the same effect, so the advantage seems doubtful. One brooch, representing a pink *radish* set in diamonds, caused us some surprise; the bad taste was flagrant, and rather astounding in the Rue de la Paix.

We can recommend for family reading: 'Simplette,' by Fernand Calmettes; 'En Esclavage,' by Madame P. de Manteuil; 'Yette,' by Th. Bentzon; 'Le Secret du Mage,' by André Laurie; 'Trop Grande,' by Ernest d'Hervilly; 'César Cascabel,' by Jules Verne; 'Victor de

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Trésac,' by a writer who signs, *d'Y*; 'Temps d'Epreuves,' by Madame Samson; 'Une Eléve de Seize Ans,' by Ernest Legouvé (de l'Académie Française).

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN SCOTLAND.

Much has been written and will continue to be written on the social and politico-economical aspect of the Strike. To people living out of Scotland this industrial war, with rumours of further wars, is a subject for speculation, conjecture, and for prophecy to such as are willing to hazard that "most gratuitous form of mistake." But to us who live in Scotland the stern realities of the situation have been the practical problems with which we have had to deal, bringing forcibly home to us the state of Fool's Paradise of security in which we habitually live. No one who has not travelled in Scotland (we speak particularly of the side lines) can realize the sense of uncertainty which has attended our movements, or, worse still, our cessation from movement. Time (which proverbially waits for no man) and time-tables alike have been set aside, as matters which do not bear on the question of the journey, but which wait on the convenience of the engine-drivers and firemen. If the problem of the *when* is at last solved, after much questioning of indifferent or ignorant officials (evidently stop-gaps), there still remain the *how* and the *where* to be grappled with. To the anxious inquiry, "Shall we get along all right?" some such reply as "There's no telling what may happen," is vouched; an answer which, as the statement of an eternal truth, cannot be gainsaid, but which is not calculated to soothe vague fears. If, in this state of actual insecurity and potential alarm, you persist in starting on your journey, you have ample opportunity of seeing these feelings reflected on the countenances of your fellow-passengers, as you suddenly pull up with a jerk, having gone on to the wrong lines, or are kept waiting outside a station for an incalculable time. You are liable to be delayed for hours at a side junction, waiting for connections from all points of the compass, as, owing to the scarcity of coals on the one hand, and overwork on the part of the loyal officials on the other, the trains in the locality to which you are travelling have been reduced to a minimum number. This is especially irritating when you have just passed through stations literally blocked up with coal trains.

In one part of Stirlingshire for six days there were no trains at all, and parts of Fife were cut off for two or three days from all communication with the outside world. It is easy to talk sentimentally of "the good old coaching days," but the public has been slow to appreciate the advantage of returning to them.

The daily assurance of the Press that the Strike is practically over, and that the traffic is being conducted with regularity, scarcely weighs

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against the evidence of our eyes at the railway stations, and against travellers' experiences of narrow escapes, and of great delay and inconvenience. We know of one official who during three weeks would not allow members of his own family to go the shortest journey.

University Hall.

A correspondent writes as follows :—

"May I suggest that the wording of your very favourable account of the objects and teaching of University Hall in the January number is, in one important point, likely to be misleading? You say that the religious teaching is to be 'absolutely unsectarian.' Now this phrase 'unsectarian,' as commonly used, stands for unsectarian Christianity, the common basis of historical fact, a doctrine on which all Christians are at one. But Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mrs. Humphry Ward do not hold this common basis, their teaching is unsectarian Theism, not Christianity. Men differ widely as to the extent and limits of this basis of Christian Truth. The Bishop of Carlisle would make the Apostles' Creed common ground for 'all who profess and call themselves Christians;' but a wider and simpler definition is that given by Pliny the Younger early in the second century, when he says, 'A Christian is one who says hymns to Christ as to a God.' That simple test, the worship of Jesus Christ, applies to all Christians in all times; it does not apply to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Christians can only hear with the greatest pain that the scheme includes the education of children.

"No amount of 'faith and devotion' on the part of Mrs. Humphry Ward and her assistants can render this teaching anything but a negation of all that Christians hold most dear, and they can only look forward with fear and distress to the result of such teaching on the after-lives of children."

A Snowy Moorland.

Since the snow fell on the moorland a few days ago it has been very still. During one night, and one night only, a slight breeze from the south-east shook the newly-fallen masses of snow from the bending arms of the pine trees and moaned with a softened and subdued sound through the tall avenues. Rid of their heavy burden the laurels and evergreens lifted up their heads, and since then there has scarcely been a sound. Now and again, an ominous drip, drip has been discernible, falling here and there on the matted chestnut-leaves where birds or beasts have bared them for herbage underneath, just as if the west wind was coming. Yet this sound too has been frozen, as it were, and tiny icicles hang from branch or dried oak-leaves. The moon also has shone at night

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weirdly over the moorland scene—so bright at times that the descriptions of distant Arctic nights recur to the memory. Such weather as this is unusual in the West of England, and the oldest inhabitant begins to prattle and say that it is something like he can "mind" forty or fifty years ago. To the sportman and naturalist the spell of real winter is a treat. Close by and fringing the edge of these western Highland lies spread a goodly fir plantation of more than 100 acres in extent; beyond, the moorland stretches away white and wonderful with all its well-known green velvety paths blotted out, and its heather wastes a mass of domed snow, through which you sink up to the knee. For the heath poults or black game these miniature caves and recesses along the roots of ling and heather furnish a number of warm and sheltered retreats. To the right and left the brown coppice, with oak-leaves glittering and sparkling in the afternoon sun, slopes for miles upon miles. Here, just where the combes converge, and especially in the open glades amongst the fir trees, is the haunt of the wild red deer. You are almost sure to find some of them here, and now is the right time to spoor or track him, not with any hostile intent, but just to see what he is doing. It is easy to see him as he bulks large against the snowy background. Just now, it is hard to live comfortably on the hills. The deer are more restless, and seem to be afoot at all hours and collect together in herds. Creep along the glades as gently as you can. It is somewhat hard to avoid making a noise, as the top of the snow is frozen, and your boot crunches through it into the yielding mass beneath, and the ever-watchful deer will hear you. Avail yourself of the sheltered side of a deep bank beneath a beech hedge on the western side, if possible, and pry carefully amongst the places where detached holly bushes grow. Mark these well and you will see most likely the slot of a deer that has been to them. Round and round the bush he has trampled, and you wonder why he has left such signs of his presence. If you examine the bush you will see that he has been breaking off and feeding upon the youngest holly shoots, and that he has been able to reach up to them from a very considerable distance from the ground. Here is evidently the slot of last night, but, here again, is a much fresher one, where the frozen top of the snow has been struck off and sent rolling in different directions. Follow the track, as you may very likely see the animal. Whilst you do so you realize the marvellous stride of the red deer. Now and then the spoor leads you across a fallen piece of timber. This the deer has taken with a slight leap, which covers, however, twelve or fifteen feet of ground. Next, it comes to a deep bank, fully four feet high, running across the plantation. Straight as a line the deer has taken it, swerving neither to right nor left, not topping it, but half scrambling up it. So down through the glade he has vanished and, standing to listen, you can just hear him brushing through the coppice. By the size and shape of his slot he is evidently a runnable deer. Leave him alone, and when this "winter of discontent" is over

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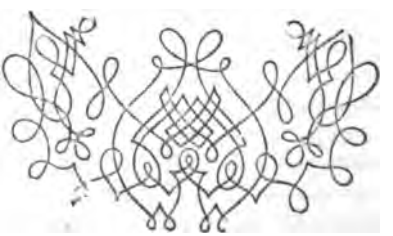
and gay August comes he will lead the hunt a merry chase. The red deer love the turnip fields this weather and, close by, their nightly track is to a retired and sheltered field, where they levy a tithe never grudged by the West-country sportsmen.

Other sights greet you on the snowy moorland. The chances are that you may see a moorland fox creeping away and halting to look at you just before he dives into the depth of the covert. In an ordinary way you would never see him, as his red jacket so closely resembles the yellow fern, and he always knows how to slouch away behind the heather bushes. But he cannot steal away now, and you give him a good "tally ho!" to remind him that the season is not yet over. The woodcock have left the moorland, where they often hide in the daytime in wild weather, making little creeps and nests for themselves amongst the bracken, and now foregather with blackbirds, winnel thrushes or field-fares, missel thrushes and others in the moist meadow gutters. Hundreds of wild duck have come west and have been bagged, and wild geese are found in unexpected places. As you stand listening on the edge of the moorland, just as the December night begins to close in, you hear the unmistakable flight of widgeon "roading" from the sea below. You hear them, but cannot see them. At the place where you may have marked this winter the woodcock "road" in the gloaming, there is nothing moving now. These birds have made a local or perhaps a distant migration. As the darkness sets in the scene becomes more weird. Not a sound anywhere in the solemn pine colonnades! Not a breath anywhere sweeping their tall strong branches! Passing down by a well-known pool, where the red deer drink and soil usually, there is nothing to be seen now. Evidently the animals have been there by the "slots," but ground frozen to the consistency of adamant is no good for "soiling," so, somewhat disappointed, they have gone lower down.

The snowy moorland is very bleak at present, but in its silent beauty it is wonderfully fascinating. The shadows of the firs and of the stray holly bushes seem in the night to grow larger and larger, and, far to the westward, it is hard to see where the outline of the hills lies. At present, till the west wind coming from the Atlantic yonder begins to sigh through the pines, it is a picture of solitude and an almost untraversed waste.



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ELECTRICITY: THE SCIENCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A SKETCH FOR GENERAL READERS. By E. M. CAILLARD. (With illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* *Murray.*) We can turn nowhere nowadays without being confronted with "the science of the nineteenth century" in some one or other of its Protean phases; there is, moreover, no lack of scientific manuals and technical monographs on its mechanical uses and appliances, but these are for experts, not for the general public. The work now before us is not of this special class. Miss Caillard's former book on the Invisible Powers of Nature had prepared us for a lucid and readable exposition, and her new book more than justifies the expectation. It is one of Nature's Fairy Tales she has to tell us, which appeals to every intelligent reader in these days, and unfolds to him that mighty power which man is only now beginning to control to his service. Especially interesting are the chapters on Thunderstorms, and the illustrations given therein. The familiar tradition of the angular, zigzag form of lightning, dear to painters, is consigned to the limbo of discredited traditions. Accuracy has been ensured by the revision of Professor Ayrton, of which acknowledgment is made in the Preface. There are many circumstances of every-day experience which will be explained by, and will derive a new and absorbing interest from, the perusal of this book.

A MODERN APOSTLE: ALEXANDER N. SOMERVILLE, D.D. 1813–1889. IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, INDIA, AMERICA, AUSTRALASIA, SPAIN, FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, RUSSIA, GREECE, TURKEY, &c. &c. By Dr. GEORGE SMITH. (With Portrait and Map. *Murray.*) The Free Churches have been singularly fortunate in the biographer of their Missionaries. Dr. George Smith's Lives of William Carey, of John Wilson, and of Alexander Duff have taken their place in the literature of Christian enterprise, and he has now followed them up by an account of one whom he has well described as a Modern Apostle; for if any man was ever called upon to "be all things to all men," and strove to live up to that maxim in its highest sense, that man was Alexander Somerville. Should any one be inclined to doubt the character of the man or the scope of his work, we would ask him to glance at the portrait which is given as the frontispiece of this volume, and the map

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which forms its conclusion. In the former we see a countenance of singular dignity and force, mingled with wisdom and kindliness; while from the map we learn that there were few regions of the world to which Dr. Somerville's devotion to duty did not lead him during the half century of his ministerial career. It is to men like this, and to the record of their work, that we look for the breaking down of those petty jealousies which form the barriers between so many of the Christian Churches.

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE. By ERNEST RENAN. (*Chapman & Hall.*) To those who know M. Renan's later writings there is a great charm in this work of his youth, anticipating as it does so many of the ideas which it has been his mission to preach. It is more than forty years since this book, now published for the first time, was written, and as he himself says in the preface, much that he then regarded as future has become accomplished fact. To the young thinker of 1848 science—the science of humanity—appeared to be the first necessity of life. To know man we must study the records of his past, and hence the primary importance of what M. Renan calls philology, including under that name much that another might have called archæology, or even anthropology. It is of course primarily the study of ancient literatures, but of ancient literatures as expressing the mind of primitive man, as the embodiment of ancient psychology. Special study of the minutest points, research which to the uninitiated appears fruitless, is of infinite value if it contributes in the slightest degree to this knowledge of the history of the human intellect. The writer therefore calls on all true lovers of science to forego all popular presentation of results, and to be content to labour unknown, or at most to give to the world some monograph which will serve as a stepping-stone to a future traveller along the same road. The most valuable part of this science will be the comparative history of religions, and we see the future writer of the 'Origines du Christianisme' already turning his thoughts in that direction. In politics, M. Renan was already a Socialist, but a Socialist who sought to raise the ignorant, not to remove the possibility of learned leisure for the *savant*. He would have the State support science and art, and concern itself with the intellectual and moral welfare of its members. In religion he is himself emancipated from the bonds of Catholicism and a worshipper of the beauty of morality, but he is still ready to allow that to the unlearned and ignorant Catholicism is valuable as the upholder of an ideal. It is a pity that so charming a book should be spoiled by the incompetence of its translators. Something more is required in a translation than a literal rendering of the French idiom into English words.

MRS. THRALE: AFTERWARDS MRS. PIOZZI. Edited by L. B. SEELEY, M.A. (*Seeley & Co.*). Entertainment is the idea associated

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in one's mind with Mrs. Thrale and the society she gathered round her, and entertainment of an excellent kind the reader will find in these passages from her Diaries and Letters, which have been admirably put together, with a connecting thread of biography, and edited by Mr. Seeley. There is not much in the book that is new, but there is much of which we are glad to be reminded. Of some personalities we cannot hear too much; they touch our hearts, or appeal to our imagination, or excite our curiosity. Such a character is Dr. Johnson, whose name naturally appears on these pages as often as does Mrs. Thrale's own. The Sage's intercourse with the Thrales and their friends is here focussed in a life-like picture, in which all the individuals are admirably touched, with a vivid presentment of their characteristics and idiosyncrasies. Mrs. Thrale herself is the centre of the group, brilliant, generous, witty, impulsive, richly endowed with gifts of character and mind, but with a certain hardness, a too unalterable determination to be happy, a total absence of an inner life, which makes us understand what she herself says of her husband's feeling towards her: "though little tender to her person, he was very partial to her understanding." Other interesting portraits are Fanny Burney, Baretti, Sophy Streatfield, and Thrale himself. The book is illustrated with contemporary portraits after Reynolds, Hogarth, and others.

SENILIA: POEMS IN PROSE. By TURGÉNIEFF. (*J. W. Arrowsmith.*) "The King's chaff is better than other men's corn," and these fragments by Turgénieff are more rich in dramatic incident, in poetic suggestiveness, in subtle psychological analysis than the finished works of lesser men. Senilia is the name which their author himself gave to these scraps of drama, visions, character-studies, isolated incidents, meditations, and dreams. Slight as some of the episodes are (no sketch is longer than three short pages), there is a definiteness of outline, and a vividness of colouring about these *ébauches* which gives to them the impressiveness of a finished picture. We find in the character-studies and portraits all the conspicuous and sometimes contradictory qualities which we are accustomed to in the author's longer works—his irony, his realism, his ideality, his restrained eloquence, his personal reserve, and that strange blending of pathos and satire of which he is a master. Some of these poems in prose suggest a complete novel or drama. Others are allegorical sketches, in which bitter irony and simple sadness mingle in that "melancolie gaie que les Anglais nomment 'humour';" others are fragments of mystical thought, or suggestions heavy with a grave pessimism; but on each and all is the hall-mark of Turgénieff's peculiar genius, and they have the further value of being the last literary utterance of one of the greatest writers of the age. The English translation has been admirably done by Mr. S. J. Macmillan, who prefaces the book with a short biographical notice of the author.

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WORK WHILE YE HAVE THE LIGHT. By LYOF TOLSTOI. (*Heinemann.*) The fourth volume of Heinemann's International Series is very different from those which preceded it. Count Tolstoi has given us a tale of the early Christians in which he sets forth his views on the right organization of life. Simplicity, charity, an intense regard for the interests of others, and a carelessness of one's own—these qualities are, he seems to say, strangely absent in modern life. Like Julius, his hero, we make trial of youthful pleasure, of sober married life and the pursuit of wealth, of old age and civic hopour, and we cannot still the strange restlessness which at length drove Julius to the Christians. There, in the accomplishment of even the smallest work for the good of others, he found peace, and "lived joyfully twenty years, his soul too full to allow him to perceive the slow approach of physical death." The story is too obviously didactic to be altogether artistic; but as a sermon on Christian socialism it is not without its power.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION IN LITERATURE. By DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) A great deal of the advice which Mr. Thompson has to offer to writers of fiction can hardly be called new, and we think that his essay would have gained in point what it might have lost in fulness by a little compression. But we are glad to find that so experienced a novel-reader is of opinion that the function of the novel is to interest. It is primarily an artistic creation, and productive of æsthetic pleasure only. But though this pleasure may rightly be an end in itself, still since man is a composite being in whom the sensitive and the moral are indissolubly united, any work which runs counter to morality will be productive of less pleasure, even from the æsthetic point of view. It will arouse fear, and fear depresses vitality, and all depression of vitality involves diminution of pleasure. The morality of a work of fiction consists, however, not in the subject, but in the treatment. It often depends upon the possibility of imitation. For instance, Sir Walter Scott's glorification of ruffianism in 'Rob Roy' (we quote Mr. Thompson) would be immoral, but for the distance of time and difference of circumstances which make it impossible for nineteenth-century readers to adopt the Scottish chief as their model. When Mr. Thompson leaves the more purely philosophical view of the matter, he gives evidence of true literary taste, and we could wish for some critical essays from his pen on several of the novelists he mentions.

THE MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS (PÈRE). By A. F. DAVIDSON, M.A. (*W. H. Allen & Co.*) Mr. Davidson has produced a delightful edition for English readers of Dumas' "Mes Mémoires," or rather of selections from the first half of that somewhat lengthy autobiography. So skilfully has the work been done, that it is

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difficult to believe that we are not reading a continuous record, and so excellent is the English version, that we forget almost that it is only a translation. Probably Dumas has mingled fiction with fact, much as Goethe did in his 'Wahrheit und Dichtung.' The conversations which he records took place many of them when he was not four years of age, and doubtless they are true rather in the spirit than in the letter. But the history of the boy who in the face of opposition of every kind, both private and public, succeeded at the age of twenty-five in introducing to the public an entirely new form of dramatic writing, cannot fail to arouse the interest of all. There is not a dull page in the two volumes, and we can promise our readers that they will find few novels half so interesting.

THE CRUISE OF THE *ALERTE*. By E. F. KNIGHT. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) It is difficult to believe that Mr. Knight is relating the history of a voyage which took place little more than a year ago, so much does his pleasant story remind us of Mr. Stevenson's 'Treasure Island.' Yet it is actual fact that a company of thirteen men did set sail in the *Alerte* in August 1889, to seek for hidden treasure on the desert island of Trinidad. Although they failed to find the pirate's hoard, they met with many adventures both by land and sea, and they have found an admirable historian in their captain, Mr. Knight. He writes in an easy, pleasant style, and with a thorough knowledge and love of all seafaring matters. His descriptions are excellent, and we feel almost after reading his book as if we, too, had scaled the volcanic heights of Trinidad. We hope that he may make many more such voyages, and that we may profit in a similar manner by the results.

THE HONOURABLE MISS. By L. T. MEADE. (*Methuen & Co.*) We are somewhat needlessly informed in the Preface to this book that "all the characters in the story are fictitious." We say "needlessly," for we have a better opinion of the inhabitants of even "old-fashioned" country towns, than to suppose them to be as vulgar and unpleasant as Mrs. Bertram and her acquaintances. Almost every one in Northbury is mean, commonplace and sordid, except the "Honourable Miss" herself, whom we take to be Beatrice, though the title of Mrs. Meade's novel is rather obscure. But, just as in an Adelphi melodrama, both the good and the bad people are so exaggerated, that we are never deceived as to the reality of the scenes we are witnessing. We know that it is only a play, and that in the third act Mrs. Bertram's sin will find her out, persecuted beauty will be righted, and the curtain will fall upon two hearts made happy by an act of impossible benevolence which laughs at formalities, lawyers and guardians. It is only on the stage that young ladies under age force their trustees to hand over a quarter of their fortune to the quondam lover whom they are about to marry to some

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one else, and we hope that it is only stage heroes who would consent to take advantage of such generosity. The next time that Mrs. Meade describes country society we trust that she will study from the life, for it is a pity that so good a descriptive writer should produce such an unsatisfactory result.

HOME LIFE ON AN OSTRICH FARM. By ANNIE MARTIN. (*Philip & Son.*) We congratulate Mrs. Martin on having succeeded in the difficult task of making an account of Colonial life thoroughly interesting. It would be impossible for even the most indifferent reader to find her book dull, and most of us by the time we have come to the last page feel almost as if we had been actively sharing in her manifold labours. She gives an amusing account of her domestic experiences, showing that the great servant problem is nowhere more difficult of solution than in the Cape Colony. Her book too abounds in practical suggestions most valuable to the intending Colonist, and it is furnished with pretty illustrations, apparently taken from photographs.

A COLONIAL REFORMER. By ROLF BOLDREWOOD. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is a long time since we read any modern story which so much reminded us of the old-fashioned fairy tale as does this Australian romance. Mr. Neuchamp, the Colonial Reformer, has all the essential characteristics of the younger son, the favourite of fortune, at whose touch everything turns to gold. And there are a delightful pair of fairy godfathers, not mothers, in the shape of a banker and a squatter. All the good people prosper amazingly, the rascals are outwitted, the villain is hung, and the younger son wins the princess and the universal approbation of his neighbours. The story throughout is told in vigorous English, and, in spite of the somewhat lengthy descriptions of farming operations, the interest is well sustained to the end. Some of the minor characters are excellent, especially Mr. Croker and Miss Augusta; and there is a breezy pleasant tone about the whole book which makes it excellent reading, though we fear that the hero would in some quarters be voted a prig.

ESTHER PENTREATH. By J. H. PEARCE. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) This "Study of Life on the Cornish Coast" is of very unequal merit. There are some very fine descriptive passages and some really strong scenes; but at the same time there is such a want of construction and such a love of repetition that the story is, after all, wearisome reading. It is not difficult to see Mr. Baring-Gould's influence in the unpleasantly realistic descriptions of the ignorant and almost brutal Cornish peasantry; but a greater artist than the writer of 'Esther Pentreath" would either have shortened his story by one half, or have contrived to give somewhat more of relief to the unbroken gloom of his three hundred pages.

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The author, if we may judge from the verses signed "J. H. P." at the beginning of many of the chapters, is a poet and a pessimist. If the "years that bring the philosophic mind" should lead him to a brighter and more tranquil view of life, we venture to think that his undoubtedly great powers might do themselves more justice.

VIRGINIE. By VAL PRINSEP. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) After all there is a great deal to be said for the unwritten law which compressed the action of a tragedy into twenty-four hours, and it would be a good thing if some such restriction were imposed upon novelists. There are many of the elements of a good novel in "Virginie"; but long before the end of even the second volume we are tempted to forget this, so painfully does the story drag out its weary length through all the stormy scenes of the Revolution. As we should have expected from an artist, there are many scenes vividly painted; but when we have to wade through chapter after chapter in which the same leading ideas are indefinitely repeated, we are hardly in a frame of mind to appreciate the pictures which meet us by the way. If Mr. Prinsep had not been hampered by the necessity of producing twelve monthly instalments of considerable length, he might, we are convinced, have given us a pleasant and readable novel. At present we can but advise him to make a study of the useful art of pruning.

SCHOOLROOM THEATRICALS. By ARTHUR WAUGH. (*Cassell & Co.*) Mr. Waugh's pretty little book will be welcome in many households, and all young actors would do well to study the simple directions concerning stage management, with which he prefaces his plays. Some of these are quite good enough and clever enough to amuse "children of a larger growth" than the youthful performers for whom they are primarily intended. Our especial favourite is "The Queen of Hearts," which, with a little reference to the delightful illustrations in "Alice in Wonderland," might be made a charmingly pretty piece.

LORD CORNWALLIS. By W. S. SETON-KARR. RULERS OF INDIA. (*Clarendon Press.*) The greater part of Mr. Seton-Karr's life of Cornwallis is taken up with a discussion of the great legislative reform, associated with Cornwallis's name, the Permanent Settlement of the Land. Of the statesmanlike value of this measure there can be no doubt. Events have proved its wisdom, and never more forcibly than at the time of the Mutiny, when the tranquillity of Bengal was hardly ruffled, whilst the rest of India was torn by the horrors of civil war. For the tendency of the Settlement legislation was to promote the interests of the Zamindars, answering roughly to Western landlords,

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and it was the interest of the class which had most to lose to endeavour to preserve peace and a good understanding with the English. But Mr. Seton-Karr allows that the revenue has lost by the refusal of Lord Cornwallis to make his Settlement subject to periodical revision, though at the same time he points out that it would have been difficult to foresee this in 1790. Of the private character of Cornwallis he gives a very pleasant picture—more especially drawing attention to his zeal for the public welfare, which led him to refuse entirely to appoint any but suitable persons to public offices, even when the unsuccessful candidates were recommended by the Prince of Wales himself.

THE RED FAIRY BOOK. Edited by ANDREW LANG. (*Longmans.*) In this second gleaning from the fields of Fairy Land are to be found many old friends of the Nursery, as was also the case with its charming predecessor, "The Blue Fairy Book." The tales come from many sources, from German legendary law, from Norse Saga, from Russian folk stories, and from the pages of Perrault and others. No better gift could be devised for children than this collection of fascinating stories, especially as the illustrations by Messrs. H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed have a grace and vivacity which enhance the value of the book.

Two books of travels may conveniently be classed together:—

ACROSS EAST AFRICAN GLACIERS, by DR. HANS MEYER (*George Philip & Son*), is a record of the various explorations conducted by the learned German traveller in East Africa. With indomitable ardour Dr. Meyer persisted until he had at last accomplished the ascent of Kilimanjaro, but it was only in the third of his expeditions that complete success rewarded his efforts. The book is adorned with valuable illustrations, and the scientific results analysed and interpreted with all the characteristic industry of the Teuton make the work by far the most important of those which have been produced on the geographical conditions of Africa.

BY TRACK AND TRAIL (*W. H. Allen & Co.*) is a record of a journey through Canada, written and illustrated by Mr. Edward Roper. The narrative of the author's adventures is full of spirit, and the volume itself makes extremely pleasant reading for all those who are not only interested in the fortunes of our North American Colony but who are attracted by graphic and indeed exciting work of travel.

CORRESPONDENCE OF W. A. MILES ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Edited by C. P. MILES. (*Longmans.*) Mr. W. A. Miles appears to have been in correspondence with several of the important personages connected with the French Revolution, especially

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Le Brun, who attempted to make him his intermediary in the early days of the National Convention. The letters afford a brilliant picture of all the troubles and excitements of the time, and throw a good deal of light on the policy of Pitt and Lord Grenville. They include also the subsequent period of the first Napoleonic Empire, and end with the year of 1817, and the downfall of the Corsican hero.

A charming edition of THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, with a Preface by AUSTIN DOBSON and illustrations by HUGH THOMSON, has been published by *Messrs. Macmillan & Co.* No prettier version of the classical novel of Oliver Goldsmith could be imagined than this dainty volume, to which Mr. Thomson's pictures add peculiarly appropriate grace and finish. The child is to be reckoned happy who makes its first introduction to "The Vicar of Wakefield" under such pleasant auspices.

THE GOLDEN GATES OF TRADE. By JOHN YEATS.

MAP STUDIES OF THE MERCANTILE WORLD. By the Same. (*Philip.*) These two volumes are an evidence of the effort that is now being made to supply scientific education in commerce. We English have always been empirics in trade as in government, and we have prided ourselves upon it; but either greater enlightenment, or more probably the evident success of the Germans, has begun to teach us that a person is not the worse for having scientific knowledge, and that there is less time than before for succeeding by dint of blunders. Following after Mr. Chisholm, Dr. Yeats attempts to meet this demand by the first of the two volumes named. He begins, by way of introduction to commercial geography, with describing the great phenomena of trade, especially those which concern its movement—the difference of rural and urban conditions, the functions of great cities, the conditions of internal and external trade, the ebb and flow of goods, the causes of migrations of trade. Then he studies the commercial geography of the United Kingdom, not only describing the industries and their outlets, but showing how the character of the trade is determined by all sorts of causes, such as the physical character of the country. The main lines of trade in Europe and Asia are then described. In the second volume Dr. Yeats carries out this plan in a series of what he calls map-studies of all the principal countries. He makes a special point of tracing the nature of our trade with those countries and the manner of its fluctuation, and the volume contains much detailed information about the different facilities of trade in each country.

YORKSHIRE ODDITIES, INCIDENTS AND STRANGE EVENTS. By S. BARING-GOULD. (*Methuen.*) It is not surprising to

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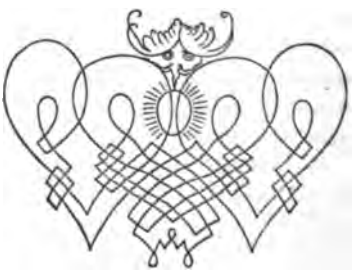
find the man who created the striking but monstrous character of Elijah Rebow a collector of stories about out-of-the-way persons and incidents. Mr. Baring-Gould has used his taste for such things to very good purpose in this book, which now appears in a new edition. Some of the stories come from his own inquiry, some from chap-books. They illustrate eccentric human nature (with which Yorkshire abounds) on many of its sides, with its wit, its originality, its perverseness, its deception of others and of itself, its amazing folly, and its melancholy brutality. There is the well-known story of Naylor the Quaker, against whom Cromwell is supposed to have had a special animosity; and there is an extraordinary history of John Wroe, who lived on the credulity of the Southcottites as a prophet. Others are of a lighter character. Nothing could be more amusing or better narrated than the half-pathetic life of an eccentric named Jeremy Hirst, who came up to Court to visit George III. dressed in his customary habit of an otter-skin coat lined with red flannel, a waistcoat of the skins of drakes' necks, list breeches of many colours, and a lamb-skin hat of enormous dimensions. His audience with the King is delightful. The reader will find both amusement and matter for reflection in these studies.

THE GOLDSMITH'S WARD. By MRS. R. H. READE. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Mrs. Reade's closely printed story of London life in the fifteenth century is rather heavy reading, perhaps because she has tried to give it local colour by a somewhat excessive use of the "Marry, come up!" and "By my halidome!" style of writing. Her heroine is the Mistress Elizabeth Woodville, who became the wife of Edward IV., and her incidents are supplied by the history of Jack Cade's rebellion and the Wars of the Roses. There are many minor characters, some of which are well drawn. This is especially the case with Margery Jourdain, the reputed witch, and the scenes in which she is introduced are some of the best in the book.



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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1891.

THE SEAL ISLANDS OF BERING'S SEA.

OF the difficulties which have lately presented themselves for solution with regard to two little-visited regions of the North American continent, that connected with what is usually—if unscientifically—termed the Seal-fisheries is certainly not the least important. We are at issue, as all the world knows, upon the question whether Bering's Sea is, or is not, to be a *mare clausum*, and all of us have become more or less interested in the subject. Many, whose geographical knowledge of that region is not of the soundest, have doubtless taken down their atlases and, after due consultation, closed them without finding themselves greatly enlightened, wondering still why America, whose present authority over the Seal islands is unquestioned, should be so persistent in her endeavours to exclude all strangers not only from their immediate, but even from their remote vicinity.

We must turn to the science of Zoology for an explanation. Of the value of sealskin as a fur none of us need to be informed; but the life-history of the animal which provides us with it is not so generally known. Some of us—dare I say some even of the sex most often decked with it?—are perhaps hardly aware that the common seal of our own shores is in this respect valueless. In lieu of the soft down of the fur-seal, this creature is provided with a coat of coarse stiff hair which would be utterly inapplicable to purposes of clothing. We may therefore roughly divide the seals into two groups—those without and those with fur. The former are known as Hair Seals, the latter as the Eared or Fur Seals, and it is with these latter that we have now to do.

The geographical distribution of the various species of fur-seal is at the present time of great interest. Long years ago these creatures inhabited the South Pacific and South Atlantic in great numbers. The Falklands, indeed, and other

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islands off the coast of Patagonia swarmed with them. Anthony Pigafetta, the doughty comrade of Magellan in his celebrated voyage, frequently mentions in his journals the abundance of the *lupi marini*, and various rocks and islands were given the name of "Recife de lobos" and "Yslas de lobos marinos" by the great navigator. But all this is now ancient history. Here and there, perhaps, a skin or two is secured by whalers or others cruising in the southern oceans and brought to Cape Town or some port in Chile. For all practical purposes, however, these localities may be regarded as non-existent, and their inhabitants as extinct. Nine-tenths, if not more, of the sealskins which come into the European market are from the islands of Bering's Sea. Were they only necessities of life the Americans, it must be confessed, could make a very pretty "corner" in them. The operation would be greatly facilitated by the animals themselves, which, instead of being generally distributed over a large area, are confined not only to certain islands, but to certain circumscribed spots upon them.

Omitting Robben Island—a small reef off Saghalin from which a few skins only are obtained—the Seal Islands consist of two groups, the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. The former—Bering and Copper Islands—are the westernmost links of the lonely Aleutian chain, and, though rented by the Americans, belong to Russia. The Prybilovs—St. Paul, St. George, and Otter Islands—lie well within Bering's Sea, and are the most valuable, being capable of exporting in good seasons as many as 100,000 pelts. These five islands then are the sole breeding-grounds of the North Pacific eared seal (*Callorhinus ursinus*). At various other places stray individuals may doubtless be found, but they are nowhere very numerous. Why so restricted a ground should be chosen it is difficult to explain. There are without doubt other localities where the conditions are identical, but habit, we know, has as much influence over the lower animals as ourselves, and hence it happens that the fur-seal year after year visits the island to which it is accustomed, never moving to fresh ground, and only very rarely to the other islands frequented by its kind.

Into the dreary wastes of Bering's Sea few vessels penetrate; few at least which are not concerned in the chase of the walrus, seal, or whale. Spring and autumn bring with them terrific gales, and in summer dense sea-fogs wrap everything in an impenetrable veil. The coast of the mainland is sometimes

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clear, enabling the mariner to determine his position; but this is rarely the case with the islands, and here the sense of hearing has to be called into play to avoid disaster. It is not for the surf, however, that the sailor listens, but for the sound of the seals on the "rookeries"—a dull, hoarse roar which in still weather is audible for some miles.

Notwithstanding difficulties of navigation, to say nothing of the risks of seizure by an American cruiser, a certain number of schooners, usually of small tonnage, fit out annually for these seas. Some are from the ports on the eastern shores of the Pacific, but others come from Japan. Most of them, it would be safe to say, sail under the British flag. Nominally they are in search of walrus, or perhaps the skins of the sea-otter, but in reality nine-tenths of them are seal poachers, hanging about so as to run close in to the islands during a fog, or even landing a crew on the rookery if the weather is especially favourable. But this latter is a risky proceeding. Each rookery is excellently guarded, and detection of the offenders is followed by a shower of Winchester bullets. No questions are asked. The poachers know well enough what to expect if they are unfortunate enough to be discovered, and they take their chance. While at Petropaulovsky in Kamschatka in the year 1882, I learnt that the crew of a schooner had suffered considerably in an encounter of this kind a short time previous to my arrival. Two men had been killed and eight wounded. One of the latter was landed at Petropaulovsky with no less than thirteen bullet-wounds, from which he nevertheless managed in some miraculous manner to recover. To compensate for these risks, and for the chances of the loss of their vessel—an occurrence by no means infrequent—it is evident that the owners of these craft must calculate upon obtaining a heavy return upon their outlay.

Before considering the poaching question, however, a knowledge of the history and habits of the creature is necessary. Zoology furnishes us with few objects for study so strange and so full of interest. We have in the fur-seal an animal which spends one half of the year entirely in the water, and the other half almost entirely on land; which herds together in closely-packed crowds of innumerable individuals in a manner unknown in the case of any other mammal; and, finally, which exhibits in its mode of life an organization and method almost as wonderful as that of the ant.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his 'Report on the Prybilov Group, or

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Seal Islands of Alaska,' published in 1873, was the first to place a full and trustworthy account of the habits of this seal before the scientific world. The animal had been known for years. So far back as the end of the last century the Russian-American Fur Company had settlements upon the Aleutian islands and obtained numbers of its skins from the natives, but it was some time before the Prybilovskis were discovered by the sailor whose name they bear. Even at the time of his landing—in 1786—traces of former visitors were found. Long before, in 1741, the great navigator Bering, his crew decimated by scurvy and he himself dying from the same disease, reached the Komandorskis, the other group appropriated as a breeding-ground. But it was winter, and though the naturalist Steller, who accompanied him, made his notes of the huge Rhytina, or sea-cow, now extinct, which formed their food, and shot numerous sea-otters, he must have been brought very little, if at all, in contact with the sea-cat, as *Callorhinus* is termed by the natives.

The islands once discovered, it was not likely that their existence would become forgotten. Before very long the Prybilovskis were colonized by a small party of natives in the service of the Russian Company. The Bering group remained far longer without inhabitants, but in each, almost from the outset, a system of indiscriminate slaughter was instituted. Animals of both sexes and all ages were killed. We learn from Bishop Innocent Veniaminov that more than a hundred thousand skins were thus taken annually upon the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The pelts had accumulated to such an extent in 1803, that no less than eight hundred thousand were lying in the stores, and of these—so badly were they cured and taken care of—seven hundred thousand had to be thrown away. For a long time this waste of life continued without much apparent effect upon the numbers of those that yearly filled the rookeries. Then, steadily and rapidly, the diminution became evident. In 1817 the "take" from the two islands had fallen to sixty thousand, and three years later to fifty thousand. In 1825 we find a return of only 30,100; in 1829 it had sunk to 20,811; and finally, in 1835—the date at which the "take" appears to have reached its lowest ebb—6580 skins only were obtained.

With the exception of these statistics of Veniaminov, none, or none that I am aware of, exist of the period previous to the American occupation of Alaska. For the two or three years preceding this event a reign of anarchy, or something approaching

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it, prevailed, and the seals ran a nearer risk of extinction than any that had previously threatened them. This danger luckily passed over, and in 1870 a lease was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company, under whose direction the numbers of the animals were quickly raised, until the rookeries were once more restored to the condition in which they were found by the discoverers of the islands. The fur-seal, indeed, under the present system of management, can hardly be looked upon as other than a domestic animal, and the island upon which it breeds as a stock-farm on a large scale.

It has never been my good fortune to see the rookeries of the Prybilov Islands, which have been so admirably described by Mr. Elliott, but in the course of the cruise of the yacht *Marchesa* to Kamschatka in 1882, I visited those of the Komandorskis, landing in Bering Island in mid-September. The little settlement of Nikolsky off which we anchored, though barren and dreary-looking to a degree, bore evidences of a rather more advanced state of civilization than I had expected. With the Americans have come schools for the children, and neat wooden houses in place of the turf-built cabins formerly constructed by the Aleuts. All the timber needed for this or for any other purpose has to be brought from Kamschatka, for the islands are utterly destitute of trees, and here, as in Greenland and other regions of the far North, the boats, whether large or small, have to be constructed of skins.

The rookeries, of which there are two, are far from the settlement, and are reached by dog-sledge both in winter and summer, the level waste of the dreary *tûndras* affording nearly as good a road in the latter season as the surface of the snow. Mr. Elliott describes the Prybilovskis as volcanic, but no evidences of a like origin struck me while crossing Bering Island. The land, desolate and barren beyond words, presented itself as a series of marshy terraces, upheaved by discontinuous elevation from the sea-level. Mile after mile of this monotonous and lonely scenery is passed—rendered yet more weird by the gloomy skies characteristic of the region—before the little huts of the Cossacks and Aleuts who form the armed guard of the rookery appear in sight. Then the traveller gets out of his sledge and in another minute finds himself looking at one of the most astonishing sights that the world affords.

Before him, along the seashore, extending, as it seems, for an interminable distance, lies a densely-packed and ceaselessly-

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moving crowd of animals, reminding him of some vast collection of human beings. The constant heaving motion which passes in waves over its surface recalls unpleasantly the appearance of a piece of carrion when swarming with maggots, and a dull hoarse roar, whose evenly-blended volume of sound is from time to time broken by the louder bellow of some old bull or the high-pitched *ba-a* of a pup hard by, greets the ear from tens of thousands of throats. Ceaseless activity is the leading feature of the scene. Closely-packed as are the multitudes of creatures, the mass of life is intersected here and there by paths where numbers of the "bachelors" are passing to and from the sea. In all directions are to be noticed the bulls, each guarding his harem of wives in a space the size of a small room. The small black pups are sleeping by the side of their mothers, or joyously diving and plunging with their fellows in the surf. The variety and oddity of the attitudes assumed astonishes and amuses the spectator. Here is a pup curled up head to tail, like a dog; there another slowly fanning itself with its hind flipper. Others carry the flippers curled over the back like a tail, and in some again the head is thrown up in the oddest conceivable manner, as if their attention was solely concentrated upon a careful examination of the heavens. Such is a rookery—a swarm of perhaps a couple of hundred thousand restless animals, fighting, playing, scratching, fanning, bathing, and making love, and all to the accompaniment of a continuous concert of nearly as many voices, which can be compared to nothing so fitly as the noise which greets the ear at "the finish" on the Derby day.

The spectator, confused by the strangeness and interest of the sight, may remain for some little time without discovering that there is any definite arrangement in the apparent disorder before him. Such definite arrangement, however, exists, as might be expected, for most large communities in the animal world are ruled by some system. In this case it is based upon the curious fact that the young male seals are not permitted by their elders to enter the breeding-grounds until they are five years old, although they are actually adult before that time. The rookery is thus divided into districts with sharply-defined boundaries. Most important of all is that set apart as the breeding-ground, the locality chosen being nearest the sea, and of such a nature as best suits the animals' taste. Flat, low-lying rocks and coarse beach seem to constitute the favourite ground, while sand is eschewed, according to the sealers, from its tendency to irritate

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the eyes. In close proximity to this ground, either at the sides or at the back, the *holluschicki* or bachelors establish themselves, in company with the young females of one and two years old. The seals of each district confine themselves to its limits. The bulls on the breeding-ground never wander from their posts, and the cows and pups only move to and from the sea. Should any daring *holluschack* venture into the "married quarters" he would probably not come out alive, although, as I have already stated, permission to pass through by certain paths is always afforded him in the case where the *holluschicki* ground is in rear. In addition to these two grounds there is usually another—a species of hospital which serves as a temporary refuge for the sick, or for the many who have been injured by fighting and other causes.

The foregoing rough sketch of the aspect and plan of a seal-rookery is necessary for the proper comprehension of the method by which it is peopled. Throughout the long and dreary winter the islands have either been frozen-in completely, or at least surrounded with heavy ice-pack. The shores are deserted. Of the tens—nay, hundreds of thousands of seals that swarmed there in the summer, not one is to be seen. All have gone south, and, threading the dangerous barrier of the Aleutian Islands, where their enemy, man, is for ever on the watch for them should they be rash enough to "haul up," have reached the warmer waters of the Pacific. But with the end of April comes a change. The rise of temperature, slight as it is, has not been without its effect upon the ice. Round the shores of the islands it has loosened. A week more, perhaps, and it has left them free.

We may now look for the first seal. Winter, it is true, has not yet given place to summer, and the snow has not changed to fog, but the animal is not one to be daunted by cold. The bulls are the first to make their appearance, the old and strong generally preceding their younger brethren, and these pioneers often remain for some time without addition to their numbers. But with the advent of the fogs the rest land in thousands, and at the end of May in the Prybilovskis, and perhaps a few days earlier in the Bering group, all—to use the technical term always employed—have "hauled up."

It must not be supposed that all this has taken place either rapidly or quietly. Far from this being the case, the rookery has from the very first been the scene of ceaseless fighting—of fighting so fierce as frequently to result in the death of the com-

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batants. The bull-seal on first landing is like a gold-miner on a new reef, and instantly busies himself in marking out the best "claim" that offers. He establishes himself upon a small area of ground a few feet square, as near the sea as he can, and defends it against the attacks of his brethren who are either unprovided with a similar holding, or who prefer his selection to their own. Day after day this fighting continues, until at length, perhaps—worn out with these oft-repeated struggles—the creature has to yield his place to some fresh antagonist.

Upon this "might is right" principle the rookery is soon definitely parcelled out, but as yet no cows have appeared upon the scene. Their advent is delayed three weeks or more beyond that of their lords and masters, and it is probably mid-June before the tide of immigration has in their case reached its height. Their arrival is the signal for a renewal of the fighting. As each cow "hauls up" she is at once seized and appropriated by the nearest bull, who, after depositing her within his holding, turns his attention to the securing of the next arrival. Mere annexation does not necessarily mean possession, however, and a dozen or more pitched battles may be fought over some coveted fair one, until—appropriated time after time by some third party—she eventually finds herself far from her first owner. During these struggles the cows are sometimes seized by each of the combatants, and tugged so violently in opposite directions that the skin is torn in strips from their back and limbs.

In due course of time these difficulties become adjusted, the cows have all landed, and peace once more reigns in the rookery. If the breeding-ground be now examined it is at once evident why the bulls have striven to obtain the posts adjacent to the sea. Here those that have been fortunate enough or strong enough to hold their own are now seen lording it over a harem abundant in wives, while at the back and outskirts of the ground those who are weaker or younger are but ill-provided. It is doubtful whether any more preposterous polygamist exists than the fur-seal. Mr. Elliott records an instance where one powerful old bull, scarred and gashed, and with one eye gouged out, watched jealously over no less than forty-five wives. This, of course, is exceptional. From twelve to twenty appears to be a good average for the best places, while on the remote holdings the juniors are lucky enough if they obtain one or two.

Almost immediately after her arrival the cow gives birth to a single young one—the "pup" as it is termed. It is a singular

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fact that the period of gestation should be so prolonged in a creature which is of such small size, and attains maturity so quickly, but it is certain, both from the above and other facts, that it is as nearly as possible a year in duration. The pup is born with the eyes open, and is soon active enough—two points much in its favour in the midst of the crowded rookery and the ceaseless fighting around it. The mother is by no means devoted, leaving it to shift very much for itself. As far as can be made out, it is most curiously indifferent to food, those in charge of the rookery assuring me that it often went a day or more without suckling. If it be a male, this abstinence, as will presently be seen, serves him as a useful training for his future life.

Crowded as the rookery has been from the beginning, the birth of the pups has nearly doubled its population, and the scene is busier than ever. From a tolerably early period, when the cows have all ceased "hauling up," and the fighting has stopped, and when there can no longer be any doubt as to ownership, the bulls have permitted the members of their harem to go down to the sea to swim and feed. No such relaxation, unhappily for him, is possible for the head of the family. Should he leave his little holding to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he would find his household hearth cold upon his return. So long as he sticks to his post his neighbours will respect his presence and let his wives alone, but desertion, if only for a short time, leaves his home in the position of an empty claim, which—to pursue the mining simile—may be "jumped" by the first comer. And so, from the middle of May, or at latest from the beginning of June, until mid-August—a period of some twelve or thirteen weeks—the matrimonial responsibilities of the bull seal entail not only imprisonment within the limits of a few square feet of ground, but a fast so absolute and protracted as to put the efforts of the toughest Indian fakir to the blush. As may be imagined, this prolonged period of starvation is not without its effect upon the unhappy animal. Weak and emaciated, its body scarred with wounds, it regains the water in very different condition to that in which it first landed on the island.

In August, then, the "season," if I may so term it, is over. The bulls have gone down to the sea, to return no more, or at least only very occasionally, till the following year. All trace of organization in the rookery is now lost. The busy life still

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continues, and the numbers scarcely seem diminished, but the *holluschicki* roam where they please without let or hindrance, and the masses have become more discrete and scattered. The pups have nearly all learnt to swim—an art which, curious to relate, appears in their case to be not natural, but acquired. Then comes autumn, a season short enough in these latitudes, and the numbers become thinned. With the first snow many take their departure, and by the end of October the majority are gone. After the 20th of November, I was told, scarcely one is to be seen, save here and there some late-born pup who has as yet not perfected himself in the art of swimming. It is a commonly received opinion among the Bering Island Aleuts that an early departure portends a severe winter, while on the other hand, if the animals remain beyond the usual time, a more open season will be experienced.

Both on land and in the water it is with the fore-limb that the seal progresses. When swimming, steering only is managed by the long hind-flippers, which bear a singularly close resemblance, both in texture and appearance, to a lady's long black-kid glove. The animals seem to take particular care of these appendages, either keeping them straight out at the side, or lifting them up in ridiculous manner when walking. The gait is awkward, making the creature appear as if partly paralysed, a step or two being first taken with the fore-limb and the hind-quarters then approximated by an arching of the spine, the method of progression thus resembling that of a "geometer" caterpillar. Although slow, the seal can cover a good deal of ground and is often found at some distance from the sea. He is, moreover, a very passable climber, ascending rocks and cliffs which those unaccustomed to his habits would deem quite beyond the range of his powers. All, adults and young, are very sensitive to atmospheric changes. Their ideal weather is certainly not ours. A cold, raw fog is most appreciated, and sun, warmth, and clear skies drive them at once into the sea.

There is probably not another instance in the animal world in which the male differs so strikingly from the female as in the case of *Callorhinus*. Up to the age of three years they are alike in size, but after that period, while the female ceases to grow, the bull increases from year to year in size and fatness until he becomes gigantic. Thus, according to Mr. Elliott, the weight of a three-year-old male is about 90 lbs. and its length about four feet, but an old bull would weigh 600 lbs.

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and measure seven feet. Enormous masses of fat load his chest and shoulders, and the increase in bulk renders him unwieldy and unable to get about like a *holluschack*. It is these old warriors, nevertheless, who get the best places in the rookery, where weight rather than agility wins the day. Taking the average weight of a female as 90 or 100 lbs. their consorts when arrived at full growth may be said to be just six times their size!

When the seal has reached its sixth year the fur it yields is much deteriorated in quality. Still older, it is practically worthless. The skin of the pup, on the other hand, not having reached its full size, has also not reached its full value. It is evident, then, since the slaughter of the cows would be manifestly an unwise proceeding, that the males between the ages of two and five years should alone be killed, if it be desired to keep the rookeries undiminished in numbers and to obtain the best commercial results. This system, with still further limitations, is that adopted. The *holluschack* has unconsciously lent himself to its furtherance. The play-grounds, being distinct and separate, not only permit of his being driven off comfortably to the slaughter without any difficulties of separation from others of different sex or age, but also obviate the necessity of disturbing the breeding-grounds, which are seldom penetrated even by the officials. When therefore a "drive" is resolved on, two or three natives run in between the *holluschicki* and the sea and herd them landwards, an operation which with these slow-moving animals is easily effected. As many as it is desired to kill are then separated, and the march to the place of execution commences. It is fittingly funereal in pace, for, if over-driven, the animals not only die on the road, but the quality of the fur in the survivors is spoiled. Even at the rate of half a mile an hour many are compelled to fall out of the ranks. No difficulty is experienced, and with a man or two on either flank and in rear, the seals are herded with far less trouble than a flock of sheep. In some instances the killing-grounds are at a considerable distance from the rookery, in others they are quite near. Strange to say, the proximity of thousands of putrefying carcases of their kind does not seem in any way to affect the survivors.

Arrived on the ground, the animals are left awhile to rest and get cool, and are then separated out in small batches to be killed. A staff between five and six feet in length, with a knob at the end, weighted with lead, is used in the operation. The animal

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is struck on the head, and a knife thrust into the chest penetrates the heart or great vessels, and causes rapid death. Upon the subject of cruelty in the slaughter and skinning of the fur-seals much unnecessary ink has recently been shed. Whatever exists is neither more nor less than is perpetrated by English butchers in the course of their daily avocations. The skin is removed at once, and the carcase left to rot where it lies. In this way enormous quantities of valuable oil are wasted. The animals killed are, without exception, males at the beginning of the third and fourth years.

The after-history of the skins it is not within the province of this paper to relate, for a description of the method of curing would alone fill many pages. It is enough to say that they leave the islands roughly salted and tied together in bundles, the Company's steamer calling twice yearly. The interest at present is centred in the living animal and not in the product—in the goose and not the golden eggs; and the life-history, as we have just studied it, of the animal now so largely attracting the world's attention is of no little importance in the question whether Bering's Sea shall or shall not be open to British and other foreign vessels. That sealing, as carried on by the poaching schooners, is a very paying trade there is no doubt whatever. Year by year the number of vessels thus engaged increases. It is not easy to obtain information, but probably not less than thirty fit out on the American sea-board, and about the same number on the Asiatic side. We know that over forty thousand seal-skins were landed on the American continent in 1890, and we cannot estimate the "take" of the craft from Japan and China as much less than thirty thousand. This is almost equal to half the combined yield of the Komandorskis and the Prybilovs. At this rate the fur-seal will at no very remote period in the future become as extinct as his former comrade the Rhytina. It cannot be denied that international interests, totally apart from any political question, demand that this danger shall be averted.

It has been stated, by those who hold a brief for the "illicit" schooners, that the seals breed at various places on the North American coast and its islands—a statement which, if true, would of course materially alter the aspect of the case. But though doubtless a good number of the animals stop to rest there and "haul-up," or a few even, from rarely-occurring causes, to give birth to a young one, these localities cannot for a moment, I think, be put forward as the real source of the schooners' cargoes.

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Zoology teaches us that the fur-seal is a gregarious animal, and it is in the immediate neighbourhood of the vast breeding-grounds I have just described that the bulk of the skins is obtained. Although perhaps actual landing on a rookery is not so much practised as formerly, the dense sea-fogs render the three-mile limit a dead-letter. As a poacher's rabbit is "one as I just found dead in the hedge, sir," so the greater number of sealskins in a schooner's hold will be found on enquiry—of the captain—to have been killed on the broad bosom of the Pacific.

The question, as I have said, is one involving general interests, and does not merely affect the Company renting the islands, and the Government which obtains its £60,000 or £70,000 therefrom. The system of slaughter at present in vogue must be put a stop to. But a *mare clausum* is to England as a red rag; she will have none of it. Nor, indeed, can it be said that it would set the matter at rest; for it would not entirely do away with illicit sealing. One alternative at least remains—the establishment of a close time, to be recognized internationally, and enforced by cruisers of the various nations concerned in the preservation of this valuable animal. In the spring-migration northward, every adult female seal is heavy with young. From June till August the breeding season is at its height, while from the latter month till the end of October the fur is in bad condition and of little value. Most of the animals taken by the schooners are shot or harpooned while swimming or lying asleep on the surface of the water, when it is impossible with certainty to ascertain the sex. Given these facts, the inference is obvious. A close season should be established from April until the end of October, during which time it should under no circumstances be permissible to kill seals except upon the rookeries. The animals would still remain *ferœ naturæ*, and their capture during the southern migration would be legal. But under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the illicit sealers would find the trade sufficiently remunerative to be undertaken. Of the slaughter of cows in young, males with useless pelts, and undersized pups we have had enough. By this means the question would be shifted from political to zoological grounds, and the recently-established and totally unjustifiable trade of the seal-poacher would be effectually, but legitimately ended.

F. H. H. GUILLEMARD.

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ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER V.

OUTSIDE the night was cool and exquisitely silent, for there was no sound, except that of the faint breeze sighing through the tree-tops. Below them it was pitch dark, as the moon had gone behind a cloud, and the foliage was still very thick. A long avenue of beeches ran across the fields to the house, and down this Francis began to make his way, in accordance with the directions given him when he had been intended to join the coach. But he experienced the usual difficulty in walking straight in the dark, and as he knocked his hat off against a branch, and first one shoulder and then the other against the boles of the trees, and tripped and strayed among the brambles and thorn-bushes that had been allowed to encroach on the avenue, he felt, not indeed a temptation to return, but exceeding wrath against his inanimate and invisible foes, and something like despair of ever reaching his destination. He would probably have wandered yet longer in this wilderness, and hopelessly missed the high-road, had it not been for a fortunate accident. A bonfire of weeds and the stubbed-up roots of trees near the path having smouldered itself hollow, the top fell in just as Francis passed, and a red genial tongue of flame shot up into the darkness. There was something at once strange and friendly in the fire, crackling and glowing through the night, alone in the deserted field. It lighted up a footpath that crossed the avenue and a stile in a hedge, which he must otherwise have overlooked, but which he recognized as his right way. On the open path it was not so dark as under the trees, and the ripples of light at the edge of the dun cloud that hid the moon were broadening and brightening. As he crossed another stile at the further end of the way, she swam out again

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into the clear sky, and he saw the white high-road stretching left and right between the dark lines of its hedges. He turned in the direction, not of Windsor, but of London, with the regular determined tramp of a man settling down to work, for he had more than twenty miles to cover before morning. He did not know the country, but he felt sure that the high-road must bring him right eventually. In the first village street he came to, though the other houses were all dark, a stream of light came from the ale-house door, and he asked if this were the coach-road to London. The landlord nodded an answer, and he and the one or two belated men round the door stared with much solemnity and suspicion at the lonely pedestrian, and would have questioned him in their turn had he not disappeared again into the darkness before they could arrive at articulation.

He met no other foot-passengers and only one post-chaise passed him, driving very quickly. In the day-time it was a busy road, for besides the scattered towns and villages upon it, he passed the gates of large villas, which the wealthier merchants and many of the nobility preferred as summer residences to country places at a distance from London. But now these dark and silent houses, withdrawn among their gardens and trees, seemed rather to emphasise than to lessen the loneliness of the way. As he passed the scattered groups of thorns on Hounslow Heath he kept his hand on his sword, but if any highwaymen were lurking there, so insignificant a prey did not tempt them. Below him the river flats by Hammersmith lay shimmering white with mist in the moonlight. Before he reached them the moon was gone, but from time to time the roll of a market cart, and the gleam of its sleepy lantern came to him cheerfully through the darkness.

He entered London when the oil lamps in the streets were burning even paler than before in the cheerless dawn. In St. James's no one was yet stirring, and it was only a prolonged volley of knocks that at length brought Mrs. Ann, the Vanhomrigh's own woman, to the door. The old waiting-maid threw up her hands in horror at the apparition of Francis, thinking he brought ill-news of her ladies. She was greatly relieved at finding that it was his own business that brought him to town, and inclined to pity and make much of him. He certainly looked way-worn, and felt tired when he sat down, but not sleepy. On the

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contrary, he had a curious feeling as though something were strained tight across his brain, and he would never be able to close his eyes again. He dressed himself afresh with consideration, not indeed achieving an appearance that would have made the Colonel proud to acknowledge him, but freeing himself for the moment from the reproach of a scholarly slovenliness of dress. Then he took down from the wall a small Spanish sword which was his oldest possession. Something on the embroidered scabbard or belt to which it was attached had caught his childish fancy, and as he had not been able to draw it, he had been allowed to keep it as a cherished toy. He then sat down by a cheerful fire which Mrs. Susan had lighted, drank the dish of chocolate she brought him, and read a book till a quarter to eight o'clock, when he went out and turned across St. James's Park in the direction of Peterborough House. On his way he arranged what he should say when he got there; for even twice his years teach few of us the futility of such one-sided plans of conversation, where no allowance is made for the winds and tides of our own immediate impressions, still less for the independent and constraining force of another mind. He marched stoutly on till he came in sight of the big door with the two shallow steps before it, and the oil-lamps on each side. Then for the first time he realised to how audacious a course he was about to commit himself, and not so much hesitated as encouraged himself by weighing the risk and the possible loss and gain resulting from it. He could but lose the slender allowance which eked out his Bible-clerkship at All Souls, and the chance of a chaplaincy or a living, neither of which he would care to accept. On the other hand, there was the irrepressible youthful hope that this famous father, himself so ambitious and so restless, might have more sympathy with the restlessness and ambition of his son than the dry little lawyer at Windsor. Should his lordship fly into a rage, Francis would but have to retire, and he imagined himself retiring discreetly under cover of a smart repartee. He knocked at the door, and a large butler in a large peruke, who regarded him with awe-inspiring surprise, informed him, as he expected, that Lord Peterborough was shortly leaving for Madrid and would see no one except on special business. But he stepped past the butler into the flagged hall with an easy confidence which sent that individual's ideas, that like his majestic frame usually moved with measured dignity, jostling each other in hopeless confusion.

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"His lordship will see *me*," said the unknown and apparently insignificant person, and would not vouchsafe his name.

Now Lord Peterborough, like some other noblemen and politicians in those days, when the succession of the House of Hanover seemed daily more doubtful, had grown tired of that uncertain seat called in modern phraseology "the fence," and was engaged in getting off it on the Stuart side. Consequently he received a good many mysterious or shabby visitors.

He was one of those irritable masters who expect their servants to know by instinct whom they wish and whom they do not wish to see, and the butler knew not whether he would incur most wrath by admitting, or by sending away, one who might be a political emissary of the highest importance, or a needy tradesman bringing a bill. Meantime, in mere confusion of mind he began to mount the stairs, closely followed by Francis. On the landing, still as far from having arrived at a conclusion as ever, he turned and faced his pursuer like a sheep at bay.

"You must please to tell me your name and business, your Honour, before I can admit you to his Lordship," he said with attempted firmness.

"Neither concern you, my good man," replied Francis, shrugging his shoulders with a gentle but superior smile; "you may say, the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt."

The butler opened a door slowly and wide to give himself time to collect his thoughts, but not succeeding in doing so, announced in loud and pompous tones from the force of habit, "My Lord, the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt."

"Mordaunt!" cried a sharp surprised voice from far within the room; then after a pause—"well, let him wait."

The butler closed the door gradually, looking in a doubtful, almost appealing way at Francis, who had walked past him and stood in the small ante-chamber divided by folding-doors, which were open, from the large room beyond. Within he could see the back of a man in a neat travelling wig and a military coat, seated at a desk and writing fast with one hand, while with the other he from time to time conveyed a tea-cup or food to his lips.

Now did Francis begin somewhat to quake, finding himself in the very presence of Lord Peterborough, though as yet unobserved by him. Here was the man of glittering reputation, of whose bold genius for war, of whose adventurous feats of

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daring, he had heard a thousand stirring tales from men who had fought in Spain; here was the "Mordanto," whose cosmopolitan activity had been chronicled in verse by Swift himself, whom the Tory party—at the Vanhomrighs Tories predominated—lauded to the skies as the worthy rival of Marlborough; the hero of a day on whom Time had not yet clearly written *mene, mene, tekel.* Had his new-discovered father been a more ordinary individual, Francis would not have dreamed of thus claiming him, but a consciousness of something unusual in his own aims and abilities made him instinctively trust this unusual man to recognize in him at once no ordinary claimant for money or social recognition. This consciousness at least buoyed him up till he found himself watching the dark curls of Lord Peterborough's wig vibrate, as he could almost have imagined, to the quick working of the brain within, and hearing only the scratching of a somewhat unruly quill. The quill having become totally unmanageable, his Lordship pitched it into the fire-place, and turned round sharply to reach another from a table behind him. Then, to his surprise, for he supposed he was alone, he found himself face to face with a small young man, who stood with his back against the well-filled bookshelf in the anteroom, meeting his lordship's eye with a look at once earnest and abashed.

"Well, sir," said Lord Peterborough sharply, "what d'ye want?" and added a muttered curse on the butler.

The young man stepped forward and bowed, still earnestly regarding him, but did not immediately answer. So he answered himself.

"Ah! the gentleman from Lord Mordaunt, to be sure," and he smiled grimly. "I presume the affectionate creature sends me his blessing before I sail—and would be glad of a thousand pounds."

"Possibly, my Lord," replied the young man in a deliberate if somewhat hesitating manner. "But I was not sent from Lord Mordaunt."

Lord Peterborough's restless emaciated fingers drummed on the chair-back.

"You announced yourself as from my son!"

There was a short pause before Francis answered with ingenuousness, rather than boldness—

"My Lord, that was a lie; I don't usually lie."

His Lordship stared at his singular interlocutor, and then

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throwing himself back in his chair, laughed silently. But quickly regaining his countenance—

"Then who the deuce are you?" he asked.

Francis paused again before replying: "I came here to ask your Lordship that. My mother's name was Frances Annesley.'

Every glimmer of amusement died out of Peterborough's face. "Ah," he said, "I perceive."

Then he filliped at some stray grains of sand on the document upon which he was engaged, and finding them still there, took it up and brushed them off.

"Upon my honour, young gentleman," he continued coldly, without raising his eyes from his task, "you have indulged a most idle curiosity. I have no objection to gratify it; but you will get no money from me, which is, I suppose, what you want."

At these words a change also passed over Francis's manner and expression.

"Money!" he cried, "money! O your Lordship may be easy. If you indeed be the man I think, I came to inform you that such moneys as you have paid towards making a parson of me are paid for stark nothing, and if 'tis true, as Mr. Wilson affirms, that you will give 'em for that and nothing but that, why I hereby sacrifice my interest in 'em freely to your Lordship, and have the honour to wish you a good-morning."

This was not in the least what he had intended to say, but the most meditated stroke of art would hardly have been so successful as this unpremeditated outburst of anger.

Peterborough looked at him curiously and relaxed into something approaching a smile.

"Foolish boy! 'Tis a handsome offer. Another might take advantage of thee. Were it handsomer, I should do so myself. But let us talk of it, since I do not leave for Madrid till dinner-time, and"—looking at his watch—"'tis not yet half after eight. Yet," he added, with a glance of renewed suspicion, "I am very likely a fool not to kick you downstairs."

Nor would the certainty that the young man was his own son have deterred him from doing so, had he not begun to feel an amused interest in the creature, and to observe in him a strong likeness to himself, and yet more to his late promising son, John. He had lost his two eldest sons in one year, and though far from a domestic character, he had been affected, both in his affections and in his parental pride, by the death of the second, a distinguished naval officer; especially as that loss

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brought him face to face with his youngest son, whom heretofore Lady Peterborough had been left to spoil at her ease.

At this direct summons to speak Francis was silent, and his first awe returned upon him, while Peterborough, who seemed never for an instant without movement in some part of his face or person, rose from the escritoire and went to the fireplace.

"Come, come, boy," he cried impatiently, turning the poker round and round in the flame, for there was a fire in the grate. "If you be Mrs. Annesley's son, you must have a tongue in your head. Why will you not be a parson? 'Tis no bad trade for one that has wit and knows how to use it."

"Say, abuse it, my Lord. To lick a trencher better than a lacquey, and spoil a good poem with a vile dedication."

"Pooh, pooh! You talk like friend Swift in a fit of the spleen," returned Peterborough, still amused and laughing.

"Dr. Swift would confirm me that 'tis an ill trade for one that is ambitious and would be honest."

"But Swift is honest, ay, and imprudent too!" cried Peterborough. "Yet look what his mere wit hath got for him."

"Promises," returned Francis drily. Peterborough, being among the very few persons in the secret of Swift's unstable position and the obstacles between him and promotion, silently congratulated the youth on his penetration, not guessing that it was quickened by jealousy. "But I care not," Francis continued. "The richest Bishopric in England could not tempt me to be a parson."

"You are a fool," returned Peterborough impatiently, moving from the fire, "but what is that to me? Wilson shall have instructions to continue your pittance and let you go your own ways; though I cannot guess what this monstrous ambition of yours may be that leads you to despise a fat fellowship and the chance of a fat living."

Francis laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and meeting the famous soldier's eyes with an earnest look, "I know not whether my ambition be monstrous, my Lord," he said, "but I am sure 'tis great, for I aspire to use this sword, that once belonged to the hero of Barcelona, in such fashion that the world may say I am worthy to be his son, if I am not so."

As a diplomatist, and a man of wit and fashion, Peterborough had acquired for occasions the cool polish of exterior then, perhaps even more than now, thought indispensable to the *rôle*.

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But the native impulsiveness beneath it, the impulsiveness which at once made and marred him as a general and a politician, constantly broke through to the surface. The frank young homage of this unknown lad with the strangely familiar face at once flattered his vanity and touched what remained of his heart. He stepped forward and set his hands on Francis's shoulders. Their eyes were on a level, and as they met Peterborough's emaciated features, worn with the ceaseless pursuit of pleasure and ambition, flushed and softened with a smile that made him for a moment look like the young man's brother.

"Come," he said, "I will trust you with the truth. If your mother was really Mrs. Annesley, then you are really my son, and methinks the best one I am like to find now-a-days."

Francis had a tongue nimble enough in many respects, but in others exceedingly lame. He was surprised and touched by Lord Peterborough's admission and the manner of it, but he only looked down, coloured, and said nothing. Peterborough drew the youth's sword from the scabbard, and examined it, blade and hilt.

"So thou would'st be a soldier?" he said, after a pause. "Well, 'tis a secret I trust to your discretion, but I intend landing in the Netherlands on my way to Spain. If you are in earnest, I will leave you there with a gentleman that shall get you a permit to serve with the allied troops, though I cannot promise you a commission or to see more than the end of the game."

"My Lord, I am infinitely obliged. At what hour shall I attend your Lordship?" asked Francis.

The calmness with which he accepted the sudden proposal to leave his native country and assume a totally new position in life within the next few hours, gave Lord Peterborough extreme satisfaction.

"Be here at four o'clock," he said, "bringing no more than a portmantel. I hate baggage. You shall be equipped for the camp at the Hague. I do not promise great things, mind you, but you shall have just as much as suffices to give a young man credit enough to run into debt. Now farewell. If you come not at the hour I shall know you repent—and so shall I."

He extended his hand to Francis, who kissed it respectfully and made his way downstairs, almost stunned by the unlooked-for success of his venture.

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As to Lord Peterborough, of course as soon as he heard the big front door close behind Francis, he called himself a fool for thus negligently exposing himself to claims and annoyances, which he had for fifteen years successfully taken precautions to avoid. But he was reaching an age when the most active and hardened of men occasionally feels the pangs of solitariness. His wandering and profligate life had long and hopelessly alienated Lady Peterborough's affections from him, and his relations with his surviving son were extremely unpleasant. The sincere and admiring but not very profound liking entertained for him by certain literary men, was the best thing left to him in a life of private and political intrigue which, generally speaking, occupied his energies too completely to leave room for anything else. Yet from time to time some indication of failing health brought before him the chill vision of a solitary old age. If he can be said to have loved any woman in the course of his life, that woman was Frances Annesley. Cold, unprincipled, and with little beauty, she had by her wit and that strange gift of fascination which defies analysis, retained her power over him for seven years. At the end of that time they had a quarrel, in the course of which he had knocked a lighted candle off the table, which falling on her dress, set her on fire and caused her death. His heart was not very soft nor his sensibilities very keen, but this horrible accident made a real and disagreeable impression upon him, and he hastened to try and efface it. If Mrs. Annesley had been interested in her child, she might long before have had him well provided for, but the plain sickly boy was an object of indifference to her, and when Lord Peterborough shut up the Manor, he instructed Mr. Wilson to make a small allowance for the child's maintenance and have him brought up in ignorance of his parentage. This he did partly to avoid annoyance, and partly to enable him the more completely to forget the episode of Mrs. Annesley. He was now not quite sure whether he was glad or sorry the seal of secrecy had been broken in some way as yet unexplained. He said to himself that the youth would undoubtedly prove ungrateful, extortionate and the cause of infinite annoyance to him, and yet—— Then, as next day must see him through the delicate business of tampering with some of Marlborough's officers in the interest of the party, he speedily and completely dismissed his personal and family affairs from his meditations.

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Francis meantime was hurrying homewards to pack the one portmantel permitted him by his patron. Mrs. Ann, coming in to find his room strewn with the contents of his cupboards, began to scold, as she had got into the habit of doing in the days when her comb used unmercifully to tear through his thick hair and her soapy water to squirt into his eye.

"Lord! Master Francis, what a litter you be in, sure*ly!* Marry come up! You make as much work in the house in a day as Master Ginckel 'ud make in a week—if it wasn't for his own man!"

When, however, she heard that he was to leave home that day and for a foreign country, she left off scolding and took the arrangement of his affairs into her own hands, packing for him not only the best of his own scanty possessions, but various articles belonging to other members of the family. When in the course of time these appropriations were discovered by the owners, there would no doubt be a good deal of grumbling, but every one was too much accustomed to her system of practical family socialism to seriously resent it.

Francis, after wandering round her vaguely for some time and being strictly forbidden to touch every article he offered to hand her, went down to the parlour to write a letter to Mrs. Vanhomrigh. He was glad Windsor was too far off to admit of his getting there and back before the afternoon, as otherwise he might have yielded to the temptation to see Esther once again before leaving England. At present he was too dazed to be very conscious either of pleasure or pain, but he knew that when he recovered himself, his intense satisfaction in his new career would only be tempered by his regret at parting from her. Yet even as regarded Esther, his present course was the only promising one. So far he knew only too well, she had never regarded him in any other light than as a younger brother, but his absence, his return in the character of a soldier and as he fondly hoped, a distinguished one, might change all that. If Swift should come forward as a suitor for her hand, then Francis could not doubt that she would under any circumstances be lost to him for ever. Something made him hope and almost believe that this would not happen.

His farewell letter took him long to write, but it was very brief. He was leaving the kindly roof which had sheltered his forsaken childhood—leaving it for the first time, not temporarily but permanently. He was far from lacking in gratitude and in

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the piety of the hearth, but he had more than his share of that self-consciousness which is the dismal inheritance of his countrymen, and which makes it so much easier for them to express their unamiable than their kindly feelings; especially if the objects of those feelings happen to be persons with whom they are familiar. Consequently his letter contained little but a cold statement that owing to circumstances which he was not at liberty to mention, he was leaving England without having time to wish Mrs. Vanhomrigh and the young ladies good-bye. It concluded with a few small jests, an enquiry after the health of the party, and his love and duty to Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Having sealed the missive and entrusted it to Mrs. Ann, he went to bed and to sleep.

Chapter VI.

"It rains with a *continuendo*," Swift observed, abstractedly putting down his pen.

"'Tis certainly unfortunate for you, sir," returned Essie, looking up from the manuscript in her hand.

"How so, miss?" asked he. "Come, this is one of your impudent sayings. A pretending brat that must needs be rallying like her betters! Explain yourself, Hessinage."

"No, no!" she said, and mimicking her mentor's voice and manner—"explanations are of all ballast the heaviest, a mere weighing down of conversation to the capacity of the dull."

"Bratikin!" cried he. "You think to whip me with my own tail, as you serve the puppy; but we mark you not."

He rose from his papers and walked to the window.

"Lord knows," he said, "I wish this rain were away, for if we could see anything, this fine prospect would turn you romantic, and then I should laugh. Yes, you are diverting, miss, when you turn romantic."

The windows of the small panelled parlour of the Prebendary's lodging where they sat, were among those that look out over the tree-tops and the Hundred Steps to the Thames and Eton, but now there was nothing to be seen from them but a grey misty veil of fine rain.

"And this to one that hath said neither O nor Ah to a sunset and a full moon! Well, Doctor, you may think meanly of me, yet I thank God I am not a stag-hunting Maid of Honour with a

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hat-mark on her brow and a laugh like a horse-boy; I've seen one named Hyde or some such thing, that I'm sure you'd never love."

"Indeed, miss, you are mistook, for I love the creature dearly," he cried, and Essie laughed teasingly.

Now Mrs. Hyde was one of those ladies of quality with whom Swift had consented to be on terms of friendship, if they would observe his conditions; which were that the first advances should proceed from them and be made in due form. She had a fine face and figure and abundance of good spirits, which her hearty admiration of the great Doctor helped him at the time to mistake for wit. But though a satirist may have as much vanity as another, he is not so long or so easily duped by it, and Swift had soon perceived his devoted Mrs. Hyde to be not very different from the other Maids of Honour, for whom he had notoriously no liking; a discovery the loyalty of his nature forbade him to admit, but which Esther shrewdly guessed, and it must be confessed, was not sorry for. It was inevitable that she should be jealous. His power and distinction, which caused him to be flattered and sought after, made her part in his life so obviously small as compared with his part in her own. Then the acceptance of conditions, the calmness of middle-age could not but appear coldness, when brought into contact with the revolts, the warm eagerness, the boundless claims and impossible projects which are the fairy gold of youthful friendship. These things alone, not to reckon a blinder and more fatal element fast intruding upon the domain of friendship, sufficed to make it not disagreeable to her when the attentions lavished upon Swift by persons of importance failed to please him.

"The truth is, Hessinage," he said, "Mrs. Hyde hath made her *boutade*. But no matter—be neither moral nor witty over the *boutades* of others, Hess, for I warrant your own, that you are saving up for all this time, will be a bad one when it comes."

"When I know what you mean, Doctor, with your *boutade*, I shall know better how to answer you."

"When a horse, that has gone so quiet for a month that you have finally concluded him a sober animal, jerks out his hinder feet on a sudden, why, you know better than I, Mademoiselle, that the French call it a *boutade*. Heaven bless us! 'Tis what you all do sooner or later; ay, sooner or later, whether 'tis at the end of a week, a month, a year or ten years, every jade of you makes her *boutade* and lands us in the mud."

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"Your sex, sir, are truly not guilty of *boutades*, for you kick so regular we cannot plead surprise, and must e'en make a shift to stick on, or take our mud with philosophy."

"Why, what fine young fellow hath been playing you a scurvy trick, Hess?" asked he. "It cannot be Ford, for only t'other day after dinner he drank to you under the name of 'the Jilt.'"

Hester laughed an unembarrassed laugh.

"Lord! that was a scurvy trick indeed of Mr. Ford's! Why, the truth is, he hath not bestowed a thought on my *beaux yeux* since this time last year, when he first made the acquaintance of Moll's. Sure, dear sir, I shall never get a husband unless Moll and I part company, for so soon as I have gotten myself one poor ewe-lamb of an admirer, in comes this naughty miss and whisks him away to swell her train of adorers." But her countenance betrayed not a shadow of annoyance at the abduction or seduction of her followers.

"Odsbodikins, this is fine play-acting! You'd have me think you're not jealous of Moll, when if I write her the least smallest love-letter, or so much as call her Brat or Slutikin, you're ready to tear my eyes out, Governor Huff, you know you are."

Hester looked down and picked at the tassel of a sofa-cushion.

"Sure," she said, "'tis all my fun, but then that's different. The dear creature's welcome to my admirers, but not to—not to——"

"Your friend. Well, you may be easy."

There was a short silence, broken by the entrance of a servant.

"Your Riverence, there's a fine young nobleman in a yaller chariot and splendid liveries and an umbrella and a nigger wants to know if he may wait on the ladies."

Then he stepped across to the Doctor, and thrusting his head into his master's wig, whispered something.

"Shish—shish—shish!" cried Swift impatiently, shaking himself away. "What d'ye think I can make of that, you dog? Stand up and speak out, Patrick, and never consider the lady. She's above minding the compliments of a nobleman or of his nigger either."

Patrick stood up and looked at Essie with a smile half-apologetic, half-ingratiating.

"Sure, my Lady, his Lordship wouldn't be for disturbing Madam Vanhomrigh for the world, nor wouldn't take the liberty

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of asking for Miss Vanhomrigh; 'tis no one at all, at all, but Miss Molly he'll be after troubling to-day."

"You may tell his Lordship," replied Swift, "that the ladies are abroad and will not return before dinner-time."

So Patrick retired to communicate his answer.

Swift's and Esther's eyes met, and she smiled faintly.

"Fortune and you befriend me to-day," she said. And then, after a pause, "What can I do, dear sir? What can I do to rid my sister of this young rake—for I suspect him to be little better than that."

Swift shrugged his shoulders: "Rid her of her infatuation for him."

"And how in heaven's name am I to do so?"

"By means of her reason, Hessinage," returned Swift. "If you will forgive me for saying so, I think well of Molkin. She is yet very young, and she hath a greater love for the world and a milder and pleasanter disposition than Governor Huff, which causes her to be easily led into follies by them that should keep her out of them. But Moll hath an excellent shrewd wit, and, did you reason with her enough, might be brought to see 'tis mighty ridiculous to buy a pig in a poke. She knows stark nothing of this boy, except that he has a handsome face and a fine coat, and the very rank that dazzles her makes him scarce likely to mate with folks of our breeding. Pooh! reason with her, I say."

"Reason!" cried Essie, in amazement. "Whoever yet found reason strong enough to drive out love?"

"I have found it so," replied Swift sternly. "Others would, if they did but believe it possible, but they resign themselves to suffer from this complaint because they fancy there's no remedy for it. Do you think that I am more insensible than another man to the charms of beauty, of wit, of sense and virtue? No; there was a time, the time when I first found all these united in the person of one young woman, when I felt as great an inclination as any to play the lover and the fool; but my reason told me that, with my narrow means, such as would indeed be bare beggary for a wife and family, and with my uneasy temper and very ill-health, marriage was not for me, and I resolved to rest content with being her friend. 'Tis a resolution I applaud as often as I see a pair of lovers that have been a twelvemonth married, for it allows me to suppose she and I had been more faithful in our fondness, had we permitted ourselves

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to love. But come, bratikins, I talk of myself, when I meant but to persuade you that the strength of this passion is grossly exaggerated. 'Tis like some monster of your favourite romances that fades to air in the grasp of the bold champion that grapples with it."

Esther had listened with a changing colour and questioning eyes. Who, ah, who was the woman he could have loved under a more fortunate star? Deep in her heart a siren voice whispered *Esther Vanhomrigh.*

Returning with an effort to her former pre-occupation, as he ended—

"It may be as you say," she returned, "but where is the power to make her grapple with it?" Then, "Alas! how *can* I talk over my sister's unhappy infatuation even with you, sir? I do very wrong. But 'tis my excuse that, as you know well, our poor fond mama hath a younger head on her shoulders than any of us, and thinks no harm of the matter, and when I am troubled about it, to whom should I turn but to the best, the wisest friend that ever woman found? Yet I doubt I do wrong. You must forgive me, though Moll would not."

She spoke quietly, but her companion, familiar with her every gesture and expression, divined there was trouble beneath the exterior calm of her demeanour, and his perception of that touched the deep vein of tenderness, of womanly sympatheticness in him that made him dear to women. The more dear perhaps, because that sympatheticness lay below and alongside of much apparent and some real cynicism, and of a bitterness and scorn of men which was, like his tenderness, the outcome of a morbidly sensitive nature. Now when he saw that Esther was in trouble, he sat down by her and took her hand gently, as an elder brother might have done.

"Never blame yourself for that, Hesskin," he said. "What's told to me is dropped down the Castle well. You have on your young shoulders the cares without the authority of women twice your age, and 'tis no wonder you turn somewhere for counsel, little Hesskinage. As for Molly, the slut, you know I love her very well, and am not the fool of the vulgar opinion which condemns the betrayal of an innocent sentiment more than it winks at the harbouring of a guilty one. No; virtuous breasts, as I have told you a thousand times, need never fear to show what's in 'em. I am as vexed as you that Molkin has cast a favourable eye on this puppy, but if she were more secret in the matter, I

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should be more apt to suspect evil than now, when, as she does not conceal her preference, I'm convinced there's nothing ill in it but the object."

"You speak comfortable words," said Esther; "yet Shakespeare says somewhere 'tis no wise thing for the best of hearts to be worn on the sleeve—the daws will peck at it."

"Fudge, child!" replied Swift, patting her hand rather hard before he dropped it. "You think too much of your old plays, and they're better, truly, than modern romances, yet by no means the best books for a young gentlewoman's reading. When the day comes that you have such a heart under your kerchief as you are ashamed to take out and pin to your elbow-ruffles for my inspection—why, on that day you may take Master Shakespeare for your friend instead of the Doctor. Now, since you are so pretending as to quote poetry, I shall read you out this manuscript of Mr. Pope's, which is to my mind the smoothest verse yet writ in our language."

Esther gave him up the manuscript, which was that of a poem entitled 'Windsor Forest,' and in a fine well-modulated voice Swift began to read :—

> "Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
> Invite my lays."

So he continued for sixty-eight lines, which treating of Lady Granville, Eden, Olympus, Pan, Flora, Queen Anne, and William the Conqueror, followed each other with all the regularity and pompous inanity of a string of geese. At the sixty-eighth line he paused and repeated—

> "The hollow winds through naked temples roar."

"What think you of that line?" he asked. "To my mind the sound answers marvellously to the sense."

Esther gave a guilty start, and murmured some reply which committed her to nothing.

"Your wits are gone wool-gathering," he said sharply. "You are wont to be a better listener. Come, now, a penny for your thoughts."

She blushed deeply.

"Mr. Pope's are so much finer," she answered. "Pray, Doctor, continue and read me that line again. 'Twas but in a moment of inattention it slipped me."

"A goodly moment!" grumbled Swift. "I'll wager you have

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heard nought since Mr. Pope made his fine bow to Granville in the opening. No, you shall read it yourself, Miss Essy, though you can no more read than a magpie."

This last accusation was unfair. Essie was his own pupil, and one with natural gifts. As she read, the empty monotonous lines took meaning and sweetness from her intonation and voice, and though from time to time her master snatched the manuscript from her hand to correct her rendering of some pet passage of his, he could not quite conceal his satisfaction in her performance. Just as she had begun the invocation to the Thames, a sound of feet and voices was heard on the staircase, and in another minute Mrs. Vanhomrigh entered, followed by Molly, Mr. Lewis and a young man whom Swift greeted warmly by the name of Ford.

"I thought you was to have stayed in town for your business all this week, Ford," he said.

Mr. Ford made some wordily inadequate excuse for his unexpected reappearance, which in fact was due to the Vanhomrigh visit, and turned the conversation by producing a packet of letters for the Doctor which he had picked up for him at St. James's Coffee House. Swift glanced at the superscription, and laid the packet on the table.

"Lord, Doctor!" cried Madam Van, looking at it, "I always said you was a magician, and here's the proof of it! You keep a double in Ireland to write you all that's doing there with your very own hand. Why, I never thought there was so much news in Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught all put together, as would swell a package to that size."

Swift coloured visibly.

"The writer," he replied, after an almost imperceptible pause, "was a pupil of mine some twenty years ago, and keeps the trick of my capitals. But never mind the letter; here's Ford can give us the latest news of London, a place which, for my part, I value more than fourteen Irelands put together."

"Luckily," he added to himself, "P. P. T.'s hand is not obtrusively feminine." His discomfort at the sight of the letter was not altogether due to the possible observations of others upon it. Something in his own breast, which he called "undue scrupulosity," had made certain observations to him several times in the course of the last year, and several times he had completely replied to them.

"It is true," he had said, "I no longer feel the same necessity

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to write all my doings to P. P. T. I have nothing to tell her but politics, politics, politics, for which pretty P. P. T. cares not a button, and disappointments whenever a Bishopric falls in. It is true I am not so glad as I was to catch sight of a letter from her, stuck up in the little glass window of the St. James's. I love her as well as ever, but poor P. P. T.'s life is dull. I don't believe she has got two new acquaintances in Dublin since I left, and if she had, confound 'em, I shouldn't care to hear of 'em. The diverting witch can get you a jest out of a blue-bottle fly when you are in her company, but her pen is none so witty as her tongue, and I am tired of hearing that the Dean and Stoyte and Walls are at piquet as usual with her, and I know Goody Walls has a baby once a year, and don't care to hear who stands godfather, and who eat the christening cake."

To other observations of his spiritual foe he would reply—

"Yes, silly P. P. T. would be jealous if she knew. Women are foolish, unreasonable creatures, and were she my wife, I should be forced to tell her what does not concern her and submit to her caprices, or live in misery. But I am not even her lover, still less Hessinage's. A man may not have more than one wife, but he may surely have as many as two friends. And 'tis my weakness that I cannot be content without a woman about me. I know not how it is, but there's something too much of my mother in my composition. I am glad the world does not suspect it. Be sure when I have charming P. P. T. again, I shall want no other."

And who was this charming P. P. T., whose letter lay there unopened on the table, while Esther Vanhomrigh at Swift's command read out Mr. Pope's poem to the assembled company? What pet name lurked in the shelter of those initials is only divined, not known, by those who now share with her the contents of those private packages that for so long had reached her eager hands once a fortnight, and of late had been exchanged for rarer and less detailed letters. But on the outside of them is written legibly the name of Mrs. Esther Johnson. By this time she was expecting another, and it was not even on its way to her. The 10th of September was a rainy day in Dublin as well as at Windsor. When the evening began to fall it left off raining, but the faint yellow reflection of an invisible sunset in the puddles and gutters of the muddy street did nothing to enhance its cheerfulness. Mrs. Johnson was by no

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means of a moody or querulous disposition, but it was unquestionably dull in the little panelled parlour, with no companion but Dingley, who was dozing over her darning. It was chilly too. Dingley was always exceedingly put out if a fire was lighted before the exact middle of September. As she could quote Dr. Swift as being of her mind on the subject, because certain little rules of this nature are desirable to restrain us from luxury, Mrs. Johnson commonly gave in to her prejudice. She sat idly in the window-seat, not for want of the will to employ herself, but because her eyes had to be spared. The large lustrous brown eyes were from time to time troublesome to their owner, and the inactivity their weakness imposed on one of her active temperament, did more to impair her temper and spirits than a serious misfortune could have done. In the street life was not eventful. A posse of bare-legged ragged children pattered by through the dirt, and a strong-lunged pedlar-woman made the street ring with "Gentlemen's gloves! Good Worcester gloves! Four shillings the pair." The pedlar paused under the window, and held up a pair of gloves temptingly, with wreathed smiles. Mrs. Johnson shook her pretty head—what use had she for gentlemen's gloves?—and retreated into the room.

"Dingley!" she cried sharply, "Dingley, you are asleep."

Dingley sat up very straight, and stuck her needle into her finger. "Asleep?" she repeated, "I swear I was nothing of the kind."

"O you're like the parrot that learned to swear when it was young, and couldn't forget it," returned Esther Johnson, alluding to the frequency with which she had heard this asseveration.

But Dingley continued talking unconscious of the sarcasm:

"Lord knows I often wish I *could* take forty winks as some folks can, being such a bad sleeper. All our family are such bad sleepers, but the others do get their forty winks, while I can't close my eyes, once I'm up. Yet I want it more than any, for I'm sure last night I heard every clock strike."

"I wonder you could hear 'em," replied Mrs. Esther. "I couldn't—you was snoring too loud."

Now it is well known that to be accused of snoring arouses ire in the meekest bosom, and Mrs. Dingley's was not especially meek.

"Lord ha' mercy!" she cried, "was ever such a thing heard? Snoring? Me? Highty tighty! miss, I'd have you to know the

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Reverend Dingley, that was my husband half-a-dozen years, never once heard me snore."

"No," returned Esther, with a mischievous laugh, "they never do, the husbands. They're afraid to, poor creatures; they'll be damned for perjury before they'll venture it."

Mrs. Dingley bridled in silent indignation before she replied.

"Mrs. Johnson, I'd have you to know your language is most unbecoming. Fie, miss! An unmarried woman to talk so familiarly about husbands! You'd have some right to speak, if you'd taken one when you'd got the chance."

"Such a chance, Dingley! Sure you yourself thought at the time I might do better, and I think so still."

Mrs. Dingley shook her head dubiously. The little tiff between her and her companion had blown over as quickly as it had come on, for both were irritable, rather than bad-tempered.

"'Tis true, Miss Hetty," she said, "I made sure you'd get a match to your liking before many months were over. But there! Things have turned out very unlucky, and the chance is gone now. Yet I couldn't but think of it when I met Tisdale at the Stoytes t'other day, looking quite the gentleman in a new gown and bands, and Mrs. Tisdale as happy as a queen, with a fine boy just fifteen months old and another expected."

"For shame, Dingley!" returned Esther. "You shouldn't wish I'd robbed the poor lady of her happiness. 'Twould have been like the old tale of the dog in the manger. Fancy being happy to have one child like Tisdale and to be threatened with another!"

"True, the boy did take after his father," said Dingley, "yet I tell you, my dear, 'twas a fine boy all the same."

"Of course," replied Esther, "I knew it. Tisdale must have been a fine boy at fifteen months, with his bouncing cheeks and goggle blue eyes. I should have hated Tisdale at fifteen months. His feet! O do you remember his feet, Dingley, and how P. D. F. R. used to laugh at 'em?"

"Sure, Swift was always pleased enough to laugh at Tisdale, that I know."

"But Dingley, dear Dingley, don't you remember when he came courting that Good Friday, dressed up so smart except for his feet, and they was in great old brown bulging shoes, for all the world like a couple of hot-cross buns? Lord, how P. D. F. R. laughed when I told him!"

"How silly you talk, Hetty! 'Twas well enough when you

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was a girl to think your lover must be a beauty, but a woman of your age ought to have greater sense than to suppose a man's looks are here or there when he's your husband. Sure the Reverend Dingley was as the Lord made him, and I never gave his looks a thought from the time we left the church door. I own when we was walking down the church together, and I saw my Aunt Dawson whispering to my cousin Tibbs, I felt afraid lest they should be passing remarks on his shape; but then 'twas but natural *they* should be spiteful on account of the family quarrel about the jewels, my grandmother's jewels that was lost in the——"

"Oh, yes, I know all that," put in Esther hastily, for she had heard the impending anecdote but too often already. "But don't tease, D. D. 'Tis silly to fancy every single woman pining for a husband. Silly—silly, I say."

Mrs. Dingley could have replied something as to the different view of matrimony Mrs. Johnson would have taken, if the Reverend Doctor, who had come forward so honourably three years ago, had been another than Dr. Tisdale. But in spite of his absence, fear of Swift more or less restrained her loquacity in speaking of him to Esther. She contented herself with saying, "Lord, my dear, where's the harm if they do? 'Tis but nature," and would have proceeded to relate in her low, quick, monotonous voice a series of totally uninteresting anecdotes, concerning the marriages of professed spinsters of her acquaintance, if Mrs. Johnson had not cut her short with: "'Tis in the nature of our sex to be foolish, that I know well, but one that hath had the advantage to be educated by Dr. Swift should be above some female weaknesses. I trust, though a female, I have sense enough to see that a parcel of brats would scarce afford pleasure to a woman who detests 'em; nor would they be made more endurable by the addition of a self-important ass of a husband. As to love, 'tis the silliest, tiresomest passion in the world, and the aptest to end in peevishness and wrangling. A woman who has had the happiness to possess the best of friends these twenty years, knows better than to desire so worthless a thing as a lover."

"Marry come up, Hetty!" cried Mrs. Dingley, who, though she had heard these sentiments periodically for years, had never recovered her surprise and indignation at them. "You're a strange girl—and Swift, too, what a strange man! There's quite a couple of you."

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She would have liked, but feared, to add that Esther at any rate would have found some advantages in their being made a couple in a matrimonial sense, as a husband could not easily have betaken himself across St. George's Channel for an indefinite period, and left his wife behind him in Dublin. Years ago she had daily expected Swift to make an offer of marriage to Mrs. Johnson, and had repined at the probability of its depriving her of their joint home. Now she felt personally injured and deceived at the offer never having been made. That his insufficient means, real or supposed, alone prevented it, she never doubted, and she and Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte had long agreed that such caution did not become a clergyman: it argued a want of trust in Providence. If, when the long and vainly expected preferment at last came, Swift was in the same mind as when he left Dublin, they all felt sure that he would return and marry Mrs. Johnson. The question was, would he after so long an absence—no one could as yet put a definite term to it—after having entered as an admired and honoured guest the most distinguished circles in London, after having won fame by his pen and favour by his social qualities, would he be content to return to Esther Johnson? Beautiful she was and witty, but after all only the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward. Swift's old Dublin acquaintances knew well that though he never spoke of it, he never forgot his birth was gentle, and that in spite of his practical benevolence to his sister Mrs. Fenton, he resented her husband's plebeian person and calling as much as his bad character. He who trampled on nobles and treated his social inferiors with punctilious courtesy, would not for a coronet have been supposed the born equal of those inferiors. His enemies in the Temple family knew well how to mortify him when they set it about that he had occupied a menial position in the household at Moor Park. It was a sufficient humiliation to his haughty nature to remember that he had occupied a dependent one, and had trembled at a master's frown. He remained grateful to the memory of that severe master; but he liked to reflect that he was now a more influential political personage than Sir William had been in his most self-important days. By marrying Mrs. Esther Johnson he would confirm the calumnies of the Temples, for her mother was still a sort of housekeeper to Sir William's sister, Lady Gifford. Esther herself had while a young child, been given a special position at Moor Park. Sir

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William's honoured lady had spent many pleasant hours at play with the little maid, whose baby beauty and activity had triumphed over the disadvantages of a tight linen cap and a long dress. After her ladyship's death the recollection of this would alone have recommended the child to Sir William, had not her native grace and charm been enough to do so. When Swift arrived at Moor Park, a young man of twenty, Esther was six years old and the pet of the household. When Sir William had sent for the new secretary after dinner, he was too nervous to notice at the time, but afterwards remembered, a little black-eyed girl who stood at the great man's elbow cracking nuts for him by dint of vast exertions, and occasionally receiving a sip of Malaga as a reward. When the recollection of Dorothy, Lady Temple, had somewhat faded from the memory of the household, the servants of Moor Park invented a legend which accounted for the partiality of their master for little Miss Hetty, by supposing her to be more nearly related to him than he cared to acknowledge; his will, which secured to her a small independence, gave some colour to the invention. Such was the origin of Esther Johnson, and the explanation of much that was anomalous in her position. She had a mother and a sister living, but her social education had made it difficult for her to share her life with them, even had her means permitted her to support them. She continued on friendly and even affectionate terms with them, but after Sir William Temple's death she joined her small income to that of Mrs. Dingley and set up house with her. It had needed little persuasion on Swift's part to induce them to leave Farnham for Dublin, on the plea that money bore a higher interest in Ireland than in England, and they had now passed twelve years in that country, sometimes at Trim, sometimes in Dublin. When Swift had left Ireland some two years before, as an envoy from the Irish clergy to the Queen's Government, it was thought that his absence would be short; but when his cause was won, and those for whom he had won it treated him neither with gratitude nor honour, while in London the leaders of the Tory party were bidding eagerly for his support, he was easily persuaded to remain there. With St. John and Harley and Mrs. Masham, all honestly anxious to serve him, it seemed inevitable that he should rise high in the Church, and that before long. The one obstacle to his promotion was the Queen's prejudice against him. The Archbishop of York had impressed upon Her Majesty that Dr. Swift's

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"Tale of a Tub" proved him little better than an infidel, which indeed his Grace had always suspected him of being. Her favourite, the Duchess of Somerset, had implored her with tears not to promote so remorseless a foe of the fair petitioner's. Queen Anne, who was determined since her escape from the tyranny of the Marlboroughs to show her Ministers from time to time she had a will of her own, selected the point of Dr. Swift's promotion as a fitting one on which to oppose them. It was sufficiently simple and unimportant to admit of her doing so, without any undue strain on her feeble intellectual and moral faculties. Meantime Swift, ignorant of this real opponent, lingered on in London, pamphleteering for, dining with, domineering over the most powerful men in the kingdom, and able to obtain favours for everybody except himself. Sometimes in his letters he talked of retiring in disgust to his canals and his fruit-trees at his vicarage of Laracor. He talked of it, but he never came.

"'Tis a long time, ain't it, since we got a packet from London?" said Dingley, after an interval of silence. Mrs. Johnson was staring at the grate, so black and cheerless it looked as though it never could have been or be again a thing of warmth and cheerfulness.

"No longer than I should expect," she answered sharply. "He told us not to look for journals, while State matters were so heavy upon him."

And she shivered a little as she spoke, for the night was certainly cold.

(*To be continued.*)

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RENAISSANCE COOKERY.

AT no period and in no country has luxury, combined with the finest sense of the beautiful, prevailed to a greater extent than in Italy during the sixteenth century. The arts—architecture, sculpture and painting—encouraged and protected by the great and wealthy, flourished in all parts of the Peninsula. Sumptuous edifices—churches, town-halls, and palaces, in which the three were combined—rose on all sides. The dresses of the upper classes were distinguished by extraordinary richness of material and elegance of ornament. Religious processions and Church ceremonies were celebrated with the utmost pomp and splendour. Popes, Republics, such as Venice and Florence, and even petty princes vied with each other in the magnificence of their public festivals, and in the costliness of the entertainments accorded to illustrious guests. An almost invariable feature on these latter occasions was the banquet, which, in sumptuousness, in the variety and choiceness of the viands, and in the beauty of the gold and silver plate, used and displayed, corresponded with the high standard of taste which then existed. Of the unrivalled edifices, erected at this period, many still remain; whilst the ruins of others bear witness to what they once had been. The sacred and other great festivals have been described by historians, and represented by contemporary painters. The gorgeous dresses, with their exquisite adornments of jewelry and lace, are seen in the portraits of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Bronzino, and in the pictures of Carpaccio, Paris Bordone, and Bonifazio. But to learn about the banquets and dinners of the time—how the viands were cooked, the nature of the dishes and how they were served—we must go to rare books of the sixteenth century which treat of these matters.

The learned Platina, who wrote about Cooks as well as Popes, published in Latin, towards the end of the fifteenth century, his

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treatise upon the varieties of human food, the different ways of preparing them, and their effect upon health. One Christopher, a native of Moosburg in Bavaria—Christoforo di Messisburgo, as he styles himself—in his 'Banchetti,' first published at Ferrara in 1549, gives directions for preparing various dishes and for serving dinners of which he adds the "menus." Domenico Romoli, in his 'Singolare Dottrina,' published at Venice in 1587, mentions the proper season for eating the flesh of various beasts, fowls and fish, and how they should be cooked, and proposes a "menu" for every day in the year. Vincenzo Cervio—in his 'Trinciante' (the Carver)—a rare work published at Venice in 1581—treats of the duties of that office, one considered of great importance in noble houses, shows how every manner of dish should be cut and carved, and describes banquets given by Popes, Princes, and other exalted personages. A thick volume by Bartolomeo Scappi, who had been private cook (*cuoco secreto*) to Pius V., first published at Venice in 1570, is the most complete work on this subject. It treats of the ways of dressing the flesh of different animals, birds and fish, and of the dishes to be eaten on fast days and in Lent, gives directions for preparing pies and pastry of all sorts, and "menus" for every season of the year, for great banquets and common dinners, adding receipts for the food of the sick and convalescent, and contains representations of the various utensils and instruments required by the cook. Of a later date we have the 'Pratica Escalcaria' of Antonio Frugoli, entitled 'Pianta di delicati Frutti da servirsi a qualsivoglia Mensa di Principi et gran Signori, et a persone ordinarie ancora,' first published at Rome in 1635. One Mattia Giegher, also a Bavarian from Moosburg, carver to the most "illustrious German nation" at Padua, published in that city in 1639, 'I tre Tratati,' on cooking and carving. Vittorio Lancellotti of Camerino, in his work entitled 'Lo Scalco prattico," printed at Rome in 1627, gives the "menus" of a number of banquets served for the most part in the palace of Cardinal Ippolito Aldobrandino.

These works, all of more or less rarity, furnish ample information as to Italian cookery in the sixteenth century, as to the dishes served at banquets and at private dinners, and give receipts for their preparation. Italian dinners were then divided into two parts, each consisting of several courses, some of which came from the "Credenza," sideboard or buffet, and others direct from the kitchen. On the "Credenza" were displayed the gold and silver plate and various cold meats, and pies, salt fish, caviare,

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bottarga, and other relishes to stimulate the appetite, fruit, sweet pastry, and confectionery. The "servizio di Cucina" were hot dishes brought from the kitchen and taken at once to the carver, and, when cut up, placed upon the table. The dinner began by a first course from the "Credenza," which was followed by one from the kitchen. Sometimes there were three, or even four, of each, alternating, and each comprising some twenty or thirty dishes. Fruit, sweetmeats, and confectionery, in great variety, were handed round after the table-cloth had been removed. Even the most modest repast appears to have consisted of two courses from the "Credenza" and two from the kitchen. The number and variety of the dishes served on great occasions appear almost incredible. One is at a loss to imagine how any human being could partake of even a small part of them, and it is not surprising that a dinner lasted three or four hours, and sometimes even longer, or that the higher clergy—Cardinals appear to have been especially addicted to these prodigal feasts —were denounced by the Lutheran heretics for their luxurious living and their gluttony.* Even on fast days and in Lent, when it might be supposed that these pious ecclesiastics, who were busily engaged in roasting Protestants for eating meat at such times, might have placed some restraint upon their appetites, their repasts were as sumptuous and abundant as they were varied.

Cervio, in his 'Trinciante,' has the following account of a banquet offered by Cardinal Campeggio—the Papal Legate to Henry VIII.—to the Emperor Charles V. on his entry into Rome in Lent, in 1536. The table was covered with four perfumed and richly embroidered table-cloths, upon which were placed twelve napkins of similar beauty. In the first course from the "Credenza" were Pisan and Roman biscuits, with Malmsey served in little golden cups, cakes, some gilt, others moulded in various shapes, pine-kernels, oranges, fritters made of chick-peas, sugar, raisins, and dates. This course was followed by one from the kitchen consisting of various sorts of fish and light viands (*arrosto sottile*), such as large lampreys, slices of sturgeon roasted on the spit, with their appropriate sauce, grilled shad with a

* M. Siméon Luce, in his interesting work, 'La France pendant la Guerre de cent ans' (p. 348), informs us that at a dinner given at Paris by the Prior of Saint Martin des Champs to the counsellors of his monastery and to the Mayor and Prévôts of the district on Sunday, May 24, 1405, there were served thirty-six pies, twelve capons "au blanc," six roast capons, two chevreuils, three dozen chickens, six fat goslings, four dozen pigeons, three dozen sweet tarts, and fifty apples.

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sauce of raisins boiled in wine, small lampreys from the Tiber, pickled carp served cold with a sauce of sugar and red vinegar, a "mariné" (*marinatura*) of trout, a "macedoine" of plums, pies of large lampreys, patties of the roe and liver of the "ombrina" (a delicate fish), olives from Crete, and fish jelly made in a form with ornaments in "mezzo-rilievo." In the second course from the kitchen were sixteen dishes, including soups and pottages; pieces of sturgeon, with prunes and dried sour cherries; sucking-pig with dates; "calamaretti" (little cuttlefish) with raisins; lampreys; Turbot "alla Veneziana"; shad cut up and served hot; trout boiled in wine and spices, and garnished with gilly-flowers; pies of sardines; "tarantella" (a part of the tunny fish, salted); "mouthfuls "of fish-jelly of a golden colour; and pike in a pottage "alla Tedesca" (German fashion). The third course from the kitchen was principally of boiled fish and pastry, including heads of sturgeon plain boiled, and garnished with purple and yellow gilly-flowers; pike with a sauce called "miraus;" trout boiled in wine and spices, and garnished with pimpernel; various pies and patties; "bianco-magnare" made of the flesh of pike beaten into a pulp with fine sugar; pastry in the form of the Imperial arms; and a vase made of white jelly, gilt.

The banquet ended with a second course from the "Credenza" of fourteen dishes, including a sort of thistle (*cardo*) served with pepper and salt, fresh almonds, walnuts, pears stewed in sugar, quinces boiled in wine, sugar and cinnamon, preserved cherries boiled in wine and sugar, and various kinds of sweet pastry. Between each course the napkins, knives, forks and spoons were changed, and perfumed water in silver-gilt basins was offered to the company to wash their hands. Considering that this dinner was given on a fast day, the Emperor and Cardinals, and other dignitaries who partook of it, cannot be said to have been subjected to severe mortification. If they had to complain, it must have been from indigestion.

Cervio's work contains other descriptions of great banquets, some of which are highly curious. The following is the account given of one on the marriage of the Prince, afterwards Duke, of Mantua in 1581. After the company had been entertained with a most delightful comedy, a magnificent hall, sumptuously decorated, was thrown open. The table, raised on a dais of four steps, was so placed that all the guests sat with their backs to the wall. They were thirteen—no superstition apparently then existed with respect to this number—three

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Cardinals, three Dukes, two Duchesses, one Prince, one Princess, one Marquis and one Marchioness, and the host—a goodly company. Each occupied a large Spanish chair. No servants or other persons were allowed to be on the opposite side of the table, in order not to interrupt the view of a second table placed in the middle of the hall, at which sat one hundred ladies of the greatest beauty, all most splendidly attired. The guests, after having washed their hands in perfumed water, handed to them in marvellously embossed silver basins, took their seats to the sound of the sweetest music. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the "Credenza," with its display of gold and silver plate, and of glasses, bottles and vases of Venice glass—the latter in such abundance that it might have been supposed that all the shops at Murano had been ransacked to procure them. Such a large supply was indeed necessary, as it was the custom, says Cervio, for the ladies to break their glasses after they had drank, to show that they were in a gay and mirthful mood—perhaps a little tipsy. The noise these ladies made was further increased by four bands of musicians placed high up in the four corners of the room. The banquet lasted for four hours.

In the first course from the "Credenza" were the following curious dishes. Salads of citron in the shape of animals, castles of turnips, walls of lemons, game pasties in the form of lions, black eagles of pastry, pies containing pheasants which appeared to be alive, white peacocks with their tails spread, and decked with ribands of silk and gold, strutting about with amorous gait, as if living, and three statues of marchpane, each four palms in height, representing the Horse of the Capitol, and Hercules with the Lion. The napkins were marvellously embroidered, and produced a wonderful effect, mingled as they were with bandrols bearing the arms of the Cardinals and other great persons present. The first course from the kitchen was of eighteen dishes, including roast ortolans, quails, turkeys—a bird, we are told, only recently introduced into Italy—francolins, grey partridges and pigeons. A veal-pie, with capers and olives, is called "alla Inglese." The second course from the kitchen was of nineteen dishes—chiefly pies, game stuffed with various condiments, and jellies. Three castles made of pastry called "pasta real," adorned with *fleurs de lis*, and each having a black eagle—the arms of Este—in the centre. Artificial fire issuing from the ramparts filled the hall with the most delightful perfume. Other dishes were roast turkeys stuffed with ortolans and garnished with asparagus boiled in butter,

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sticks of cinnamon and big truffles, roast sucking-pigs, and pheasants stewed with pomegranate-seeds.

The table having been cleared, and perfumed water and scented tooth-picks having been handed round, and bread, clean spoons, forks and gilt knives and fresh napkins having been placed on the table, a third course of twenty-five dishes was served. They were principally of fish, such as sepias, pike, trout, red mullet, turbot, carp from the Lake of Garda, and oysters. Fruits of various kinds were next brought from the "Credenza," and divers sorts of pies most cunningly imagined. One was in the form of a castle, out of which came perfumed rabbits with coral beads attached to their feet and little silver bells round their necks; red-legged partridges with their wings cut, draped in cloth of gold, with crowns on their heads; leverets and small birds; and lastly, a ship laden with nosegays and toothpicks.

There was a further course from the "Credenza" of sweet dishes, comfits, marmalades, candied fruit and other confectionery, of no less than thirty-eight kinds, served in vases of gold and silver of the utmost beauty, with knives, forks, and spoons of the same precious metals. Three statues of sugar, each three palms high, represented Meleager and the wild boar, a camel ridden by a Moorish king, and an elephant bearing a castle filled with men armed with bows and arrows and stones. But the most wonderful dish was reserved for the last. A monster pie was placed on the table. When opened, out stepped a boy with his face and hands blackened to represent a negro, dressed in red silk, after the Moorish fashion, and having a slave's collar round his neck. He advanced smiling, and presented to each guest a most precious pair of gloves, of amber colour, worth no less than twenty-five scudi the pair. To the ladies as they retired were offered lap-dogs, which afforded them the greatest delight.

Cervio showed his genius in devising new ways of dressing a table, with a view to causing surprise and amusement to the guests. Here is a suggestion which, he says, could be carried out at comparatively small expense. Several small tables should be placed together on strong tressels so as to form one long one, at which only ladies are to sit. Under this table is to be a trellice covered with odoriferous herbs, roses, other flowers and fruits, according to the time of year, forming a square, in the centre of which is to be a tank filled with fish, eels, tortoises, prawns and frogs. Grass is to be laid down round the pond, with boughs stuck into

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it to represent trees, amongst which are to be leverets, rabbits, guinea-pigs and various birds, tied with ribands of divers colours, so that this garden may have a wild appearance. To the trees are to be hung boxes of sugar-plums, nosegays, and black gloves lined with yellow, of the value of a scudo the pair, or more, according to what the giver of the banquet is prepared to spend. The tables, which are to be gilt and adorned with silk, are then to be covered with a very long, wide and richly-embroidered table-cloth, which, falling on all sides to the ground, must conceal all that is beneath them. At the end of the repast the attendants should quickly carry the tables away, lifting them over the heads of the ladies—taking great care not to derange their head-dresses. They, the ladies, would then find themselves beside the garden and the lake, and each one would take a box of comfits, and a small animal or bird, and, a little net being handed to her, might catch the fish, to her great amusement and delight. Engravings of the garden and fish-pond illustrate Cervio's pleasant conceit.

Cervio is careful to mention that the napkins placed on the "Credenza," and on the dinner-table, should be folded with artistic skill, and arranged so as to represent Roman temples, triumphal arches, and all manner of animals, such as elephants, camels, and lions, and birds and other objects. The folding of napkins in the sixteenth century appears to have been almost reckoned amongst the fine arts. Messer Mattea Giegher, in his 'Tre Trattati,' gives the fullest directions on the subject, illustrated by engravings showing the proper position of the hands in folding a napkin, with above seventy examples of the forms in which one can be fashioned by a diligent student of an art which is still practised with some success by waiters in Italian hotels.

The banquet given at Rome in Lent by the Portuguese ambassador, when he did homage for his sovereign to Clement III. for the Kingdom of Portugal, was "bellissimo." Twenty Cardinals and three ambassadors were present at it, and the dinner consisted of three courses from the "Credenza," and three from the kitchen, with above eighty dishes—all of "maigre." Amongst the delicacies served were boiled locusts, the tails of sea-lions (*leoni di mare*), cockle-shells, snails from Brescia, and frogs. Such a variety and abundance of viands have rarely been seen, even at a Lord Mayor's feast. In the last course of the "Credenza," to each of the guests was given a silver-gilt "tazza" of extraordinary beauty, which contained a large thistle (*cardo*)

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made of sugar, standing in a jelly of the colour of earth, so that it appeared to have actually grown there—the invention of an old man from Portugal, who was the author of a number of most beautiful devices of this nature. Fusoritto, the disciple of Cervio and editor of his book, says that he was so much delighted with it that he could not help taking (? stealing) one of the "tazzas," in memory of his revered patron and master, Cardinal Farnese.

A dinner was given in November 1589, by Marcantonio Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples, on his marriage with the Princess Orsini Peretti, niece of Pius V., at which several Cardinals were present. On the plates were little figures of boys, holding shields on which were the arms of the guests—so that they could find their places without causing confusion—and Cupids and angels holding labels, with amorous mottoes, and nosegays. The first course of the "Credenza" was of twenty-one dishes, including salads of radishes, capers and kids' feet, heads of wild boars boiled in wine, with their snouts silvered and artificial fire issuing from them, garnished with herbs and flowers; salted buffalo-tongues boiled in wine; cock pheasants on their feet, as if alive, and holding perfumes in their beaks; and roast peacocks served with a sauce made of pomegranates and lemons, their beaks and feet gilt, and their beautiful necks and tails displayed. In the first course of hot meats were the most delicate birds—ortolans, pheasants, woodcocks, larks and "tordi" (field-fares); in the second, of twenty dishes, calves' heads with stuffing, roasted on the spit, Bologna sausages, capons stuffed with chestnuts, roast red-legged partridges in paper garnished with sour oranges, roast grey partridges stuffed in the Spanish fashion and sprinkled with rose-water, and a sweet dish called "bocche di dame" (ladies' mouths), made by the nuns. The third course was of eighteen dishes, amongst which were pheasants stuffed with truffles, olives and fresh fennel, garnished with sour oranges and fennel, roast sucking-pigs, peacocks larded with lampreys and stuffed with truffles, Indian pigeons, large truffles surmounted by imperial crowns, tender crabs, eaten with salt and vinegar, with a ducal coronet upon each, and lobsters crowned with the Papal tiara. The second course of the "Credenza," consisted of twelve dishes, amongst which were entire truffles served in napkins, and sweet fennel and thistles, served with butter in silver plates, and garnished with sour oranges and ginger. After the dinner were handed round sweetmeats from different parts of Italy,

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such as preserved fruits from Genoa, which is still renowned for them, quince-cheese of Naples, "vasetti" from Bologna, "persicata" (peach-cheese), also from Genoa; little boxes (of comfits) from the Romagna, sticks of cinnamon from Bergamo, and bonbons from Foligno, and Portuguese marmalade.

Christoforo di Messisburgo was the "chef" of Don Hippolito of Este, Cardinal of Ferrara. His book is illustrated with the portrait, in a beautiful frame, of the author, a person of a grave and dignified appearance, and by two quaint engravings representing a banquet and a kitchen, apparently in the open air. In the bafiquet scene two richly-dressed personages, evidently of high rank, as they wear the collar of some order, sit at the head of the table with a lady between them, whilst six gentlemen and a damsel occupy, on its three other sides, very uncomfortable forms. Manners at that time seem to have been somewhat free and easy, as one of the gentlemen has his arm round the waist of the lady whilst she has hers round his neck. On the table are various dishes, and on the "Credenza" gold and silver vessels and fruit.

Christoforo gives receipts for a vast variety of dishes, and describes some of the dinners and suppers which he himself prepared. Amongst them a fish supper (*Cena di pesce*) offered by his master, the Cardinal, to Hercules, then Duke of Chartres, his brother, to Madama Renea, the Duke's wife, and to other illustrious gentlemen and gentlewomen. The table was spread in a garden, and was decorated with splendid plate, allegorical figures in sugar, and napkins "divinely folded." The number of dishes was truly appalling. There were no less than about one hundred and fifty, divided into nineteen courses. During each course there was a concert of instruments and voices, or dances were performed, or buffoons entertained the company in the Bergamasque and Venetian manner. During the first course three trombones and three cornets produced such divine harmony, that those present thought that they were listening to music from on high. Then came a harp, a flute, and a "cavacembalo" (a kind of spinet); next a "dolzaina" (hautboy), a violin, two cornemuses, and a guitar; and so on. The dancers, young men and very fair damsels, were accompanied by the tambourine player of the Duchess. The pipers beginning to play, the guests thought that the banquet was over; but they had only got half-way through it. A fresh series of courses commenced. A damsel, splendidly attired, sang madrigals divinely,

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accompanying herself on the lute; the pipers executed a "Moresca" by torchlight; a man dressed as Orpheus played on the lyre; and four French boys sung, very beautifully, some "canzoni di gorga." It would take up too much space to describe the variety of soups, fish dressed in different ways, pastry, confectionery, and fruit served on this occasion. The repast ended with four hundred fried oysters.

After the banquet a silver boat was brought in filled with necklaces, bracelets, earrings, perfumed gloves, and many pretty trinkets which were distributed to the ladies. Twenty-four pipers then began to play, and escorted the company to their respective homes, accompanied by servants in livery, bearing torches.

At another supper given, on the 23rd of January, 1529, by Don Ercole of Este to 104 illustrious persons—Cardinals, ambassadors, and ladies of exalted rank, after they had been entertained with a comedy written by Messer Lodovico Ariosto—there were more than 100 different dishes—including 52 pheasants, 50 francolins, 50 partridges, 200 fried barbel, 104 carp, 25 sucking-pigs, 14 castles and 12 towers formed of truffles, and 2000 oysters. After supper there was a lottery in which the prizes were jewelry and ornaments of great value. The tables having been removed, and the hall swept and sprinkled with water, the company began to dance at half-past eight o'clock of the night. At eleven o'clock a collation of sweetmeats, jellies, and fruits was served, and fifty attendants went round with flagons of sugared water. Dancing was afterwards continued until daylight.

Christoforo gives many other "menus" of dinners and suppers, distinguished by the number and variety of the dishes. On one occasion 1600 oysters were served for 104 guests. Every kind of wine was ready—white, red, sweet, rough, new and old, strong and light, with water and without—so that each person present might ask for that which was most to his taste.

Cervio was "Trinciante," or carver, to Cardinal Farnese. This office was considered a very high and important one in the household of a great personage. The son of the Knight in Chaucer's Prologue, it will be remembered,

"Carf before his fader at the table."

The "Trinciante" had, as occasion required, several assistants. It was the custom at banquets that there should be a carver to every six persons. Cervio describes the qualifications of a

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carver. He should be of good family, and, if he desire to serve a great nobleman, it would be of much advantage to him if he were of noble birth. But he must be of modest demeanour, and of exemplary conduct. He should be well-dressed, and have servants and horses, so that he may uphold the reputation of his honourable office, and appear in a suitable manner before his master—for if in shabby clothes, although the most skilful carver in the world, he would be held in little esteem. He should not be lame, nor should he squint, nor be deformed in any limb, nor be too tall nor too short. He should never speak to his master or the guests, except when spoken to, nor should he, as some servants do, rest his hands upon the table, and talk to his lord as if he were his brother, and seek to be facetious—a habit not rare amongst modern Italian waiters. He should be bold, but not presumptuous, and should never lose his head when having much to do. Cervio boasts that by observing these rules he was held in high honour by the Cardinal, his master. He will not condescend to recognise as "Trincianti," certain people whom he had seen at Rome, Venice, Bologna and Florence, and especially in Lombardy—barbers and such-like, who pretended to belong to that noble profession, and who had no more right to be reckoned carvers than cobblers have to be reckoned shoemakers, and who, having stuck a napkin in their girdles like an apron, and turned up their shirt-sleeves, looked as if they were about to do butchers' work. These fellows plunge a great fork into a capon or a joint of meat, which they place on the carving-board, and proceed to anatomise without reflection or discretion. Cervio trusts that no gentleman will learn to carve after this fashion.

The highest office in the household of a great Italian personage in the sixteenth century was, however, that of the "Scalco." He was not, Frugoli tells us in his 'Escalcaria,' or treatise on the subject, the Spanish "Mastro Sala," or the French "Mestre d'Utel," although he combined their special duties with his own. He had the general direction and control of all the other servants, of the kitchen and of the "Credenza," ordered the manner in which the dinner should be served, and selected the dishes—the principal of which it was his duty to place upon the table. He had, we are told, the life and honour of his master in his hands—his life, as it was not an uncommon practice to put poison into the food of rivals in love, or enemies in politics; his honour, as the honour of a great man was estimated by the magnificence and extrava-

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gance of his entertainments. The "Scalco" should be amiable, courteous, and pleasing, and should not endeavour to make himself respected and obeyed by shouting and abusing those under him. He should dress in black, and have that grave and dignified aspect which becomes a man in so honourable a position, and should wear the "cappa and spada"—the short cloak and sword.

After the "Scalco" and "Trinciante" came the "Credenziero," who had charge of the "Credenza" and of the plate and linen, for the safe custody, good order, and cleanliness of which he was held responsible. The wine was in the keeping of the "Bottigliere," or butler. The cook held a very responsible charge in times when great people lived in the constant fear of poison. It was essential that he should be thoroughly honest and trustworthy, and affectionately devoted to his master, so that no bribe could induce him to compass that master's death or injury. Romoli, in his 'Singolare Dottrina,' says that he constantly meditated on the importance of this office in the households of princes and nobles, whose lives were at the mercy of their cooks, and that whilst himself holding it he was in constant terror, and when retiring from it he returned thanks to God that he had acquitted himself with honour. The cook, he observes, should always keep his eyes open, and should ever bear in mind the dangerous position in which he is placed. He was not to allow idlers in the kitchen, nor permit any one except those in whom he had entire confidence to touch the dishes, for fear of treachery. He recommends the employment of Italians as cooks, rather than of persons coming from the other side of the Alps. Other servants in a great establishment of the sixteenth century were the "Coppiere," or cupbearer, who handed the wine; the "Spenditore," who had the control of the expenses; and the "Dispensiero," who had charge of the "dispensa," where the provisions were kept, and who had to account to the "Scalco" for the bread, wine, and other articles of food given out for daily consumption, as well as for the corn for the horses.

Bartolomeo Scappi, judging from his portrait, which he presents to us, must have been a gentleman of dignified and senatorial appearance. His book was written, he tells us, for the instruction of Giovanni, his pupil, who was recommended to him by Cardinal Carpi, and who had been brought up from his tenderest age to the profession of a cook, of which profession Scappi desired to make the boy an honour. Giovanni

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had reached an age when he was capable of distinguishing right from wrong, consequently his master wished to initiate him in all his secrets, so that the said Giovanni might prove a credit to him. He commences by describing what a head cook, or "chef," should be; how, like a great architect engaged in erecting a building, he should first conceive the general design and plan of a dinner, and then, after laying a sure and solid foundation, should proceed to raise upon it curious, useful, and marvellous embellishments. He should have a full knowledge of every kind of beast, fowl, fish, and vegetable fit for human food, and of the proper season for placing them on the table. Moreover, he should have a perfect acquaintance with the tastes and preferences of his master. He proceeds to give directions as to the site, design, and arrangements for a kitchen—which should be spacious, airy, and cheerful. He then describes the various utensils and instruments required by the cook, of which he gives a list of considerably above one hundred, illustrating his descriptions by engravings. He insists that the kitchen should be at some distance from the dwelling-house, to avoid the danger of people having access to it who might tamper with the food in preparation, the dread of poison always prevailing. He then shows how to judge of various condiments, and how to keep fresh such things as oil, lard, butter, and cheese, and mentions the wines best suited for making sauces. He will not venture to speak of the salary of a head cook—that must depend upon his capacity and upon the generosity of his employer; but in good houses he should be furnished with a suitable room and bed, and candles and brooms, and with as much firewood in winter as is accorded to the gentlemen of the household. For his board he should have three pounds of bread a day, and at least three "fogliette" (about one pint and a half) of wine, such as is served at those gentlemen's table. In great houses it was usual for him to receive daily two and a half pounds of veal or beef, and a capon or a fowl, and on fast days two and a half pounds of fish and eight eggs. He should be provided with a horse, in order that he may accompany his master on journeys, when he ought to have with him an "aide," pastry-cooks, scullions, porters, muleteers, and others. He and his assistants should receive at least once a year a complete suit of new clothes.

Having instructed his pupil in the duties of a cook, he proceeds to give about 280 receipts for roasting, boiling, and otherwise preparing for the table the flesh of beasts and birds of various

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kinds, and for the proper sauces, and for soups, "fricassee," mince-meat pies and other dishes.* Amongst the animals fit for eating are mentioned, the chamois, the stag, the fallow-deer, wild boar, bear, porcupine, hedgehog, hares, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and dormice. Amongst birds, nightingales, sparrows, redbreasts, "becca-fichi," and swallows; ortolans, pheasants, red and grey partridges, francolins, peacocks, pea-fowl, cranes, herons, and wild geese. For the various ways of cooking all these beasts and birds, he gives receipts. That for dressing bear's flesh may be quoted. "The bear must be young and must be caught at the proper season of the year, which is winter; for although, on account of its food, it is much fatter in July, the flesh smells less strongly in cold weather. Having first skinned the animal, you must take the best parts of the carcase, such as the haunches and the shoulders, and keep them until they are sufficiently tender. Before putting them on the spit leave them for a short time on a gridiron, and sprinkle them with salt, fennel, pepper, cinnamon, and cloves. Then roast them as you would the same parts of a goat. You can make the same dishes of bear's meat as you can of venison, but it is not much esteemed, nor is it commonly eaten." Nevertheless, Scappi informs us that he had often dressed it. He gives elaborate directions for cooking the porcupine—an animal still occasionally served in a Roman "Trattoria." It is in season from the beginning of October to the end of January; at other times it has a disagreeable odour. It should be prepared with garlic, cloves, and rosemary, so as to remove any unpleasant smell; and should be served hot, with a sauce made of boiled must, red vinegar, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, and its own gravy.

A boar's head was considered a great ornament to the "Credenza," as well as a great delicacy. It was boiled in wine, vinegar, rosemary, sage and salt, and eaten cold, and when served, its tusks and snout were frequently gilt, and it was garnished

* We find many dishes in Italian cookery-books of the period the names of which are familiar to us, such as fricassee, blanca-mangiar, marmalada, mariné, anchoe, Gioncata, &c. The light French wines were known as "Clarette." Frugoli gives the following receipt for making an English pie (*pasticcio all' Inglese*). "Take 'piccadiglio' of the flesh of any good fish, half a pound of 'passirina' (?), half a pound of pine-kernels, a locust cut into pieces, fifty tails of craw-fish, twenty-four 'peretta' of frogs, thirty oysters, half a pound of 'tarantello' (a part of the interior of the sturgeon salted) with the salt removed, and half a pound of the rinds of Cretan citrons; the crusts to be made of six pounds of flour; to be served hot, after the English fashion." Was any such strange compound known to our ancestors, and if not, why was this pie called "all' Inglese"?

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with lemons and sweet herbs and decorated with flowers. Cervio tells us that it was brought to the table with a dressed crane—a bird, however, rarely eaten, as its flesh, like that of the heron, is hard and unpalatable. A calf's head, although very good when properly cooked, was not often seen on the tables of the great. Cow-beef, Scappi says, is more fit for a peasant than for a gentleman, but if from a young animal, and fat and tender, is most excellent. The carver ought to apply himself most diligently to learn how to carve it, as it will afford a test of his skill. If he can carve a piece of cow-beef well, he will be able to carve most other things. Sucking-pigs, when small and fat, and especially when properly stuffed, are supremely good; but they are indigestible, and should only be served one or twice in the year. They should be roasted on the spit and served hot. Black-puddings are mentioned in the "menus," and Romoli shows how they should be made.

Sauces of many kinds were served with the meat. One of the most common was the "bronegro," a corruption of "brodo negro," (black broth). Scappi gives the following receipt for making it. "Take two pounds of quinces cut into slices, one pound of dry grapes, one of dried prunes, and two of red raisins and 'Schiava' (? Dalmatian) grapes, one of mixed sweet and sour oranges, six ounces of toasted bread, eight ounces of Greek wine, two pounds of boiled must, and two of red wine, three-quarters (? of an ounce) of ground pepper, one ounce of cinnamon, one of mixed nutmegs and cloves, and three ounces of pounded spices. Put them in a pipkin, which place to boil, at some distance from the fire, with the cover on. When boiled, pass through a sieve, and add four ounces of sour orange juice. If not sufficiently sweet, add some sugar and put it to warm again. Then allow it to cool, and serve it sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. If for roast game, mix with a little broth to make it more liquid." "Piccadiglio," a name which is familiar to us from that of a well-known London thoroughfare where Italians who prepared it once lived, was the flesh of animals, birds, or fish minced, with spices and various condiments, and was used for seasoning dishes and for stuffing. Pies of "Piccadiglio" of the flesh of pheasants were esteemed a great delicacy.

All manner of small birds were eaten in the sixteenth century by the Italians as they are at the present day. Most persons who have been at Rome in winter will remember the strings of these unfortunate little creatures which are hung up in the

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shops of the poulterers and greengrocers. Hawks, owls, crows, cuckoos, and other birds of prey, are associated with their victims—such as robin-redbreasts, goldfinches, linnets, nightingales, and other birds which in England are placed in a cage for their song and in Italy on the spit for their flavour. Frugoli in his 'Escalcaria' even mentions the ostrich as fit for the table; but he cannot recommend it, as its flesh is of bad quality, and the bird not easily obtained. He does not, therefore, give a receipt for dressing it; but he reminds his readers that the Emperor Heliogabalus had the heads of six hundred ostriches brought to his table, only to eat of their brains. Scappi recommends that all small birds, and especially the delicious "beccaficho" (the best came from Cyprus through Venice) and ortolans, should be roasted on the spit, wrapt up in lard and sage-leaves, and should be served hot, placed on crust made of fine flour, pounded sugar and fennel. It is painful to find him classing with these delicate morsels the swallow, which he says should be eaten young from the end of April to the end of June.

After giving directions for cooking beasts and birds, Scappi turns to fish. For dressing them he gives no less than 218 receipts, of which twenty-six refer to the sturgeon. Cervio calls the sturgeon "il più honorato de' pesci," and tells us that the best came from a branch of the Po, near Ferrara. They are in season from the beginning of March to the end of August; but are good eating all the year round if they can be had. Salmon were sometimes served at great banquets, but were rare in Italy, except salted. They were brought from Gascony. The shad was reckoned a special delicacy. Lampreys are fish of great price, and, says Cervio, much relished by gluttons. They should be cooked in their own juice, and are equally good whether eaten hot or cold. Amongst fish are mentioned eels, "calamari" (cuttlefish), sepias, frogs, turtles, tortoises, crabs, snails, and a variety of shell-fish scarcely eaten out of Italy.

Fruits in great variety and abundance were placed on the "Credenza." Seventeen different kinds of apples are mentioned. The melon was considered "the king of fruits." Amongst vegetables the thistle (*cardo*) was esteemed a delicacy, and was generally served with fruit at the end of a dinner. The thorny thistles, with well-grown white stalks, are the best. The *cardo* includes the artichoke, but that the name usually applied to the common thistle is shown by the quaint remark of Romoli, in his 'Singolare Dottrina,' that it should not be

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eaten with milk, which it has the property of curdling, and consequently this process would take place in your stomach; but it should be eaten with pepper, which does not generate wind and clears the liver; and such is the reason why donkeys, who eat largely of thistles, have better stomachs than men.

Having shown what people in good health may eat, Scappi proceeds to give two hundred receipts for cooking food for the sick and convalescent, and informs his pupil that he would fail in his duty were he not to do so. He consequently describes how broths, soups, jellies, barley-water and other such things should be made. He specially recommends light soups made of oysters, snails, frogs, tortoises and turtles.

Scappi give "menus" for breakfasts, dinners, and suppers for every month in the year, including Lent and fast days. He describes several banquets which he had himself suggested and prepared; amongst them one on the occasion of the "coronation" of Pope Pius V., on the 17th of January, 1566, at which one hundred and fifteen dishes from the kitchen and thirty-two from the "Credenza" were served.

Romoli in his 'Singolar Dottrina' describes the special qualities of every kind of food and the effect of each upon the health,

"Were it of hoot or cold, or moyst or drye,"

and proposes a "menu" for every day in the year, for small private dinners. Such dinners usually consisted of three courses; the "Antipasti," or relishes, the "Allesso," or cooked meats, and the "Frutte," or dessert. In Lent and on fast days there was an additional course, called the "Fritto," of fried viands. Here is the "menu" of a gentleman's dinner on a "maigre" day in May. *Antipasti*—prunes, cherries, apricots, eggs, grilled sturgeon, marinè'd fish, and sour cherries (*viscioli*); *Allesso*—grayling, tortoise-soup, green pea-soup, "bottarga" (the roe of the sturgeon) and a white sauce. *Fritto*—dried peas, fritters, pumpkin, frogs, small fish, and green sauce. *Frutte*—apricot-pie, Parmesan cheese, French pears, apricots and fennel. He suggests as a "menu" for an ordinary dinner in June, *Antipasti*—melons, beccafichi served on bread soaked in butter, pigeon-pie, a cold saddle of veal, sour cherries and lemons in slices; *Allesso*—roast veal, a young turkey with stuffing, sausages and a green sauce; *Frutte*—"Mazolino" cheese, pears, walnuts in red wine with salt, almonds and fennel.

There appears to have been no regular order in the succession

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of dishes in an Italian dinner of the sixteenth century. Meat, soups, sweets, vegetables, fruit and pastry followed each other promiscuously. This seems to have been especially the case at great banquets. The habit of commencing a repast with fruit prevailed until recently in Italy, before French cookery was generally introduced. A dinner began with figs, melons and other fruit, eaten with slices of sausage and ham.

Scappi tells us not only how, but where a dinner, to be thoroughly enjoyed, should be served, and he quotes as a high authority on the subject the most Reverend Don Francesco Rinosa, the Holy Father's private "Scalco," who in the spring had the table laid in a cheerful place sheltered from the wind; in summer in the shade, near rills, springs and fountains; in autumn on some spot where it was not too hot nor too cold, and facing the east rather than the north; in winter in a hall adorned with fine tapestries, statues and pictures, for the enjoyment and entertainment of the company.

Romoli gives the following directions for preparing a "noble wedding feast for fifty persons." The "Scalco" must in the first place well consider what is requisite for his own honour, and then the best way to afford delight and good entertainment to the company. It is not desirable that the ladies should be seated at one table and the gentlemen at another. The feast could not possibly be successful, nor would the guests be well pleased and satisfied if they were kept thus apart, as the principal enjoyment on such occasions consists in the honest conversation and sweet sight of the ladies, who, on the other hand, are most happy whilst being entertained by the gentlemen. Moreover, the attendants who are appointed to wait upon the ladies may be disposed to boast of the privilege, whilst those who have to serve the gentlemen may feel humiliated, and may desert their posts for the ladies' table, thus causing great trouble to the "Scalco," who runs the risk of losing his wits. Romoli further suggests that the adornment of the banqueting hall should be confided to one of those "divine Florentine geniuses" who can work miracles; and he particularly urges that a special "credenza" table should be raised above the level of the floor, and that upon it should be displayed the most costly and most beautiful gold and silver plate.

In the many receipts for cooking, and in the "menus" in the old Italian books on cookery, we find but few dishes which would obtain the praise of an exacting "gourmet" of our time, or upon

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which a modern "chef" could have founded his fame. Savoury sauces, such as are considered the tests of a "cordon-bleu's" genius, are conspicuous by their absence. Those preferred by the epicure of the Renaissance were, for the most part, sweet, and highly spiced. The cook is directed to sprinkle with fine powdered sugar almost every dish placed upon the table. Meat of every kind—roasted or boiled—poultry, game, and fish, were dressed with cinnamon and spices. Fennel and sweet herbs generally garnished a dish, and the juice of sour lemons and oranges was to be added to it. On the other hand, truffles, eaten whole or used to flavour a dish, were no less esteemed as a delicacy than they now are.

When we consider the number of the dishes served at a Renaissance banquet, and its duration, it may be inferred that the Italians of those days indulged more than their descendants in the pleasures of the table. They certainly appear to have exceeded all other nations in the magnificence of these entertainments, and in the sumptuous luxury with which they were served. It was the same, it would seem, with respect to the care which was devoted to the furniture of the table, and the cleanliness of the gold and silver plate, the knives, forks, and spoons, and of the elaborately embroidered napkins and table-cloths—all of which were repeatedly changed during the repast. That they were equally particular and cleanly in their way of eating may be inferred from the fact that they were the only people who at that time used forks instead of their fingers. Coryat, an English gentleman who travelled in Italy in 1608, and published a relation of his adventures, makes the following quaint remarks on the subject* :—

"I observed a custome in all those cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other native of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meals use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the

*Coryat's 'Crudities,' p. 90.

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company, as having trangressed the lawes of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

It appears from the engravings of forks given in the cookery-books to which we have referred, that they were two-pronged.

The cost of a Renaissance banquet, judging from the variety of the dishes, and the rarity of some of the viands and of the wines, and from the quantity of gold and silver plate, must have been very great. Of the splendour of the "Credenza" some idea may be formed when it is remembered that such artists as Benvenuto Cellini fashioned and chiselled the salts, the flagons and the dishes, which were piled up in profusion upon it. A banquet of the time would probably be to us moderns more gratifying to the sight than to the taste.

A. H. LAYARD.

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PICKETING AND COERCION.

THE subject of "picketing" by trade unionists in connection with their strikes has been a sore point with the public for many years, and a good deal of what is termed "labour-legislation" has turned upon this question, or has moulded the measures which have been introduced into Parliament dealing with labour and labour organizations. It has been the one subject of all others which has often been before the Courts, and has influenced decisions upon points of law in which labour has been involved. The late Mr. John Bright was soured, so to speak, by what he saw from his chambers in Hanover Street, during the Tailors' Strike in 1869. Great attention was given to the question by the Royal Commission in 1867–8 in the Inquiry into the Rules and Organization of Trade Unions. The Trade Union Bill of 1871 was drafted with especial reference to this phase of trade unionism; and the "Labour Laws of 1875" were framed with a like purpose and in a like spirit. The reasons are not far to seek. They haunt trade unionists like a spectre, as the ghost in *Hamlet*, at unseasonable times, troubling not only the consciences of wrong-doers, but often and more acutely of those that had no hand in the wrong-doing, were averse to it, and strove to do well. In all such cases the sensitive suffer, while those of blunter feelings escape all compunction. Moreover the enemies of trade unions seize upon any accidental circumstance, or phase in connection with a dispute, and contend that it is an essential part of it, or is absolutely incidental to it, and no amount of argument, supported by the strongest array of facts, will convince some of them that they are, or possibly might be, wrong.

The practice of picketing in cases of labour disputes, or strikes, is an old one. Its origin is not very clear. The earliest trace of it appears to have been in connection with the Craft Guilds, when the wardens watched to see that the cloth was woven

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according to the required standards — in length, width, and texture. Espionage was an essential condition of the old guild system, and it survived their downfall. It is not only conceivable, but probable, that the handicraftsmen were similarly watchful, so that the hired men in the several trades were not paid less than the recognized rates, and were perhaps jealous if they were paid higher, especially as the statute law enacted that it was unlawful to give or receive more than the usual rates. The law as it then stood practically fixed a maximum wage, but it did not succeed in fixing a minimum. It became a comparatively easy thing to lower wages, but a most difficult thing to raise the rates, even in the direst times of necessity.

During the existence of the Cloth-Workers' Institution at Halifax and at Leeds, there is evidence that a system of picketing existed, or something resembling it, for the officers or agents of those societies visited the villages where the hand-loom weaving was carried on, and sought to prevent any under-cutting in the prices. Insensibly, as it were, the practice grew up with the labour movements, and became an integral part of the earlier combinations, and later on of the more permanent trade unions which succeeded them. In the Combination Laws provisions were enacted very distinctly against any and every possible form of intimidation; and often the law was stretched in order to ensure a conviction. The common-law doctrine of conspiracy was also frequently called into requisition, in order to inflict heavier penalties. The Law Reports are studded with cases in most of which every care is taken to enlarge the meaning of intimidation, so that none of those prosecuted should escape punishment.

The repeal of the Combination Laws in 1824 and 1825 effected great changes in the law; but in its administration there was still left a good deal of the old leaven. Acts in themselves of trifling import were often adjudged grave offences, if done in connection with labour disputes. This continued more or less up to 1850. Between that date and 1860 there was a more liberal interpretation of the law. In a few instances there were complaints, and some injustice also. The tendency to relaxation was continued until the outburst of the storm of indignation at the conduct of certain persons in Sheffield, Manchester, and it was said Nottingham, when the allegations against the Unions were enquired into, and also the laws pertaining to intimidation. The legislation which followed, in 1871, was to all intents and

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purposes coloured by the events of the Tailors' Strike. The third clause in the Bill was subsequently omitted, but it was carried *pari passu* with that measure, as the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1871. Its sole object was how to deal with picketing. That Act was repealed by the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, other sections being substituted for those then in force.

Those changes in the law were not effected without a very considerable amount of agitation and expenditure of money. There was a persistent opposition, both in and out of Parliament, to any relaxation of the law. Even the most forced interpretations of the judges were defended, whilst those which had been less stringent were called in question. The opposition was at last disarmed, or at least modified, by the pledges of the leaders of the Unions that the men did not want the power to compel, but the permission lawfully to persuade, and to be able to obtain and to furnish to men imported from other districts such information in the event of a strike as might induce them to withhold their labour if they agreed with the views of the men who were out, representing the Union.

The Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, was not regarded as a perfect measure by the representatives of trade unions at the date of its enactment, and least of all in its final shape as it left the House of Lords. When the Bill of the Government passed its third reading in the House of Commons it contained an interpretation of the term "intimidation" which limited its scope as follows:—"Intimidation shall mean and include only such intimidation as would justify a justice of the peace, on complaint made to him, in binding over the person so intimidating to keep the peace." The change effected by leaving out this definition clause might seem to be small, but in effect it changed the entire nature of the Act. With the clause, the law would have been general, that is to say, it would have applied to all citizens alike. By the omission of the clause the section of the Act, read by the light of other sections, limits its operation to a class, workmen—mainly trade unionists; and further, it extends, or gives power to extend, the meaning of the word "intimidation" beyond its natural interpretation, as used in other statutes, and decided in other cases. In the discussion on the question at the Trades Congress in Liverpool in September 1890, one of the speakers declared that the complaints were not so much against the law, *i.e.* the statute, as against its interpre-

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tation and application, in what one may term its non-natural sense. The complaints, no doubt, were mainly with reference to magisterial decisions, as the ruling of Mr. Justice Cave was quoted and commended. No very strong condemnation of any decision by the High Court of Justice has been expressed, and very few cases have been carried by appeal to the higher Courts. This is a misfortune, as precedents have been allowed to grow through not being challenged by appeal, and magistrates are often, perhaps unconsciously, influenced by the surrounding circumstances locally, which might affect their decisions, but which would not be the case on appeal.

The most serious decision yet given as regards intimidation is that by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., the Recorder of Plymouth, in the case of *Regina* v. *Curran, Shepherd and Matthews*, at Plymouth. In that case picketing was only incidentally involved, but the interpretation of the term "intimidates." is so wide that, if it is upheld, and is applied generally to the action of workmen during a dispute, the whole law will have to be overhauled and amended. His Honour Judge Seymour gave a similar decision in a case which came before him as County Court Judge at Newcastle, in November last, but the decision passed without much comment, as the penalty in that case was paid, no attempt being made to challenge it by appeal. This matter had, however, occupied the attention of the Trades Union Congress previously to either of the cases before alluded to being tried, and the judgments thereon being pronounced; and the Congress had resolved to seek an amendment of the law. It may therefore be useful to examine the whole question in order to see precisely where we stand; what the law presumably is, and what is really sought by the workmen, by and through their accredited representatives, as a matter of legal right.

As some complaints had been made to the Trades Union Congress with respect to the law, the Parliamentary Committee had instructions to consider the subject. They did consider it, and they reported to the Liverpool Congress, in September 1890, that they had given careful attention to the subject, and had come to the conclusion that "the law is perfectly clear, and cannot be mistaken, in the permission it gives to peaceful picketing." The report goes on to say: "If those engaged in trade disputes, necessitating this means of protection, would only obtain the information which they could easily get before undertaking the work, there is no reason why they might not conduct picketing

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successfully and without any liability to prosecution." The Committee then refer to "the judgment of Mr. Justice Cave, given at the Bristol Spring Assizes, in which he clearly upheld the rights of workmen in this matter." The conclusion thus arrived at accords with the views generally held by trade unionists, and agrees with the reasons urged for a change in the law during the fifty years of agitation which preceded the passing of the Act of 1875. But the report of the Committee did not appear to give complete satisfaction, for the following resolution was subsequently passed:—

"That, in the event of any member of a Trade Union represented at this Congress being convicted of picketing without violence, under the Conspiracy Act, 1875, the Parliamentary Committee be instructed to take steps to have the Act more clearly defined." This sensible and moderate resolution was rejected by 154 votes to 9, in favour of the following amendment: "That we instruct the Parliamentary Committee to have the clause of making picketing illegal entirely repealed." The absurdity of this amendment is that there is no clause in the Act which makes picketing illegal, nor was it intended that there should be. Another resolution of the same Congress throws additional light on the subject; it was as follows: "That we instruct the Parliamentary Committee to abolish Clause 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, and to amend such other clauses as are dangerous to the liberties of the working classes." This resolution was carried without dissent. It is rather lamentable that it should have been, for none of the speakers seem to have had any very clear conception of what the Act is, or any knowledge of the portion of it referred to in the resolution. What was meant, doubtless, was Section 7 of the Act, the whole of which is so important that it must needs be quoted *in extenso*:—

"Sect. 7. Every person who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing, or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, wrongfully and without legal authority—

"(1) Uses violence to or intimidates such other person, or his wife or children, or injures his property; or

"(2) Persistently follows such other person about from place to place; or

"(3) Hides any tools, clothes, or other property owned or used by such other person, or deprives him of or hinders him in the use thereof; or

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"(4) Watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides, or works, or carries on his business, or happens to be, or the approach to such a house or place; or

"(5) Follows such other person with two or more persons in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road,

"Shall, on conviction thereof by a Court of summary jurisdiction, or an indictment as hereinafter mentioned, be liable either to pay a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds, or to be imprisoned for a term not exceeding three months, with or without hard labour.

"Attending at or near the house or place where a person resides, or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place, in order merely to obtain or communicate information, shall not be deemed a watching or besetting within the meaning of this section."

Speaking generally, this section is sufficiently clear for any ordinary citizen to understand. There ought not to be any misunderstanding about it. The whole of the sub-sections are governed by the words "to compel." If workmen desire to do any of the things mentioned "with a view to compel" another person to abstain from doing or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do, or abstain from doing, then we shall need a definition of the word "compel," in order that it shall have a definite meaning in this connection, and not be a mere trap to ensnare the unwary. Those clauses, instead of being dangerous to the liberties of the working classes, were intended to be a protection of all, and the danger which is apprehended would commence with their repeal. This fact was recognized in principle by another resolution passed by the same Congress, at Liverpool, in regard to the practice of "shadowing" in Ireland. The resolution was as follows:—

"That this Congress is of opinion that the action taken by the Royal Irish Constabulary in shadowing trade unionists during the strike of tailors in Londonderry is contrary to the repeated statements made by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, that the law is the same, and that, with a view to the better organization and assisting those already organized, it be an instruction to the Parliamentary Committee to use every effort possible to secure for Ireland the same protection and privileges to trade unionists that are allowed in Great Britain." This resolution is utterly inconsistent and at variance with the previous one, because, in the first place, it practically asserts that there is no such right of "shadowing,"

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—that is, "watching and besetting,"—in Great Britain; and secondly, because the practice is condemned in Ireland, while the Congress deemed it a right practice in Great Britain, if done only by trade unionists. The repeal of Section 7 of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, as demanded by the Trades Congress by 154 votes to 9, would give unlimited power of "shadowing," "watching and besetting," "persistently following," and even "using violence," as in sub-section 1 of the section. But, of course, the Congress did not mean any such thing. They could not mean that "shadowing" by trade unionists should be lawful and by the Irish Constabulary, or other officers of the Crown, unlawful, because in the latter case it was done by legal authority, in the former case without legal authority. And here we have another legal term to contend with, namely, "wrongfully," a term which does not appear to have been accurately defined in so far as the Act under consideration is concerned.

But the expression in the Act which has caused the recent stir in Parliament and in the country is the term "intimidates," a definition of which was omitted from the Bill in its final stages. This word had not, however, been interpreted in what one might call a non-natural sense until very recently, only since, in fact, the Trades Congress at Liverpool concluded its sittings. The two instances in which this has been done were by His Honour Judge Seymour at Newcastle, in the case tried before him in November 1890, and by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., the Recorder of Plymouth. In both instances the Act of 1875 was interpreted, in so far as intimidation is concerned, by the Criminal Law (Ireland) Act, 1887. This imported interpretation has reopened the discussions upon the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, because up to November of last year no such extended definition of the word "intimidates" had been attempted in connection with trade disputes. In the cases cited there was, however, an element of considerable importance, one which has to be considered in its bearing upon the questions at issue, namely, breach of contract. The Recorder of Plymouth had in his mind the statement that the threat used to the employer involved a threat to commit an offence at law, by calling out the men employed under contract, and thus inducing them to break their contracts. The men declare that there was no contract whatever, but they furnished no evidence of this allegation before the Court. A threat to break a contract may be an illegal thing, but as a breach of

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contract is a civil offence, so a threat to break a contract ought also to be only a civil offence. A threat to commit murder is not punished by a heavier penalty than the committal of the deed, and it does not seem to be common sense to inflict a heavier penalty upon a person for a mere threat to do a thing, than for the offence itself, in any other case. The singular thing in connection with the Recorder's decision is this: The threat was used at a semi-private meeting, in the frankest possible manner, by the representatives of the workmen's unions, in the course of a friendly interview with the employer, the meeting being to all appearance quite an amicable one. The employer did not pretend that he was frightened by the "threat." In the case of Thomas M'Kevitt, tried before Mr. Justice Cave at the Liverpool Assizes, December 16th, 1890, his Lordship said: "There were certain things which by that Act (Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875), they were prevented from doing, and so long as they did not do any of these things they were perfectly free to combine together for the purpose of making the best terms they could for the disposal of their labour. Intimidation was used there (in the Act) in conjunction, on the one hand, with the use of violence, and on the other hand with injury to property, and therefore, in his judgment, and so long as there were no acts of fear or violence, then no offence was committed." In this instance it appears that M'Kevitt threatened in even a more formal manner than Curran did, at Plymouth, for it is alleged that he delivered letters threatening to call out the men belonging to the Union, and stop the ship, being at the time on board of the vessel when he had no right to be there. Mr. Justice Cave in that case directed the jury to acquit the prisoner, which they accordingly did.

The case of Thomas M'Kevitt and Rann was on all-fours with the case of Curran and others at Plymouth, except that in the former case the "threat" was somewhat aggravated in form, and even in its effects. But the learned Judge directed an acquittal, while the learned Recorder upheld the magistrate's decision. It is evident that such a statute, or these portions of it which are in question, should be authoritatively interpreted; it is also desirable and advisable that it should be amended in such manner that there shall be no doubt as to its intention and effects. The English people are, as a rule, a law-abiding people. In the interests of law and order they should feel that the law is, in itself, just, so as to win willing assent to its provisions. The

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expressions in the statute which have given rise to diversified interpretation are—"intimidates" and "wrongfully and without legal authority." These terms and expressions are capable of legal definition, and such definition would remove much of the prejudice which now exists respecting this section of the Act. For example, the restoration to the Act of the clause defining intimidation as meaning and including only such intimidation as would justify a Justice of the Peace on complaint made to him in binding over the person so intimidating to keep the peace. This would not weaken the enactment; it would simply give to it its natural legal meaning and interpretation.

There is one further amendment which is of considerable importance, and would have the effect of reconciling all reasonable trade unionists to the provisions of the Act, namely, the omission from Clause 3 the words "*in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute between employers and workmen.*" With those words omitted it would read thus: "An agreement or combination by two or more persons to do or procure to be done any act which shall not be indictable as a conspiracy, if such act committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime." The omission of the words in italics would make the law general, now it is special; a small thing, perhaps, but it would materially affect all decisions under the Act, because the Judge, Recorder, Magistrate, and others would carefully consider its effect upon the general public in each case as it arose. The proposal here made is sanctioned by high legal authority, for it agrees with the recommendations of the Criminal Code Bill Commissioners Lord Blackburn, Lord Justice Barry, the late Lord Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Stephen, in their Report of 1879.

Picketing appears to be an essential part of trade disputes, in so far as the men are concerned, though some trade unions avoid it. But there is no necessity for wrongful acts in connection with it. Coercion, in the rightful sense of that term, is not essential, nor will it be persisted in by law-abiding men. But if the workmen feel that employers can legally do, what the workmen must not do, then all respect for the law will vanish. With equal legal rights, exact equal duties, and impose and enforce equal responsibilities. The strength of a law lies in its justness, and in its impartial administration. Workmen recognize this as strongly as any other section of the community, and will ever do so, and respect it accordingly.

GEORGE HOWELL.

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AN EXPRESS IDYLL.

SCENE, *York Station. Time*, 3 P.M. *The South Express, known commonly as "The Flying Scotchman," is at the platform, steam-engine attached, and on the point of starting.*

HE *has taken his seat, and is snugly ensconced in the far end of a first-class compartment.* HE *is straight from the moors —the "dittos," deerstalker cap, gun-case in rack, show that; a gentleman, young, well born, well to do—all these are indicated by his bright, handsome face, aristocratic features, and altogether prosperous, self-satisfied air.*

HE. There—3.5! Safe to be alone as far as Grantham. I think I may smoke. [*Takes out cigarette-case and lights up. Suddenly the carriage door is thrown open.*]

GUARD [*frantically*]. In with you, miss—train is moving! All right! [*to engine driver. Whistles.*]

SHE [*falling into her place like a bundle of old clothes*]. Ah! [*hysterically.*] Oh, what a fool I've been! [*Bursts into a paroxysm of tears.*]

HE [*mentally, interested at once*]. My word! Here's a rum go! Poor dear, how she sobs! [*Examines her attentively.*] Quite the little lady too! Neat turn-out; good fit. That jacket is Paris built, I'm sure, and those little brogues—whoever made them was an artist! They'd do for a Chinee! Wish I could see her face!

SHE [*raising her head, and with a quick gesture tearing at her hat, which she throws off, as though it hurt her*]. Oh, the cur! To think I should have believed in him, trusted him! The coward! the cur!

HE [*mentally*]. There's a him in it then. A bad lot too, I take it, to have ill-used so sweet a "her." Clear skin, nice face, and what eyes! The tears improve them, I think. [*Their eyes meet.*] Hope you do not mind [*aloud, with an almost imperceptible wave of the cigarette*].

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SHE [*absently*]. Mind what? You? [*abruptly.*] Not in the least!

HE [*meekly*]. I meant the smoke. I never presumed to think you would object to me or my presence here. Besides, it's not my fault quite. I'd leave the carriage if I could.

SHE. Oh, I'm sure I don't care! Why should I care—for anything? I'm far too miserable. [*A fierce sob.*]

HE [*seriously*]. I *am* so sorry for you! You seem in terrible trouble. Is there anything I can do for you? I hardly like to intrude, but no man—no gentleman—could see a lady in such distress without offering his help.

SHE [*gratefully, but with fresh tears*]. You are very good, very kind; but if you would please leave me alone—leave me to my own thoughts——

HE. They cannot be pleasant thoughts, I'm sure. Far better look at the papers. Will you have *Punch* or this week's *World*? They're both here.

SHE. I could not see to read them, thank you.

HE. Then let me talk to you. [*Rises and moves a seat nearer.*]

SHE. No, no; you must not talk to me! I don't know who you are. I've never seen you, never met you before.

HE. Let me introduce myself then. My name is Fitz-Hugh.

SHE. That's not enough. Some one else must introduce you.

HE [*raising his hand to the communicator*]. Shall I stop the train and get the guard to introduce me? He knows me.

SHE [*laughing, in spite of herself*]. No, please. That would make us both look ridiculous. I will accept the inevitable. I know some Fitz-Hughs—[*a pause*]—but I don't like them.

HE. A bad look-out for me! Hope they're no relations of mine. What part of the country?

SHE. Oh, near us; near—— But I have hardly met them; only I hear such things about them from my guardian; it is he who is always abusing them. They are such disagreeable neighbours, he says; the mother gives herself such airs, and the sons are so stuck up.

HE. That must be painful for them. Are there many of them, and are they all like that?

SHE. Three or four are. I don't know about the eldest; I've never seen him at all. No one has much. He owns the estates, has the title, but he's always away, shooting or travelling about the world. He's half a wild man, I believe.

HE. What a curious person! I should be sorry to resemble

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him. And I don't think I'm at all stuck up. So your guardian hates the Fitz-Hughs? Perhaps it is a little his fault.

SHE. I daresay. He's horrid! I can't bear him!

HE. Won't let you do foolish things, perhaps?

SHE [*blushes crimson*]. What DO you mean?

HE. You've just been doing something foolish, haven't you? I don't want to presume—I would not force your confidence for the world—but, you know, confession is good for the soul.

SHE [*still scarlet*]. I certainly shall tell you nothing! I wonder how you dare to ask! You are taking a very great liberty. I think you are exceedingly rude.

HE. No—indeed no! Nothing was further from my intentions. I only thought I might be able to help you. I should be so glad to be of use. I mean it. Won't you trust me?

SHE. Oh, I can't! I can't talk of it! I think—[*breaks and sobs outright*]—I think I am the most wretched, miserable girl alive!

HE [*soothingly, tenderly*]. You poor, dear child! What is it then? What has vexed you? Don't cry. Come and tell me all about it; you'll be ever so much better then. What did he do?

SHE [*quickly, looking up at him through her tears*]. *He?* How do you know? Were you at Scarborough? I never told you about Captain Bell.

HE. Yet I knew. Of course, I was certain there must be a *he;* what else would make a little woman cry? But he's not worth it, I assure you. Treat him with the contempt he deserves. He's a low snob.

SHE. How do you know that? Where have you met him?

HE. I never met him in all my life, and yet I know exactly what he has done. I consider him an utter cad, and I hate him!

SHE. Why, what has he done to you?

HE. Nothing to me. It's what he's done to you. He has treated you most infamously! I know that.

SHE. I never told you so.

HE. You said—well you implied something of the sort—at any rate I can make a shrewd guess. Shall I tell you what I think occurred?

SHE. You may talk any nonsense you please.

HE. It is not so bad to talk as to act nonsensically. But listen. Is this right? you met Captain Bell at Scarborough, he paid you great attention, you fancied yourself in love with him—

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don't interrupt me, please. Then he humbugged you into believing that he was desperately in love with you, and he persuaded you to meet him at York Station so that you might run away. Shall I go on?

SHE [*with hanging head, her ungloved forefinger following the pattern of her cloth skirt*]. I cannot prevent you.

HE. But you'd rather not hear? I am not such a brute, I hope, as to insist. I only wanted to show you that I knew what I was talking about, and to prove the interest I take in you.

SHE [*shyly*]. You are very good, I'm sure. I don't understand why you should be so kind. You are a perfect stranger——

HE. Don't be too sure of that. I know you, and have known you—at any rate of you—all your life, Miss—Brignolles.

SHE [*starts and blushes deeply*]. Who are you? At any rate, I don't know *you.*

HE. Your nearest neighbour at home, Lord Fitz-Hugh—the half wild man.

SHE [*stammering and in great confusion*]. Dear, dear, how stupid I've been. You are not annoyed, I hope? But you see I could not know, could I? And—and——

HE. I did not look half wild enough, eh? Well, I'll forgive you, but only on condition that you tell me, honestly, what you think of me.

SHE. Oh, I could not, really! It's quite impossible. You see, I, I—I have not come to any decided opinion; it's far too soon. I hardly know you at all. Why, we have not been together, in this carriage I mean, more than five or ten minutes.

HE [*taking out his watch*]. One hour and three quarters, Miss Brignolles, that's all.

SHE. I could not have believed it. The time has positively flown.

HE. Pleasant company, perhaps? Or have I no claim to that compliment? Anyway, I'm afraid—we have just a quarter of an hour before we reach Grantham—you won't enjoy that last quarter of an hour so much as the rest.

SHE. Why not? Why should it be any different?

HE. Because—you will not be very angry, I hope—I am going to read you a lecture; to speak to you very seriously. Don't frown; what I am going to say is entirely for your good. I am going to take you seriously to task.

SHE [*stiffly*]. By what right, Lord Fitz-Hugh, do you presume to interfere in my affairs?

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He. I have no right, I make no claim to it, but I shall do it all the same, and before we get to Grantham. After that I will change carriages, and I will not inflict myself on you further, if you so wish. But now you must, you shall listen to me.

She [*colouring, but with a brave, rather angry voice*]. Is this generous, Lord Fitz-Hugh—is it gentleman-like?

He [*in a grave, solemn voice*]. It is my duty to point out to you——

She [*hotly*]. How so? You have no authority over me. What you call duty I call impertinence.

He [*stolidly continuing*]. My duty as an old friend——

She. Not of mine.

He. Of your family, your father and mother. I knew them both, and owe both many kindnesses—your mother especially, for I was, like you, motherless when quite young. What would your dear mother have said, Miss Brignolles, to this escapade? Would you have put her to such pain? Or your father, so strict and honourable?

She [*rather nervously*]. Don't, don't, please; say no more. It's too cruel.

He. You might have made a most terrible, irreparable mistake. You rashly, foolishly put yourself, all you possess, all you hold most dear, entirely at the mercy of a selfish, designing scoundrel.

She [*looking at him bravely, but with tearful eyes and quivering lips*]. Is it necessary, is it kind, is it chivalrous to go on like this? I was wrong, I know I was wrong, but I am so miserable. Oh—Oh—[*breaking down completely and sobbing hysterically, hides her face in the cushions*].

He [*quite concerned*]. I had no idea. I am so sorry. I have gone too far—but never mind. Don't think again of it; I will make it all right, only do not cry so bitterly. What on earth shall I do with her? [*Finding his words have no effect, takes her ungloved hand and pats it hard, then, with a sudden impulse, lifts it to his lips and kisses it.*]

[*Now the train begins to slacken speed, and just as it runs in at Grantham platform, she recovers herself.*]

She [*faintly*]. Where am I? What has happened? [*Then finding her hand in his, draws it quickly away.*] Oh, Lord Fitz-Hugh, how wicked, how unfair!

He [*much confused*]. I thought you had fainted. I did not know what to do. Let me get you something—a cup of hot

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tea? [*Jumps hastily from the carriage, which is nearly the last of the train, and runs up the platform to the refreshment room.*]

ONE RAILWAY OFFICIAL [*to another*]. That's them; you may take your oath.

THE OTHER. Sure enough. Why, I saw him kissing of her, right opposite the window, as bold as brass, just when the train ran in.

FIRST OFFICIAL. Best call Mr. Perks; I'll stay by the compartment.

SECOND OFFICIAL. And I'll watch my gentleman.

[LORD FITZ-HUGH *returns, followed by a page boy, with tea, fruit, cakes.*]

LORD F. [*entering the carriage*]. Here, hand it all over—pay with that, and keep the rest. What do you want? You can't come in here [*to a station superintendent in uniform*]. This compartment is engaged. We wish to be alone.

MR. PERKS [*coolly, and rather insolently*]. That is why I am coming in.

LORD F. [*haughtily*]. We'll soon see about that. Call the station——

MR. P. The station-master himself gave me my orders. I am to travel up to London with this young lady and her—her—her—[*at a loss*]—that don't matter much. The officers of the court shall settle that when we get to King's Cross. So make way, please, or you'll both be detained.

[*The train moves on.* LORD F. *looks in utter amazement at* MISS BRIGNOLLES, *who by this time has quite recovered. She is drinking her tea with great relish, her face most demure, but there is a merry twinkle in her violet eyes.*]

MISS B. [*looking up suddenly and meeting his bewildered gaze*]. I'm afraid it's rather serious. The Court won't be trifled with——

MR. PERKS. As you'll find.

LORD F. [*turning on him hotly*]. Look here, leave us alone, or I'll pitch you out of the window. You've no station-master now at your back. [*To* MISS BRIGNOLLES, *in a whisper.*] What does it all mean? What court?

MISS B. [*also whispering*]. The Court of Chancery. I'm a ward.

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MR. PERKS. Whispering ain't allowed.

LORD F. [*suddenly bursting into a good-humoured laugh*]. Come, come, my good fellow, let's make friends, I sha'n't have another chance, you know. I suppose they'll separate us at King's Cross.

MR. PERKS [*jauntily*]. No fear. You'll find your carriage waiting—Black Maria, and attendants, a couple of 'em, who will give you every assistance—to Holloway Gaol.

LORD F. [*who has taken out his purse*]. You're married? I thought so. Do you remember when you were courting? Ah! Well, then, do a friendly thing. Let's have our talk all to ourselves.

MR. PERKS [*grinning and fingering the five-pound note*]. I can't find it in my heart to say no. A real pair of turtle-doves.

LORD F. You know I shall be shut up for ever so long; I may not see my sweetheart again for months.

MISS B. [*protesting sotto voce*]. You are getting on too fast, Lord Fitz——

LORD F. [*in a quick whisper*]. Hush, hush! Not that name, please, or you'll spoil all. I am playing a part—that of Captain Bell. I don't know his Christian name, but call me Freddie, dearest Freddie, if you don't mind. [*Aside*] I shall not. And you must let me call you—Emmeline, isn't it?—or my love, my own darling love, my sweetest pet, just to keep up the pretence.

MISS B. [*with a heightened colour, but laughing*]. You must have played the part before, Lord—Frederick, I mean—it comes so pat.

LORD F. But you must play it too—we must pretend—[*mentally*] hanged if there's much pretence on my part—pretend that we are in love with each other.

MISS B. [*with a coquettish shake of her head*]. Oh, I couldn't, really! It would be really too absurd, and altogether too difficult.

LORD F. Not for me. [*Tries to take her hand, but she resists.*] I assure you it's in the part. True lovers always hold each other's hands. Didn't Captain Bell ever do it? Lucky dog, how I wish I was he; that is, if you still care for him.

MISS B. [*emphatically*]. I don't, I never did, I believe; only he was so persevering, and I thought him better—less hateful, I mean—than the other.

LORD F. [*deeply interested*]. There was someone else, eh? Tell me all about it. It will be a relief perhaps; at any rate, it will help you to pass away the time—prevent you from feeling bored.

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MISS B. I'm not easily bored; but I will tell you, if you like. It was my guardian's son, Archie Quibble, a lawyer like his father—not nice at all—like his father in that too. They had him down with them at Scarborough, and did all they could to bring us together. I saw it directly; but I couldn't bear him —not a little bit.

LORD F. An eye to the main chance—the Quibbles.

MISS B. They wanted me to engage myself, but keep it quiet till after I was twenty-one—next year. And they bothered me so, I fell back on Captain Bell. He was very kind, and I thought I liked him—and what was I to do? I seemed to be quite friendless.

LORD F. You don't feel like that now, I hope? [*Looking at her earnestly, and again taking her hand, this time without opposition, although presently she withdraws it.*] Have I offended you? I should be sorry to do that. I want you to look upon me as a friend, as your very best friend. Do you believe that? I will prove it yet.

MISS B. [*dropping her eyes, after one eloquent glance at his*]. I think you are very kind to me, too kind, kinder than I deserve, Lord Fitz——

LORD F. Freddy, please. You needn't mind. It's my real name. Do you like it as well as Captain Bell's? What was his?

MISS B. Something horrid. What does it matter? I never want to hear it or see him again.

LORD F. You will have to hear the name of Bell once or twice more. Remember I am Captain Bell. I shall presently answer to it, be taken into custody as Captain Bell, and spend the night in prison.

MISS B. [*excitedly*]. Oh, no, no, no! You must not suffer that ignominy. You must say who you are. If you don't, I shall. I should never forgive myself if you were punished, so awfully punished, for some one else's fault.

LORD F. It won't hurt me, my dear child; I have gone through far worse. A night in gaol—I shall have a bed—is luxury to what I've endured on the prairies or in the desert or on the African veldt. Besides, even if it is far worse, it is necessary, indispensable. It is the only way to save appearances, to put you quite right with the Court and before the world.

MISS B. [*in a frightened, timid voice*]. How? What do you mean? What shall you do?

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LORD F. Go to gaol like a lamb—as Captain Bell. To-morrow they'll drag me before one of the Vice-Chancellors—as Captain Bell. His lordship will read me a severe lecture, and, still as Captain Bell, sentence me to six months, a year perhaps, for contempt of Court.

MISS B. That is the awful part of it, and I—I mean we—I mean your friends—will not see you for all that time.

LORD F. And you would be sorry for that, wouldn't you? Well, I can promise you shall see me again within three days, for I shall laugh in the judge's face and point out the mistake he has made. They'll soon let me go, you may depend. Even if they were inclined to be disagreeable, and the judge might say——

MISS B. [*anxiously*]. What?

LORD F. That the whole thing was planned; that Captain Bell was a man of straw; that you came really to meet me at York Station.

MISS B. [*blushing crimson*]. Oh, Lord Fitz-Hugh!

LORD F. Freddy, if you please. Why are you so shocked? Would it be very much against the grain if I tried to supplant Captain Bell? What would you say to me if I asked you?

MISS B. [*almost inarticulate*]. Oh, don't, please, don't!

LORD F. Well, if I asked the Vice-Chancellor, I don't think he would say "No,"—provided I may tell him that you agree.

MISS B. [*in a low voice*]. But suppose he did say "No;" he is very stern, very hard to please. That is why Mr. Quibble wished to wait till I was twenty-one.

LORD F. [*complacently*]. I think I can satisfy him I am an eligible *parti*. I have no fears of him. But you, may I hope, will give me what I want? This. [*Once more taking her hand and kissing it as he draws her towards himself.*]

MISS B. Oh, oh, you mustn't——

MR. PERKS [*gruffly, becoming very official*]. Come, drop that; 'tain't in the contract. Besides, we're just running into King's Cross. Maybe the Lord Chancellor himself's on the platform. What would he say if he caught you at it?

[*The train glides slowly in; porters accompany it, running alongside; there is a crowd, expectant, cabs and carriages in the distance, and some excitement.*]

MR. PERKS. You'll just keep your places, please, while I make my report.

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[*Leaves carriage, which he locks behind him, and stands there till he is joined by a small posse of people, the Station-master, followed by two tipstaves of the Court of Chancery; last of all, a fussy, plethoric-looking old gentleman.*]

MR. PERKS [*pointing his thumb over his shoulder*]. There they are.

OLD GENTLEMAN. Take him. Handcuff him if he resists. You have your warrant.

LORD F. Mr. Quibble, I think?

OLD GENTLEMAN. Lord Fitz-Hugh!

LORD F. At your service. This young lady—let me hand her over to you; my duty is done. I have escorted her safely to town. And these gentlemen—friends of your's? What do you want? [*to the tipstaves.*]

1ST TIPSTAFF. We arrest you, Captain Bell.

MR. QUIBBLE [*hastily interposing.*] No, no; it's all a mistake. This is Lord Fitz-Hugh. Don't touch him; an action would lie for false imprisonment.

LORD F. So I should think [*haughtily*]. Who dares to interfere with me? Stand aside! Good day, Mr. Perks, I will represent your service to the directors. *Au revoir*, Miss Brignolles. I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow, at——

MISS B. Mr. Quibble's, Bryanston Square. Come early, and [*gaily looking at Mr. Quibble*] stay lunch.

MR. Q. [*hesitating*]. Oh, I should be delighted, honoured, but my wife is out of town, and all my establishment. I fear it will be hardly possible——

LORD F. Never mind; don't apologise. I'll take her out to lunch instead. We'll ask the Vice-Chancellor. He shall do propriety. Good-bye. I see my brougham over there.

[*Exit after shaking hands warmly with* MISS BRIGNOLLES, *leaving* MR. QUIBBLE, PERKS, *and the tipstaves looking at each other in breathless, speechless, hopeless amazement, while* MISS BRIGNOLLES *laughs aloud in childish glee.*]

* * * * *

[*After many more scenes, various as in every love-suit, the curtain falls to a tableau; interior of St. George's, Hanover Square —fashionable wedding in progress.*]

BISHOP OF N. And wilt you, Emmeline, take this man, Frederick, &c.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &C.

CHAPTER VI.

SELINA JANE.

NEW difficulties presented themselves to Mabel next morning at almost every stage in the process of dressing. She missed the aids and appliances always hitherto placed ready to hand for her by her maid, so prompt and deft in her ministrations, and realized more fully than ever how dependent she was upon such service.

Where were the hairpins? she wondered, impatiently turning over the things she herself had thrown into confusion the night before. "How is one to dress such ridiculous hair as this with four hairpins—the most perfect of governesses couldn't do it?" She succeeded at length in massing the gold-brown hair at the top of her head, though in a fashion more picturesque and becoming than neat, and took herself into favour again. She had proved her independence so far, and, refreshed by the night's rest, felt more prepared for the work before her. But her respect for young ladies who go out as governesses was rapidly increasing.

As she entered the bare ugly room—she had already given up the idea of trying to make it look more cheerful and homelike—her spirits sank again. It needed all her stoicism to partake with Selina Jane of the breakfast, so different, and so differently served, from the morning meal at home, with its variety of appetizing dishes, bright silver, and pretty china. But, although

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she resented the manner in which it was served—to her inexperienced eyes, it seemed almost an affront to the class which for the time she represented—the plainness of the fare was no hardship to her. She partook of the half-cold tea, and thick slices of bread and butter, with a healthy appetite, declining the one egg sent up for her.

Breakfast over, she and her pupil went down to morning prayers, read by Mrs. Raynes in the dining-room. As they touched hands, and uttered a few conventional words, Mabel felt that she was being examined with coldly critical eyes.

"She looks as though there were something about me she does not approve of. What is it, I wonder?" thought Mabel. But she would not be discouraged. She had begun the day well—to her, it seemed quite an achievement to dress without the assistance of a maid—and was, for the first time, beginning to enter a little into the spirit of the part she had undertaken, telling herself that anything that might happen would at least have the charm of novelty for her. But she had made one mistake in her preparations for a governess's life—a mistake that was likely to tell a great deal against her. She had given the fashionable French dressmaker instructions for an outfit suited for a very quiet life, such as a lady companion, or governess, might choose; and, understanding that it was a whim of the moment to affect a certain kind of simplicity, Madame had been ready to do her best. She nodded, smiled, and assured Miss Leith that she would find everything quite correct and in the best taste.

The taste was undeniable, and the correctness, so far as the being quiet, went; but the value of the quantity of Valenciennes lace, which imparted the soft, innocent effect to the pretty morning gown, was evident enough to a woman's eyes. Ladies who have to earn their daily bread do not affect morning toilettes, such as Mabel was wearing. Mrs. Raynes took note of the gossamer muslin, with its profusion of lace, and knots of delicately tinted lilac ribbon, and decided, justly enough from her point of view, that it was extravagant and altogether out of character for one in Mabel's position. Her very walk, as she swept with easy, careless grace across the room, offended Mrs. Raynes, as savouring too much of independence for strict propriety. Indeed, her whole bearing—everything she did, and said, and looked, was different from what might be expected in a governess.

On her side, Mabel saw that the other was, if possible, stiffer

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and colder in her manner than she had been the night before; but, resolved to make the best of things, she would not allow it to disturb her. "I don't think the poor woman could be more agreeable if she were to try ever so much, with that face, so one is bound to be tolerant," summed up Mabel, giving Mrs. Raynes a good-natured smile and nod, in return for the prim little bow, and disapproving look.

Mrs. Raynes touched the bell, and the servants filed in. Prayers were read, and the servants filed out, and after a few solemn words of exhortation on the importance of a conscientious performance of the duties each found to do, addressed to Selina Jane, while looking at Mabel, governess and pupil were dismissed.

The hard morning's work was got through pretty well. Mabel had been well taught in what she cared to learn, and the subjects for the morning's study happened to be those which interested her, and upon which she was not deficient in knowledge; while she found her pupil painstaking, and sharp enough in acquiring facts.

But the dull surroundings had had their depressing effect, and it was some little relief to set forth for the walk before dinner, if only to escape from the school-room for a while. It was taken in the prescribed direction, along the hot, dusty road, leading from the Grove towards the railway station. If they walked one pace, as far as a certain milestone, and back, it would take, Selina Jane informed her, precisely fifty minutes, leaving ten to prepare for dinner. Mabel endured this, too, walking the pace set by her pupil, along the flat, uninteresting road, bordered on one side by a dry ditch, and on the other by a high hedge. "If they could only see me, it would be some consolation," she thought. "Even Gerard would be obliged to give me credit for possessing some patience, I should think!"

She re-entered the house, not much refreshed in spirit, and once more alone in her dreary little bedroom, she stood for a few minutes gazing out of the window overlooking a stretch of brick-fields, pitying, from the bottom of her heart, the poor ladies who had previously acted as instructresses to Selina Jane. That young lady did not in any way improve upon acquaintance, and although Mabel was unaware that she had allowed her thoughts to be seen, her curt replies, and disapproving looks, had had their effect.

Aroused from her reflections by the gong sounding for

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luncheon, she hurriedly proceeded to make some slight change in her toilette, and, leaving the things she had thrown oft scattered about the room—she was not yet accustomed to there being no one to put things in order for her—slowly descended to the dining-room.

Mrs. Raynes was in her place at the head of the table, Selina Jane seated on one side, and a lady guest on the other.

"Your watch is slow, I presume, Miss Leith," coldly said Mrs. Raynes, as Mabel entered the room, and passed on to the vacant chair by her pupil's side.

"I don't know," carelessly returned Mabel, taking out her watch. "No, I think not. Mine is four minutes past the half-hour. What is yours?"

Old Jacob, who was waiting, very nearly dropped the plate he carried, as he twisted his neck to look at Mabel. Mrs. Raynes was dumb; but a small voice opposite Mabel chirped out that the clock on the mantel-shelf, which condemned her, was quite right by railway-time.

"In that case my watch is right, it *is* four minutes after," calmly said Mabel, as she looked across at the lady seated opposite her, somewhat curious as to what kind of people visited the Grove. "Yes, it all matches beautifully. Exactly the kind of friend you might expect to see here!" was her mental comment, as she smilingly met the eyes of the prim-looking little lady, gazing with open astonishment at the new governess.

Miss Pelham had great reverence for her rich friend. Her maternal grandfather had been a Lovel-Pelham, and she did not allow this to be forgotten; but her means were so infinitesimally small, that she was glad to find a seat at Mrs. Raynes' table. In her desire to make the only return it was in her power to make, she strove to be as companionable as possible, and had degenerated into toadyism, without being aware that she had. Indeed, she had come to believe that Mrs. Raynes was everything she gave her credit for being, and did her toadying in all good faith. On her side, Mrs. Raynes had no doubts whatever on the point and was not averse from hearing allusions to her high qualities of heart and brain; considering the unconscious flattery of her little friend simply as an evidence of the justness of her appreciation.

Miss Pelham was a great deal impressed by Mabel's appearance and bearing; but did not like to allow that she admired her, because Mrs. Raynes had told her she would not. More-

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over, it was not for a Lovel-Pelham to countenance a governess in assuming airs unbecoming her position.

"Shall I send you some beef, Miss Leith?" asked Mrs. Raynes.

Mabel glanced at the one other dish—cold mutton—and as cheerfully as might be, decided for beef.

Silence reigned for a few minutes; then Mrs. Raynes and Miss Pelham exchanged opinions as to the probability of the new curate taking duty the following Sunday, after which, the former addressed Mabel again:

"You did not, I hope, find your pupil backward in her studies, Miss Leith."

"Backward! No, she certainly is not that, Mrs. Raynes."

"In what do you find her most proficient?"

"Oh, I hardly know. So far as I can judge, by what she tells me of the work she is doing, arithmetic must, I think, be her strong point," returned Mabel, who had grave doubts as to to its being a strong point of her own.

"The last governess considered her music satisfactory."

"Indeed! did she, really?" ejaculated Mabel, openly looking her surprise. "I should not have thought that was her speciality," turning, as she spoke, to look again at the narrow mean little face by her side, the expression of which did Selina Jane great injustice, if she possessed the slightest talent or taste for art of any kind.

Mrs. Raynes looked ominously at Selina Jane. "I hope she is not careless, Miss Leith?"

"Oh, no; she thumps away conscientiously enough."

"You are very frank," coldly remarked Mrs. Raynes, after regarding Mabel from between her narrowing eyelids for a moment.

Miss Pelham looked and really felt quite shocked; murmuring something about its being too frank for good-breeding. But her words did not reach the ears of Mabel, who replied all unconscious to Mrs. Raynes:

"Of course one is bound to be honest, and—Really, you know, Selina Jane cannot do more than her best. As to being musical,"—with another glance at her pupil's face, and mentally adding: "How could you expect it?" Then, to Mrs. Raynes, severely waiting for the rest of the sentence: "Where's the use of regretting what can't be helped?"

"But it ought to be helped, Miss Leith," with cold decision.

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"It is essential that a young lady who is to take some position in society, should number music amongst her other accomplishments."

"Number it as much as you please, it will not be there," thought Mabel in some amusement, as she replied: "We all should like to be musical, as well as everything else that is charming, I suppose. But, since no amount of work will ensure talent, I do not see the use of worrying and wasting time over it to no purpose."

This was a kind of reasoning Mrs. Raynes did not at all approve of. Steady work—practising so many hours a day—ought to enable any one to become a good musician; and to her there seemed something extremely lax, not to say improper, in an instructress of youth admitting that there could be any doubts as to the efficacy of training in any direction. She was silent; but her disapproval was sufficiently evident to the others, though not to Mabel. To her the topic had suggested pleasant memories of the best music, heard in Dorothy's and Gerard's company; and she was too pre-occupied to attach any meaning to the silence that followed; or to notice the solemn looks exchanged between the two friends as they rose from the table.

Re-entering the hot, ugly schoolroom, to begin the afternoon's work with her pupil; Mabel glanced round with weary discontent. Selina Jane piled up her books upon the table, and perched herself upon her high chair, with an air that meant work.

"I do believe the creature likes it!" thought Mabel, eyeing her pupil askance, as she sank into her own seat with a little sigh. In spite of herself, her thoughts would stray to the pretty morning-room at home, with its comfortable lounges, newest books and magazines on the tables, and fresh flowers.

"Was your last governess old or young, Selina Jane?"

"Miss Thornton was about your age, I think, Miss Leith; but very different in other things."

"What things?"

"I think you cannot be so poor as she was. She had a little sister to keep, and used to dress quite shabbily, and was so terribly afraid of her clothes wearing out. Mary says she used to sit up half the night patching and mending; and dear mamma did not like to see her meanly clad, because people might think she was not well paid. Dear mamma does not approve of too much dress; she says a proper medium ought to be observed; but, Miss Thornton——"

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"Poor Miss Thornton! Go on with your work, Selina Jane. What is it this afternoon?" looking at the list of subjects appointed for each day's work. "Oh, I see; history and chronology! I hope you have a better memory for dates than I have, child," she added, not having learned the policy of being reticent as to her shortcomings.

Chronology proved to be another of Selina Jane's strong points. Mabel rose from her afternoon's work, with the sensation of having been mentally pummelled; while her pupil seemed rather refreshed by the exercise than otherwise.

"I may go into the garden for half an hour before tea, if you think I have been attentive to my studies, Miss Leith."

"Yes, indeed; I am sure you have worked hard enough. Are you permitted to go alone?"

"If you do not care to go, I am."

"Go then, by all means. I prefer remaining here," replied Mabel. Half an hour's respite from the watchfulness of those ferrety little eyes would be something gained, preferable to walking in the most delightful garden ever laid out, in Selina Jane's society. Moreover, she felt no interest nor curiosity. "Everything about the place is sure to match," she thought. "The flowers must be kept in too strict order to enjoy their lives; and, as to the shrubs and trees—no wonder the two poor things in front of the house look half dead!"

A little tired and irritable, after the day's unwonted and uninteresting work, and unable to rest comfortably in the hard, uncompromising chair allotted to her, she walked restlessly up and down the room, not sufficiently shaded from the hot afternoon sun, endeavouring to nerve herself for the life, which was already beginning to seem almost insupportable to her.

"I said six months—a hundred and eighty-one more days of Selina Jane!" But it had to be endured. Not for a moment would she allow herself to contemplate the possibility of making her escape before the time agreed upon. Her pride was in arms at the bare thought.

The door opened, and the schoolroom maid entered with the tea equipage—a primitive arrangement of cups and saucers, with a tin teapot, and five thick slices of bread-and-butter upon a plate. With a half smile, Mabel wondered what would happen in the event of both her pupil and herself desiring the odd slice.

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"I was to ask if you would like bread-and-cheese and a glass of beer for your supper, miss?"

"Bread and cheese and beer!" echoed Mabel, turning hotly upon the girl. "A glass of beer!"

The girl, an untrained country servant, who had spoken after the manner of her kind, and did not see where the offence lay, pleasantly replied, "There is cold meat, if you prefer it, miss."

"*And* a glass of beer?"

"Yes," with a good-natured nod and smile, quite unconscious of any satire on the other's side.

But Mabel had overcome; and, more gently replied—"No, thank you, I do not care for either. Let me have some bread-and-butter, please?"

"Perhaps you would like a glass of milk with it, miss?" kindly. "One of the young ladies chose milk."

Mabel decided for milk, and the girl left the room.

"A glass of beer!" ejaculated Mabel, as she swept up and down the room again, her hands clasped behind her; "a glass of beer!"

The door opened again, and Selina Jane demurely entered the room, her eyes looking smaller and narrower than ever, and deep red stains at the corners of her mouth.

"Been enjoying the fruit?" presently inquired Mabel, to say something.

"No, Miss Leith; I am not allowed to eat fruit, except when dear mamma gives it to me," replied Selina Jane, looking straight into Mabel's eyes.

Mabel turned away with impatient contempt. "If you are allowed to look into your dressing-glass, I advise you to go and do so at once."

Selina Jane obediently departed, and presently returned with the fruit-stains removed. But if her governess imagined that prompt obedience and silence under reproof meant that the reproof was taken in good part, she was to find herself mistaken. For the moment, she only noticed that Selina Jane appeared, if possible, more meek and submissive than before; and that she required a great deal of explanation and assistance, when she sat down to prepare her lessons for the morrow.

It was not very pleasant to be aroused from a reverie, in which she was picturing to herself the three at home just sitting down to the dinner table, adorned with everything refined, and pleasing to the eye, in the way of fruit and flowers and silver,

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by the question, "What was the date of the battle of the Bovines, if you please, Miss Leith?"

"Battle of the Bovines? Oh, I don't know!"

"Do you think it was in the sixteenth century, please?"

"Some time since the Deluge, I suppose. Look in the index."

"Where had I better begin to look, please?" with meek persistence.

"The year one."

"Selina Jane bent over her book, and, after a while, informed her instructress that the date was between 1204 and 1215; graciously adding, for Mabel's edification, that it was to the battle of Bovines, England owed her great charters.

Mabel's liking for her informant did not increase; although she did not suspect her of *malice prépense.*

"Will you show me where this is wrong, if you please, Miss Leith?" presently recommenced Selina Jane.

Mabel impatiently drew the paper towards her. If there was one thing she disliked more than dates it was arithmetic; and this, she found, was a somewhat difficult algebraical question. She remembered to have gone through it; but in a way that did not help her now. She worked steadily at it for some time, but without discovering where the error was; only succeeding in getting hotter and more confused over it. She was not equal to the emergency; and felt that Selina Jane, who was watching her with triumphant eyes, knew that she was not.

"Are you sure it is rightly stated?" presently asked Mabel.

"I think so. Shall I try again, Miss Leith?"

Mabel was fain to push the paper towards her. "If you like."

"I did not reduce here," after a few minutes, explained Selina Jane, showing where the mistake had arisen.

"I hope you will be more careful another time," returned Mabel with an attempt at dignity; mentally determining to begin working up in arithmetic that very night.

After her lessons were prepared for the next day, and she had put away her books, writing materials, and what not, with careful neatness, Selina Jane informed her governess that when there were no visitors in the house, she spent the half hour before retiring to rest with "dear mamma."

She was precisely half an hour absent, and, on her return, sat down with quiet cheerfulness to eat the thick slice of bread-and-butter which constituted her supper. Afterwards she rose, presented her bony little hand, wished Miss Leith good night,

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and departed with the maid, who appeared at the room door as the clock struck eight.

Mabel bent over the algebraical question, and persevered until she had worked it out. But it was some time before she succeeded; and afterwards she was glad to take her candle and go to her room. Its untidiness—everything she had thrown off during the day lying just as she had left it—once more reminded her that she had no Milner with her now. By the time she had put things into some sort of order, she felt that she had done a very hard day's work, and earned her night's rest.

She slept soundly again, and was awakened in the morning only after a succession of taps at the door of her room, becoming louder, and more peremptory, as the maid's patience was exhausted.

"It is past six, miss."

"Well, you need not make so much fuss about it," drowsily returned Mabel. "I will have some tea before I get up, Milner."

"Some tea!" ejaculated in a voice which was not Milner's, with the muttered addendum: "What next, I should like to know!"

Mabel opened her eyes, glanced round, realized the situation, and broke into a little laugh. The idea of having asked for early tea there! She got through the dressing process as expeditiously as might be, and descended to the schoolroom, where she found her pupil neat, and brisk, and bright after her hour's practice at the piano; and quite ready for the day's study.

"Fortunately, I shall be able to take Miss Selina Jane down a little when we come to Dante and Schiller—it will be my turn then," thought Mabel, who had discovered that her pupil had other weak points, besides the lack of musical ability. She reckoned literally without her host. After the frugal breakfast, they went down to the dining-room, and, when prayers were over, and the servants had filed out of the room again, Mrs. Raynes requested Mabel to remain; bidding her daughter to return to the schoolroom.

With cheerful obedience Selina Jane departed, and, as soon as the door had closed upon her, Mrs. Raynes solemnly began; "I much regret to be obliged so soon to complain, Miss Leith; and I certainly should not, without grave reason for so doing."

"Grave reason? I do not understand."

"I fear you are not sufficiently experienced for the vocation you have adopted."

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"I told you this is my first engagement, Mrs. Raynes."

"Yes; you certainly did that. But there are things which a well-trained young lady might be expected to know, without having been out before. For instance, my housemaid informs me that you desired her to bring tea to you in bed, indeed, that you said you would have it before you got up."

In spite of herself, Mabel broke into a little laugh. It seemed so ridiculous put in that way, although it was literally true. But she presently remembered again, and, with flushed cheeks, began to explain she had made a mistake.

"I am willing to believe that might have been a mistake, Miss Leith; but it was a mistake that ought not to have occurred. I cannot at all understand how any one accustomed, as I was informed you have been, to a governess residing in the house, could be entirely unacquainted with the usual rules."

Mabel began to feel a little relieved. It would have been so humiliating to be found wanting upon graver grounds. "I ought not to have asked for tea to be brought to me, I suppose, but I did not know. The truth is," she added, with a frank smile, unconscious that her every word and look was telling against her, "I spoke before I was quite awake, and forgot I was governessing. Of course, I did not really mean that I would not get up without tea. I did get up without it, you know."

"I fear you have been accustomed to great indulgence, not to say extravagance, Miss Leith. But there are other things, and, of these, I have still greater reason to complain. My daughter tells me that you were unable to help her with arithmetic, and consequently she was obliged to find out where she had been wrong, as best she could for herself. Again, you were unable to give her a well-known date, and made some untimely jest about it."

"I ought not to have done that, Mrs. Raynes," replied Mabel. But in her incapability of adapting herself to circumstances, she made matters worse by frankly adding: "I always detested arithmetic, and therefore I am not so well up in it as I ought to be; but I really had gone over the ground after a fashion. As to the jest about the date, I felt bored at the moment, and——"

Mrs. Raynes coldly put a stop to further explanations—to her they sounded almost impertinent—by saying: "And I feel bound to tell you that your alluding to my daughter's playing as 'thumping away,' was not in good taste. I should strongly object to Selina Jane using so inelegant an expression. Indeed,

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on the whole, I feel compelled to say that I see no chance of your suiting me, and it may therefore spare us both farther trouble and unpleasantness to part at once. I do not wish to be inconsiderate or illiberal to you. I am willing to give you your travelling expenses both ways; although, as you are aware, it was part of the agreement that you were to pay one, if, on account of any shortcoming on your side, you should not remain with me."

"I am very sorry," murmured Mabel, not a little startled as well as mortified at being so abruptly dismissed. It had not occurred to her that Mrs. Raynes would go so far as that. How very humiliating to have to return home on the third day! How would she be able to meet them—how would she be able to endure Gerard's mocking speeches, or worse still, his eloquent silence?

"I, too, have reason to be sorry, I think, Miss Leith."

Mabel was quite willing to allow that. "Yes; of course you have—it's a failure altogether." She sat gazing straight before her for a few moments; then glancing, with an involuntary smile at the other's severe, solemn face, she went on; "I see that I do not suit you, and perhaps you are right in thinking I never should. But I really meant to do my very best."

"I do not give you credit for intending to mislead me."

"No; indeed I did not, Mrs. Raynes. I quite thought I was able to undertake the work, and I honestly meant to put up with——"

"I cannot see that there is anything to be put up with in my house, Miss Leith," stiffly interposed Mrs. Raynes. "The salary I offer is exceptionally good, and there is only one pupil, who has been most carefully and strictly trained."

"Strictly enough, poor little mortal!" was Mabel's mental comment; adding to Mrs. Raynes, "Yes; there has been no lack of that."

"You found her obedient?"

"Yes; oh, yes, obedient enough! At least, she was to me," replied Mabel, her thoughts reverting to the fruit and cake episodes.

"There appears to be some reservation in your mind, Miss Leith. If you have observed anything to disapprove of in Selina Jane, I hope you will let me know what it is."

"Excuse me, I should prefer not to enter into——"

"I must beg you to let me know whatever it is. The telling

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me could make no difference to you now; and it might be of some assistance to me in arranging with another governess.

"There must be something wrong somewhere; the child does not seem a bit natural," reflectively said Mabel, her elbow in one hand, and her chin in the hollow of the other. "It is the depressing surroundings, perhaps. It can't be right to shut out everything that is beautiful from a child's life."

"I must beg you to explain," coldly said Mrs. Raynes.

"Oh, where is the use?" impatiently ejaculated Mabel; adding, after a moment: "Well, perhaps if you were to give your daughter a few more indulgences, and did not expect her to be so different from other children, she might be more open in her little naughtinesses."

"Will you be good enough to mention any naughtiness my daughter has endeavoured to conceal?" said Mrs. Raynes, with an expression in her eyes so ominous to Selina Jane, that Mabel decided to make no further revelations. Of punishment, the poor child had evidently had quite enough.

"You must excuse my not saying any more, Mrs. Raynes. I have known your daughter only two days," adding, to herself: "You will never make her understand that truth is a lovely thing, by your process."

Mrs. Raynes recognized that she was dealing with a will as strong as her own, and gave up the point; returning to the question of Mabel's departure. "Selina Jane will spend the morning with me, in order that you may have the necessary time for making your arrangements, Miss Leith. You would probably like to go by the midday train?" presenting a cheque, which she had previously filled in.

"I cannot take your money, Mrs. Raynes; not having earned it."

"But I have said that I would——"

"I really don't want it."

"In that case I can only conclude that my first surmise was a correct one. You have taken a situation simply because you happened to be piqued with your friends, or something of that kind; and I must remind you this was most unfair to me."

"I did not think of that," gravely returned Mabel, conscious for the first time how little thought she had given to the subject from the employer's point of view. "But I ought to have thought of it. It was unfair to you; and I beg your pardon, Mrs. Raynes."

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"That is all you can do now, so far as I am concerned, Miss Leith. But before you take another step of the same kind, I recommend you to reflect, in justice to any lady who might be inclined to avail herself of your services, and the governess you would be keeping out of a situation, by taking one you did not require."

Mabel gazed at her open-eyed. "Nor did I think of that," she thought. "Yes; I have been unjust to others, as well as you. I see where I have been most wrong, and I thank you for pointing it out to me, Mrs. Raynes."

If Mrs. Raynes had seen a great deal in Mabel to puzzle her before, she was completely mystified by this spontaneous, and, as it seemed to her, gratuitous acknowledgment of error, on the part of one who had previously shown herself so little amenable to the judgment of others.

Mrs. Raynes could only bow, and Mabel, taking this for dismissal, wished her good morning and walked out of the room.

In her own little room she gave herself a few moments for reflection; and, after deciding to telegraph to Dorothy to meet her at the London terminus, she set about the business of packing her trunks. She was spared any difficulty in the way of obtaining a conveyance. The housemaid, who came in to offer her services in the packing, informed her that Thomas the boy was going to the railway station, and could order a fly for her if she desired it. "Mrs. Raynes seems very determined that I shall not be too late to catch the train," thought Mabel, as she signified her willingness to avail herself of the offer.

In good time for the midday express, Mabel found herself jogging along the road towards the railway station; having, in her inability to realize the position, and divest her mind of the impression that she was paying a visit, left a sum to be distributed among the servants, which not a little astonished them; to say nothing of her careless way of settling matters, with regard to such portions of her wardrobe as would not comfortably arrange themselves in her trunks. The housemaid found herself not a little the richer for Miss Leith's two days' sojourn at the Grove; and even old Jacob Greenaway so far relented in her favour, as to admit that she had proper ideas upon some points.

At the railway station, she also unconsciously made her departure a royal one. The porters flew to attend upon her, and the guard took her under his special care for the journey.

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CHAPTER VII.

WILD AND IMPROPER.

At the London terminus Mabel found Dorothy and Parker anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train.

"How glad am I to get you back again! Ah, Mab, if you knew how glad!"

"And what it is to have a Dorrie to come back to! I feel as though I had been away for ages, and in another world. How is everybody?"

"All well."

"You did not say anything to auntie or Gerard about coming to meet me."

"No; I obeyed you literally. Your letter will be a delightful surprise.

"I am not going back, Dorrie—not just yet."

"Not going home! I do not understand. Oh, Mab, why?"

"I want to try once more. To tell the truth I have been—what is it, Parker?—turned out of my situation. It is not pleasant to think of, but I have been sent away at a moment's notice; and now I shall not rest until I have proved whether I was as much to blame, as I appeared to Mrs. Raynes to be. To do this, I must—— But come to the waiting-room with me, Dorrie. We will talk it over there, while Parker sees after the trunks. Leave them in charge, please, Parker. I may have to remain here until to-morrow."

"I do not see why they should not be taken home at once," doggedly returned Parker, ignoring what had reached her ears as to Mabel's intention not to return.

"Pray do not look at me in that fierce way, you dear old Parker, when you know you just heard me say I am not going back yet."

"I could not suppose you were in earnest, Miss Mabel. But if you are, I for one," with a solemn warning glance towards the elder sister, am not going to abet you in anything so—wild, and —and—improper!"

"My dear Parker, wild and improper to be a governess! Between ourselves I am not at all sure I was considered proper

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enough. At any rate, I was very quickly packed off, as you see."

"I will not lend myself," solemnly recommenced Parker, as she tried to meet the beautiful laughing eyes turned upon her with a look of determination. But she found herself obliged to yield—so far as to go off and do the young lady's bidding in the matter of placing the luggage in charge at the office.

The sisters went to the waiting-room, where, as shortly as she could, Mabel gave the history of the two days' sojourn at the Grove; taking her full share of the blame. She was, indeed, too conscious of her own shortcomings to be less than just to Mrs. Raynes. But what she said was quite enough for Dorothy, equally inexperienced in such matters.

"You must not expect me to regret it very much, since it is the cause of my getting you back again," said Dorothy. "But what a dreadful child, Mab, dear!"

"Well, I hope I have not set down aught in malice; but she really did seem dreadful to me, and everything about her matched; though it was all proper enough, even to satisfy Parker. All the same, my conscience is not quite clear. Something Mrs. Raynes said occasioned me not a little anxiety; showing me, as it did, that I had undoubtedly been to blame in one respect."

"You!"

"Yes; and it cost me a good hour's thought, on my journey up, to find a way out of the difficulty; but I did find it; and—Dorrie, I want you to go to the agent for me, and from amongst the governesses on her books, select two or three of the older ladies, and write to them, offering six months' salary, in order that they may take a holiday by the sea, or wherever they may choose to go. They ought to have at least fifty or sixty pounds each, I should think, because there would be the board and lodging, you know, and they ought to be free from all care."

"I understand. What a kind thought, Mab!"

"Mrs. Raynes ought to have the credit for suggesting it, dearie. She guessed I was not working for my bread, and reminded me that I was taking the place of those who are. Of course I saw at once she was right; the question was how to get over the difficulty, but I flatter myself I worked out the problem satisfactorily at last. Will you see after this, for me? None would do it so kindly as you would, and—oh, Dorrie, if

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you only knew what some governesses have to go through! Choose the elder ladies, and pet them to your heart's content, for my sake, dearie! And, oh yes, I must not forget that; do not say a word about it to any one at home; and lend me the money till I come into my own. There would be so much fuss if I went to the trustees; and my allowance always goes by the end of the quarter, you know."

"Certainly I will. Perhaps one of the ladies might like to go to Miss Alleyn. There is plenty of room at the Cottage, and she feels a little lonely when we are away. It is near the Park, too; and the country round is so pretty. But you are going home, Mab? Of course you were only in jest in saying you are not;" said Dorothy, with an anxious side glance into her sister's face.

"I meant what I said. I could not"—she hesitated a moment, flushing hotly, then hurriedly added—"after such a defeat."

"Dear Mab, why should you mind having made a mistake."

"You would not, I know. In that one thing we are different. But we are alike in another way; failure does not prevent us from making another attempt. Do not try to persuade me out of it, Dorrie; for it would be no use—no more than my trying to induce you to leave off making such a dear old guy of yourself, with those ugly gowns. The fact is, we are peculiar people; not to be persuaded out of our peculiarities. Yours is a grander craze, of course; but there is something to be said for mine, too, I think. If I succeed but in improving myself, I shall be benefiting humanity in a small way, you know. Gerard himself couldn't find fault with that bit of logic, I flatter myself."

"But you might, at any rate, go home until you have made another engagement. It is quite out of the question to think of going anywhere else."

"Out of the question to stay at the hotel here for a night? There will be no necessity for my staying longer, I hope. Now, do not look so dreadfully frightened, Dorrie. Do listen before you object. I arranged it all in my mind on my way up. I need stay here only until I receive a reply to a letter, which I can get by midday to-morrow. You know we could not at first decide which of the offers I had it would be better to accept, and auntie thought Mrs. Raynes' seemed the more promising, because there was only one pupil. The other, a Mrs. Brandreth, seeking a

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governess for her three children, was also willing to take one who had not been out before; and I am going to telegraph to her. If the situation is still vacant, and she is willing to engage me, I will try again. Beechwoods may have only half a beech to boast of, but it cannot be less like a wood than Mrs. Raynes' place like a grove, nor could there be three other children in the world like Selina Jane, and anything different must be better."

"To go away again—so far?"

"Only about an hour's journey down, Dorrie."

"I do not think I ought to consent, without consulting——"

"Don't be violent, dearie. You may leave Parker to protect me at the hotel here until to-morrow's post comes in, if it will make you happier and you think I am not to be trusted to take care of myself as any governess would be. Aunt Jenny would be terrified out of her wits at the idea of my having only Parker to protect me, of course; but you can spare her feelings by saying nothing about it to her, until I have set forth upon my travels again."

Dorothy could only hope that Mrs. Brandreth might have engaged some one else, in which case Mabel might be induced to return home.

"Parker will stay with you, of course, if you are quite determined. Auntie will not miss her, and the servants will think I have given her leave to visit her invalid sister again. But, dear Mab——"

"No buts, Dorrie. Just get used to the idea, while Parker and I telegraph to Mrs. Brandreth, and send the carriage home. Afterwards, we will dine together, like lone, lorn damsels, who—— What do lorn young women dine upon, Dorrie? I have eaten nothing since eight o'clock breakfast at the Grove. It is now four, and my appetite was never very ethereal, you know."

Dorothy hardly knew whether to regret it or not, when, just as they had finished dinner, a telegram was put into Mabel's hand, with the information that Mrs. Brandreth was unsuited and inclined to avail herself of Miss Leith's services, and that instructions would follow by the morning's post.

So far, fortune seemed to smile on her new venture; and Mabel soon contrived to dispose of her sister's last remaining scruples; all the more easily, perhaps, because Dorothy could see that she was certainly none the worse for the Grove experience.

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Leaving Parker "on guard," as Mabel termed it—although she did not feel quite so brave and independent as she wished it to be thought she did—Dorothy returned home in time to make her appearance at the dinner-table.

The next day, Parker and her young mistress stood once more reluctantly watching the train that was bearing Mabel away from them glide slowly out of the station. Dorothy stood silent with quivering lips ; her anxious, yearning eyes following the train until it was out of sight. Parker gave vent to her feelings in characteristic fashion, expressing herself somewhat strongly with respect to what she termed the young girls' "vagaries." "For two young ladies brought up so carefully and tenderly, as they had been, with heaps of money, and everything else in the world to make them happy, to go about in search of misery in the way they did, was nothing less than tempting of Providence. I don't know which is worse, Miss Dorothy, Miss Mabel's governessing, as she calls it, or your going about visiting the low people in that dreadful court."

"I can imagine no better visiting than that, if I were only more fitted for it, Parker ; " gently said Dorothy.

"Fitted ! How could you be fitted to go about among such people as they are, Miss Leith—what lady would be ? It's right to be kind, and good to the poor, of course ; but, as Mrs. Harcourt says, there is a proper ladylike way of being charitable and you have plenty of opportunity for it in your own village, where the people are clean, and tidy, and respectable, and know how to behave to those above them. No danger of your seeing anything to shock or distress you, amongst such as them—that is, if you go at the right time, as a lady ought to do, and they know you are coming. As for Mr. Aubyn—well, I suppose he does for that neighbourhood ; but what a difference between him and the old vicar at home ! You wouldn't find Mr. Daubeny sitting on the floor with his coat off, nursing dirty children. Mr. Daubeny knows what is due to his position."

"It is certainly a very different one from Mr. Aubyn's," said Dorothy, smiling to herself at the thought of the dignified old vicar so employed.

"Very," shortly returned Parker. Like her old mistress, she had old-fashioned notions about most things, and she had never before seen a clergyman of Mr. Aubyn's kind. His careless, somewhat abrupt manner, and shabby clothes, did not at all accord with Parker's ideas of propriety. "It is no wonder

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that Mrs. Harcourt begins to look old for her age, worried as she is by all these goings on," she added, aiming a last shaft, and eyeing Dorothy sharply the while, to note the effect.

"Please do not, Parker;" gently remonstrated Dorothy, laying her hand upon the other's arm. "I know you mean well; but it only makes things more difficult for me."

Yes; opposition might make things more difficult, but it would have no other effect; it was just that which so irritated Parker.

"Nothing will prevent your going to that dreadful court; not even the finding that people don't want to be made better than they are;" thought Parker, adding aloud, with another anxious glance at the quiet decided face by her side; "As to Mr. Aubyn, he seemed to forget he was talking to a lady. You will not want to see him again, I should think."

"Nonsense, Parker! We are going to-morrow morning," in a tone which gave it to be understood that there was to be no further discussion upon the point.

Had Parker been acquainted with Mr. Aubyn's antecedents, she might have seen still greater cause for anxiety lest he should encourage her young mistress in her eccentricities, and lead her still further from the beaten track, than she had yet strayed.

Five years previously, Reginald Aubyn, the younger son of a family of ancient, if not greatly honoured, name, had held a commission in the Guards, and was known to be not the least reckless and extravagant of his spendthrift race. But he had qualities which rendered him a universal favourite; and seemed so naturally and without effort of his own to take the lead amongst his associates, that his colonel affirmed, if Aubyn were to set the fashion of quiet living, the whole regiment would be transformed. However this might be, there were indications that the impetus once given, reason which then stood aloof, coldly watching the vagaries of the senses, would resume its sway, and he himself would be transformed.

He had reached his twenty-fifth year, and life was still at its fever height, when the crisis came, an event taking place which changed the whole current of his life. A young fellow officer, who had been his most intimate friend and associate, came one night to his room, half mad with despair; and, after narrating a miserable tale of fraud and shame, shot himself through the heart, and fell dead at Aubyn's feet. His was the task to bear

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the last message to the widowed, and now childless, mother. He, the companion—frequently the leader—in many a wild orgie, had to listen to the mother's accusations, uttered in the first abandonment of her grief, of his having been the cause of her son's ruin. He did not defend himself by stating that he knew nothing of the dishonourable transaction her son had been engaged in, nor attempt to salve his conscience in any way. There was the fact that his friend's life had been wrecked, and no hand was held out to help him. The deed of fraud had been but the culminating point of what had gone before.

Shortly afterwards, Reginald Aubyn sold his commission, and went into the Church. It was arranged very quietly; only two or three being aware of the great revulsion that had taken place in his mind. As the family interest lay more with the Church than with the Army, his own people regarded the step as a commercial speculation, taking it for granted that he intended to avail himself of such opportunities as would offer of rising to eminence in the profession. He had as yet done nothing to fulfil their expectations. He remained in the low neighbourhood he had first chosen for the field of his labours, and it was beginning to be thought he would do no more credit to his name and race in one profession than he had in the other.

There must, they thought, be something radically wrong in a young man who could deliberately choose to separate from his own class, in order to spend his life amongst the most degraded and this at a time when such eccentricity was not in vogue and it was open to him to step into a succession of good livings, with the prospect of wearing the lawn.

When, three years after he had taken orders, he unexpectedly came into a large funded property and fine estate, he seemed in no way inclined to alter his mode of life. Nor did he appear to be more lavish of his money, beyond engaging an extra curate. He lived in the same simple way as before, and gave away, or appeared to do so no more than he had previously done. But great improvements were surely, if slowly, taking place in the neighbourhood. It came to be understood in the district, that he acted for some eccentric gentleman, who, although adamant to a certain class, and with so wonderful a knowledge of their ways, that it was impossible to deceive him, had money at his disposal. Such men and women as could be induced to take Mr. Aubyn's advice, and endeavour to live more cleanly lives, found themselves assisted in a quiet way; and the children

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seemed to be kept especially under the eye of the mysterious benefactor.

In Thieves' Alley, a place some degrees more degraded, and apparently hopeless, than Grigg's Court, there was going on in the same quiet way a change for the better. It had been as yet so gradual as to be scarcely noticeable; but the lowest and worst there were beginning to understand that the parson's mysterious friend would be found ready to lend a helping hand to any giving proof of a desire to help themselves. In charity, according to their sense of the word, he gave nothing; and, to the parson himself, it was understood to be useless to appeal. The first three years he had spent amongst them it had been made plain enough that he had only himself to give, and none knew of his sudden accession of wealth.

The property, amounting to something like twenty thousand a year, had come from a distant connection, who, unsuspected by Aubyn, had been watching his career. The testator had given no hint of his intention during his life, and the bequest was burdened with but one condition—that of taking his name.

The family were now disposed to regard Aubyn's eccentricities with more toleration. It had come to be understood that he was not likely to marry, and, rather than he should become a benedict one branch of his family would prefer his indulging in any amount of eccentricity. The widow of his brother, to whom and her children he gave a home at the beautiful country seat, where he himself rarely remained more than two or three days at a time, indulged the hope that the property would eventually come to her son.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEECHWOODS.

"I tell you it did, Mima!"

"Don't contradict; it's rude to contradict."

"But I peeped through the bannister, and saw it go out ever so far from her bonnet, nearly along the wall."

"It couldn't, Algy. Nobody's nose could go out so far. It is not true."

"Hush, dears! hush, Miss Mima! This is the young lady come to be your governess; and you mustn't let her hear you talk about not telling the truth, you know," said the nursery maid, a

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young woman of about two or three and twenty, who was ushering Mabel into the room.

"But I do not think it was meant to be untrue, and that makes a difference, does it not?" said Mabel, smilingly. "Some one by my side was pointing out the things to be taken upstairs for me. Perhaps it was an arm, instead of a nose, that seemed to come from my bonnet; and we know shadows are apt to exaggerate."

"We did not think of that," said Algy, as the three children, himself about seven years of age, and two sisters of eight and ten, stood looking up with curious eyes into the new governess's face.

She was gazing quite as curiously at them.

"I am glad your nose isn't really so long," presently said Mima.

"And so am I," returned Mabel. "It would be so very awkward for me when I walked in a wood, or got into a carriage, would it not?"

They laughed out merrily, and Sissy, the elder of the three, slipped her hand into Mabel's, looking up into her face with the air of having quite made up her mind. It was as good a beginning, perhaps, as could have been devised, for setting her and her pupils at ease with each other. With many admonitions as to their behaviour, the nurse quitted the room. Mabel seated herself in one of the low comfortably cushioned window-seats, and proceeded to make acquaintance; Sissy and Mima on either side, and Algy on a stool at her feet; his elbows on his knees, his chin between his hands, and his eyes uplited to hers.

She looked more critically at the three faces; Sissy's, plain, but for the earnest intelligent eyes; Mima's, pudgy, good-natured, and commonplace; Algy's, beautiful, if somewhat too delicately so for a boy; and breathed a sigh of relief. They were each quite sufficiently unlike Selina Jane to encourage her in the hope that she might get on with them. And the room they were in was so entirely and delightfully unlike the school-room at the Grove. A large, cheerful, and not too oppressively formal, or neat-looking room; its three deep-set windows commanding a wide view of a beautifully wooded park, sloping now with a gentle undulation, now with a sudden dip, shady glades, and sweeps of green sward stretching down towards the not very distant sea, glimpses of which were here and there visible between the trees.

"What a pretty home you have!" presently said Mabel

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unaware that, while gazing from the window, she herself had undergone a critical examination, and that signals had already been exchanged as to the verdict. "There must be delightful nooks and hiding-places for games out there. That beautiful hollow, down amongst the trees to the left, looks as though it had been specially designed for spinning fancies in."

"Spinning?" dubiously echoed Mima.

"I think Miss Leith means story-telling," said Sissy, the elder girl.

"Stories! Oh, 'licious! Will you really tell us some stories, Miss Leith?"

Mabel saw that it would not do to promise to satisfy appetites for that kind of food so voracious as these appeared to be; and therefore replied, with what she flattered herself was a proper, Minerva air, "I only said it looked like a nice place for telling them in. Stories, like other indulgences, would only be a consequence of good behaviour."

"It's such a bother being good," meditatively said Algy. "It's ever so much nicer to be naughty; unless—— How are you going to punish us when we are not good, Miss Leith?"

With three pairs of eyes bent judicially upon her, Mabel tried to appear equal to the occasion; replying with an easy confident air, "Oh, there are many ways of dealing with refractory children."

"But what is your way, please?"

"That would of course depend upon the kind of naughtiness, and which of you misbehaved," beginning to feel quite proud of her diplomatic powers.

"Suppose we were all naughty together, and in all manner of ways?"

"In that case, something very determined would have to be done," said Mabel, trying to recollect the punishments inflicted upon Dorothy and herself in the past. "You would have to go without pudding for dinner, or something of that kind."

"But we mustn't be punished that way, if you please, Miss Leith. We are always to have our pudding just the same, because Algy is delicate, and won't have his dinner without pudding," said Mima, hurriedly adding—"and he won't have it unless Sissy and I have ours too, will you, Algy dear?"

"No," returned Algy, with a grave determined nod.

"Then you must not be allowed to go for a walk, or have any play hour," as determinedly said Mabel.

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"But we mustn't be kept in either, please; for it would make Algy's head ache, and he won't go unless we do, because that would make it ache worse," explained Mima.

"And we don't care for any of the other things that have been tried!" triumphantly added Algy, springing up from the stool, catching up one foot in his hand, twirling round on the other, and sitting down again.

"What little——!" Mabel kept back the words that sprang to her lips, and reflected, conscious that she was being keenly watched the while; then, not to be beaten, gravely said, "As it is essential you shall be made to care, I suppose the only course left will be to——" She paused a moment, almost at her wit's end. "To do what?" she asked herself—"it seems to want a big word"—adding to them, "to adopt the Carthusian method."

"'Thusian!" they murmured, as much impressed as she could desire; looking first at each other, then back to her face again, with anxious inquiring eyes; "What is the 'Thusian method, please, Miss Leith?"

"I would rather not enter into the subject just now; I will explain at the proper time," mysteriously lowering her eyes, lest the sharp little ones fastened upon her should see what she did not wish to be seen. Gravity was of the utmost importance at such crisis.

"'Thusian? 'Thusian? Did you have it done to you, Miss Leith? Is it hard to bear?"

"It will not do to explain just yet, lest the silent system should also have no terror from them," thought Mabel, as she replied; "I can tell you no more about it at present."

"But if you only would—just one little word, that we may know what to——"

"Not now," with decision.

But Mima presently found comfort, as she gazed at Mabel. "You look kind," she murmured, "and you are so pretty! Oh, Sissy!" stopping short, and gazing at her with a sudden remembrance.

Sissy returned a little nod of assent, looking mysteriously at Mabel.

"I know," said Algy. "They are thinking of what Soames told Jane the housemaid, Miss Leith, about Miss Wyatt wanting to marry Uncle Reggie."

"And she said no one that was pretty would be allowed to

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come here again for fear. But you are prettier than Miss Wyatt—ever so much!" added Mima.

"Only," put in Sissy, "perhaps, Miss Leith will not want to marry him."

"No;" Mabel was very decided about that.

"Miss Hurst of Leighlands would have married him, if mamma hadn't been very very careful," said Mima, quoting again.

"Delightful person your mamma must be!" thought Mabel, drawing back her head.

"Nobody must marry him!" decidedly said Algy; "because then I shall have Beechwoods, and all his money when he dies. It is no use being an earl, without money."

"Are you going to be an earl?"

"It is not quite quite sure yet, Miss Leith. But Soames, that is nurse, you know, says they 'spect Cousin Bertie isn't going to live much longer, and if he dies, and Uncle Edward doesn't have any more little boys, and my other uncle doesn't marry, I shall be, by the time I'm a man, perhaps. Only I shall want Uncle Reggie's money as well, you know," with a beautiful smile.

"Nobody wants to marry Uncle Richard, because he's poor; he's got to marry a rich lady," put in Mima. "Uncle Richard is mamma's brother, and Uncle Edward and Uncle Reggie were papa's."

Desiring to hear no further revelations, Mabel guided the talk into fresh channels; and by the time the nurse re-entered the room, had found something to like in each of the children; the worldly wisdom mixed up with their childish confidences, notwithstanding.

Soames gave her the information that Mrs. Brandreth was gone to an archery meeting, a few miles distant, and was not expected to return until later in the evening; adding that she was to take charge of the children for the rest of the day, in order that Miss Leith might have time to unpack.

"Oh, very well;" replied Mabel. There was something in the woman's look and manner which jarred upon her. It did not occur to her that, to Soames' eyes, she might appear to be assuming a tone above her position. She strove to overcome the slight prejudice she felt, thinking that perhaps it was only manner; but, in spite of herself, her tone was a little curt in reply, and this had its effect.

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Mabel went to her own room, which adjoined the schoolroom and had the same outlook upon the beautiful park. The room was large, and comfortably furnished, as well as cheerful. There were book-shelves, a writing-table, easy-chair, and sundry other evidences that she was regarded as a civilized being, she thought, appreciating it all, as she would not have done before going through her experience at the Grove. In fact the things were there, simply because they had been found there when Mrs. Brandreth took up her residence at Beechwoods.

Mabel sat down and wrote a few lines to Dorothy, gave the letter to a servant who brought her some tea, and who told her it was in good time for the post-bag, sent to the village twice a day; and then proceeded to make acquaintance with her surroundings. Seating herself in the cushioned window-seat, and clasping her hands at the back of her head, she gazed at the beautiful scene with its fine old trees crowned by the setting sun, and looking like familiar friends, until she fell into a pleasant reverie. So entirely had she forgotten where she was, that when she after awhile became aware that some one was tapping at her room door, she carelessly called out, "Come in," without turning her head.

"Pray do not let me disturb you; I know one is always glad of a little rest after a journey; and I will not intrude longer than just to bid you welcome to Beechwoods, Miss Leith," in a well-bred, softly modulated tone.

Looking round, Mabel beheld a tall, slight, fashionable, and, but for the somewhat faded expression of her well-cut features, fine-looking woman of about thirty-three or four years of age.

Advancing, she gracefully added a few words to the effect that she hoped Miss Leith would find her room quite comfortable; and her pupils not too shockingly backward and troublesome.

Mabel rose to meet her in agreeable surprise. The children's revelations had given her an unfavourable impression of Mrs. Brandreth, and in her relief at finding herself addressed with so much courtesy, Mabel somewhat over-estimated its value.

Mrs. Brandreth prided herself a great deal upon her manner; especially towards "governesses and people;" but her courtesy was, in truth, but a very thin veneer upon less estimable qualities.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Brandreth. Yes, everything is quite comfortable here, and I think I shall be able to get on with the

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children. We have been making acquaintance already," smiling at the recollection, and sure now that they had only repeated servant's talk, which their mother knew nothing about. "They seem very frank."

Mrs. Brandreth cast a side glance at the beautiful fashionably attired girl, looking quite as self-possessed as herself, and was silent a moment in her surprise; then replied, "You will find them dreadful little barbarians, I fear. My time is so completely taken up, that I have not been able to give them the attention they require, of late. They have, indeed, been running quite wild the last few months; and you will I expect find them backward in all ways," wondering how it was that she found herself entering into explanations, which she was not accustomed to do, especially with people she employed, and still going on to make them.

"My little boy is not very strong, and I have allowed his sisters to remain idle with him too long perhaps. But they must really begin to work now. Algy is still too delicate to be much pushed on just yet, I suppose; but I hope you will be able to do something with Sissy and Mima. Arrange their studies as you please; only I should not like them to work too hard—not more than four hours a day for the present. Exercise and fresh air are so very important on account of their figures and complexions. So very unfortunate to be left with three children. I think I mentioned I am a widow—and for Algy, who will be able to afford to be independent of them, to have all the good looks of the family, too! Having two plain girls on my hands will be quite serious by-and-by, will it not? But we must do what we can for them. Should you discover any speciality in either of them for music, or what not, pray make the most of it, Miss Leith. Talent goes for something in these days; and we must not neglect anything which may give them a chance." What she meant by giving them a chance, being as plainly expressed as though it were put into words.

"That reminds me," went on Mrs. Brandreth, after another glance at Mabel, "I shall be entertaining occasionally, in a quiet way; and may be glad of your assistance in the drawing-room after dinner, in playing a little dance music, or an accompaniment. You have been accustomed to do that sometimes, I suppose."

"I can play a little dance music—sufficient for that sort of thing," slowly replied Mabel, unconsciously speaking with slight hauteur. "I told you, when I first wrote, that I had no experience,

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Mrs. Brandreth;" adding, to be quite correct, "Since then I have been to one place; but only for two days."

"Two days!" echoed Mrs. Brandreth.

"Not long enough to gain much experience, was it?" said Mabel, with a frank smile.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope?"

"Everything was."

"And you found it impossible to remain?"

"Not exactly that. I really meant to put up with—that is—" She hesitated, then, getting impatient with herself, shortly added, "I had no choice in the matter."

Mrs. Brandreth was silent a few moments. She was too much a woman of the world to misjudge a girl who could speak with what she herself considered to be such unnecessary frankness; but she was also too much of a woman of the world to appear to make light of the matter; gravely replying, "I hope we shall not have any cause to regret the arrangement between us."

"I hope not," slowly returned Mabel, already beginning to see a little less to admire in the other.

Mrs. Brandreth had only spoken conventionally, and did not notice whether the other replied or not; going on in an even languid voice, "And occasionally, when I am quite alone, it will be good for the children to go down with you to dine at the luncheon-table; to accustom them—that is, give you all a little change, you know."

Mabel made a little bow serve for reply; trying to think that Mrs. Brandreth meant to be kind and considerate; and wondering how it was she took such prejudices against people.

"And, by the way—Oh, yes; you go to church, I suppose, Miss Leith? I forgot to inquire that in my letter."

"Yes, I go to church," replied Mabel, imagining that Mrs. Brandreth meant to inquire whether she went to church or chapel.

"Much better taste, I think. I make it a point to attend the morning service, and I like my children to go twice, when the weather permits."

"Better taste!" Mabel silently inclined her head, her eyes downcast, and Mrs. Brandreth availed herself of the opportunity to take a more critical survey of the new governess; noting every detail of face and figure, not omitting the pretty summer toilette of the latest style. If the rest of Miss Leith's wardrobe corresponded with what she was now wearing, she must spend a

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great deal more upon dress than one in her position ought to spend.

Mrs. Brandreth was quite sure that she herself did not dress extravagantly for the mere love of it. Was she not always complaining of the stern decrees of fashion, which necessitated such long bills, and unpleasant scenes with a certain unconscionable person? Miss Leith had no position to maintain, and, if she wore expensive clothes, it must be simply because it was her taste to be extravagant, unless—How could any girl be unconscious of the value of such a face and figure as that, and, being conscious of it, how was she likely to settle down to the drudgery of teaching?

"Fortunately," thought Mrs. Brandreth, after another glance at Mabel, "Richard has now something else to think about; and Reginald will not take a long holiday again, for some time to come. There will be no opportunity—it will be for me to see there is not—when he runs down for a day or two. Hosts of things may happen before he comes down at Christmas!" a smile brightening her face for a moment, as her thoughts dwelt upon one special thing. "If the talked-of yachting expedition came off shortly, *he* would be one of the party. Had not Mrs. Duncombe said that her brother was very desirous to join them? Without giving occasion for remark, there would be the opportunity which alone seemed wanting, to bring matters to a crisis."

Entirely absorbed in the agreeable contemplation of what might be expected to come of the yachting expedition, she walked out of the room, without giving another thought to Mabel; her exit in marked contrast with the elaborate courtesy of her entrance.

"Not many rules and regulations, at any rate," thought Mabel, as she proceeded to do a little towards unpacking and arranging the contents of her trunks. "The principal consideration seems to be the care of their figures and complexions. It certainly ought to be possible to remain in this place, I should think, since I don't want to marry Uncle Reggie." It gave her some importance in her own eyes, to be accorded the privilege of arranging her pupils' studies as she pleased, so that they were not overworked; and three or four hours a day would not prove very irksome to either herself or them, she told herself. And the honour of it! There must certainly be more credit in managing three pupils, than one.

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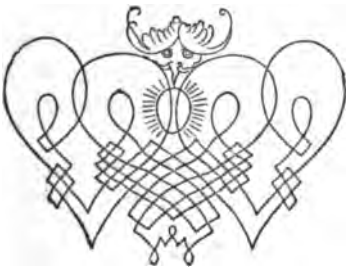
Upon a larger acquaintance with Beechwoods, she found nothing to which she could object. Little dainties from the late dinner made their appearance at the supper table, in welcome contrast with the Grove fare; and the maid, whose duty it was to wait in the schoolroom, seemed good-natured and desirous to please. It was enjoyable too, afterwards, to spend a quiet hour in the cushioned window-seat, gazing dreamily upon the peaceful scene without—the park, partly white with silvery moonlight, partly veiled in dim, mysterious shadow. If her thoughts now and again strayed in a certain prohibited direction, she resolutely forced them back again, and lay down to rest, more at peace with herself than she had been for many a long day.

(*To be continued.*)



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"QUEM VIRUM AUT HEROA."

HORACE, ODES I. 12.

1.

WHAT man, what hero shall the Muse proclaim,
Clio! with lyre or flute? What God? Whose name
Shall Echo's mocking voice resound
From Helicon's dark groves or Pindus' dells profound,
Or Hæmus clothed with snow? Hæmus, whose wood
By music charmed, blindly that song pursued
His mother taught to Orpheus—strong to stay
The wind, the rushing flood,
And bind the listening oaks to his melodious lay.

2.

Sing first of him who throned above
Rules gods and men, the earth, the sea,
The seasons' changeful harmony,
And circling planets—Jove,
He reigns supreme—alone—
Equal or greater, none.

3.

Pallas in honour next; and thou
Unconquered Liber! and the might
Of Dian, huntress-queen of night,
And Phœbus, lord of the unerring bow.

4.

Sing Hercules and Leda's sons,
The Horseman-god, the athlete bold,
High in the heavens enrolled:—
When from their starry thrones
Their silver beams they pour

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The surge subsides upon the rocky shore,
The clouds disperse, the storm is heard no more,
The threatening wave—for such their will—
Sleeps on an Ocean still.

5.

Say next what Roman claims the Poets' pen?
Great Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign?
Tarquin's proud fasces, Cato's noble death?
Regulus, or Paullus who on Cannæ's field
Lavish of life, disdained to fly or yield,
And gave to Rome his last expiring breath?
Camillus, queller of the Gaul,
Curius, with wind-tossed locks unshorn,
Fabricius bribe-contemning—all
From rustic toil and penury upborne
To triumph in Rome's Capitol?

6.

Marcellus' glory like a tree
Groweth in secret, silently:
The Julian planet blazes from afar
Like the full Moon that dims each lesser star.

7.

Guardian and sire of men, in whose strong hand
The Fates have lodged our Cæsar's destiny,
Reign thou aloft, Saturnian Jove! May he,
Second, but less than thou, at thy command
Bind captive to his car
The Parthian ever threatening war,
The Indian and the Mede to ruin hurled;
May he, 'neath thee, in justice rule the world!
Shake thou the spheres with fiery wheels, great Jove!
And bid thy thunder smite each sin-polluted grove!

STEPHEN E. DE VERE.

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GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

III.—THE SOUTH ATLANTIC AND MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

TAKING it all round, the North Atlantic trip is not a pleasant one; it is certainly hazardous, and the passenger can scarcely expect to escape "hard weather" of some description, even if he avoid cyclones or a gale on the green waters of Newfoundland's banks. The passage to the south and west is of a very different character. When one is acquainted with the western ocean, and has experienced the biting winds of its desolate colourless seas, it is like taking a yacht voyage to go more south to Jamaica, Colon, Trinidad, or to Pernambuco and the Brazilian coast. To run down the north-east trades even to a malarial country, for in all these places yellow-fever is endemic, is preferable to encountering North Atlantic weather, and if the voyage be extended further south, through the south-east trades, past the snow-bound Falklands to Magellan's Straits, where gales are perpetual, the sight of a land which is picturesque and interesting will atone for many disagreeables. From Magellan himself down to Darwin, there have been travellers who have touched even the barren desolation of the western part of the Straits with that personal interest which is given by the stories of courage, endurance and skill of the seaman, and the scientific discovery which implies all three qualities. Interesting as the North Atlantic is, the South Atlantic surpasses it in variability of charm; it is more the great ocean: by reason of its very greatness we must under present conditions go slower upon its surface, for the steamers which may run 3000 miles at 20 knots can barely reach a record of 14 when the distance is twice, thrice, or even four times as great. For it is over 6000 miles to Buenos Ayres, and 11,000 to Callao through the pass discovered in 1520 by Fernan de Magelhaen,

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The prevailing winds in the North Atlantic are westerly. Going to the West Indies we get partially into the region of the trades; voyaging to Brazil we pass through those of the northern hemisphere. These trade-winds blow all the year round in both hemispheres, and impart a peculiar character to the latitudes between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. They are due, of course, to the ascending air currents about the equator. The air which rushes in to supply the equatorial vacuum would, if the earth had no diurnal motion, blow from the north and south directly, but the daily motion draws the two currents to the west, and makes them north-east and south-east trades. They vary very much in strength; sometimes they are light breezes in which a sailing vessel can carry all her "stun-sails,"—if indeed she has not discarded these rapidly dying aids to progression, which do little good beyond supplying the foremast hands with work—and sometimes they blow with nearly the force of a light gale. They usually die a degree or two north or south of the equator. Yet once I remember getting heavy south-east trades two and a half degrees north of the line, which we crossed on a taut bowline at eleven knots. Steamers do not trouble about the Doldrums or region of equatorial calms, but I have counted fifteen sail boxing the compass a few miles north of the line, waiting for every catspaw to put them a little nearer the trade they wished to catch. The steamer goes straight through the oily sea, which is calm, but not without a faint swell, whose crests, discerned with difficulty, are far apart, and mark a coming wind, or one which has passed by. Whether true or not, it is a common opinion at sea that a swell may herald wind which is yet unfelt, and unnoted by the sailor's knowledge or barometric warning.

The service of steamers to North America, to the Dominion of Canada, and the Straits is simple. Although the distance is long enough, it is in character similar to the services of Continental boats which ply between Dover and Calais, Folkestone and Boulogne, Harwich and Antwerp. The main notion is to get the thing over. However comfortable a passenger may be, the vessel cannot become his home in a short week. Moreover, there are no intermediate ports. When we are at Queenstown or Moville we have not yet left the United Kingdom. But when we go south by way of Portugal to the Argentine, or further still to Valparaiso, the character of the voyage changes. We go slower, we stop oftener, we get to know people, we part

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from them, make new acquaintances, see half-a-dozen countries, become vaguely acquainted with a hundred curious customs, and find at the end of the passage that the vessel has become a home to us, that we have put down roots, become part of an organism. And this is only part of the difference. Going to New York, the passengers are English, German, or American. The passengers are practically all Teutonic, although a few Scandinavians may come among them. Going south, there is a very large proportion of the Latin races; Italian, and Spaniards, who talk a language which is truly Spanish and guttural, or softened and South American, are taken on board. The southern lines are more cosmopolitan, more mixed in the racial characteristics of their passengers. They also go slower, as I have said. There is some parallel between the American who wants to "do" Europe in three weeks and the rate of speed at which he comes, just as there is between the Spaniard and the lesser rate of travel which does not weary him as it would a Teuton, or Saxon, or American.

Two English lines have, to a great extent, the monopoly and command of the South American trade. These are the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, sailing from Southampton, and the Pacific Steam Navigation, whose headquarters are at Liverpool. As far as the east coast of South America is concerned, these two powerful companies are rivals. On the west coast the Royal Mail has no steamers, but by its West Indian boats takes passengers to Colon, whence crossing the Isthmus of Panama they can go south to Peru and Chile by the vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation. On that route to the south-west of America these companies work harmoniously and play into each other's hands.

The Royal Mail Packet Company received its charter in 1839. But it was 1842 before their first vessel left this country. She started from Falmouth, which was then prosperous; there were at that time no docks at Southampton. The speed of vessel that the Company contracted for was only 8 knots. It is now 13, and that is sometimes exceeded. In my first article I pointed out that the lost *Oregon* only required 55 tons of coal at 10 knots, while at 17 or 18 (if, indeed, anything could have driven her at that speed) she would have required over 200. This is the reason that ocean steamers on long passages cannot run at the highest rate of speed. A twenty days' passage would require 4000 tons of coal. Manifestly there would be no room on board for cargo. Once the Pacific Steam Navigation tried a

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speed over 16 knots, and gave it up on account of its disastrous effect on the half-yearly balance-sheet. The tonnage of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company is now 80,000 tons; they own vessels like the *Atrato*, of 5140 tons, 6773 horse-power (indicated); the *Orinoco*, of 4434 tons; the *Thames*, of 5645 tons; the *Magdalena*, 5140. The two last are on the Brazil and River Plate line, the others on the West Indian service. The two are practically distinct. In all, their fleet numbers 25.

For a number of years this line has been lucky as far as accidents are concerned. Yet those whose shipping memories run back as far as 1852 will remember the burning of the *Amazon* with great loss of life in the Bay of Biscay. Their list of disasters includes the *Guadiana*, *Paramatta*, *Dart* (lost on her first voyage), and the *Humber*. The *Rhine* and *Wye* and another vessel were all lost together in an awful West Indian hurricane nearly a quarter of a century ago. If, however, they have been fortunate of late in having no serious casualties, which do a line more harm than can be easily reckoned, they have met with a reverse of a different kind, for an American line of steamers sailing from New York to Colon has cut into their West Indian and trans-Isthmian trade. From Colon to Southampton takes by the R. M. P. Co., nineteen days. Now if a passenger takes the U. S. Pacific Mail boat to New York, and catches a fast Cunarder or White Star steamer, he can get to Liverpool in fifteen days. The result of this is that many going and coming to or from Callao, Peru, travel viâ New York, saving in this way at least four days.

Nevertheless, in spite of new and foreign competitors cutting into their business, they have by far the largest portion of trade in Central America and all the West Indian ports. They trade with Venezuela, at the port of La Guayra, perhaps, owing to Charles Kingsley and 'Westward Ho!' the best known to Englishmen of all ports in these seas save Kingston, which Michael Scott rendered equally familiar. Lamport and Holt's of Liverpool do not usually trade to these latitudes, though they run boats between Rio, New Orleans and New York, which last two ports are never visited by Royal Mail Packets.

The New York Company have completely cut the Royal Mail out of the Havana trade. They no longer run steamers there. On the east coast, to Brazil and the Argentine, the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company is also helping itself to some of the trade formerly shared by the two great English lines. To some extent this is due

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to many of the English boats going to three or four Portuguese ports, Vigo, Carril, Lisbon and Cadiz. The German Company is often chosen by those who do not care to be detained, even for a little while, if another vessel is going direct. From the public point of view such competition is not unwholesome, for a single line of old-established steamers becomes gradually as slow, uncertain and uncomfortable as some of the Railway lines in the south-east of England.

As I said above, very many of the passengers using these lines are Portuguese. There is always a certain amount of emigration going on from the Peninsula to the Brazils, while the stream of Italians to the Argentine has only recently been checked by the serious financial condition of the great country south of the Plate. The passengers on the homeward trip from Rio Janeiro usually include a large number of consumptive patients, known among the Royal Mail staff as "canary birds," on account of their extreme liability to die at sea. This fatal disease seems to be due to a great extent to the vile sanitary conditions under which a vast proportion of the poorer Brazilians live. These immigrants belong to some kind of society which is responsible for keeping them in time of sickness, and burying them if the malady is not cured. They find it pays better to expend £8 at once and send these patients home, than to keep them in Brazil until they die. There are many other diseases very rife in Rio Janeiro. From the medical point of view it is not a desirable locality for any but very quiet and well-conducted people to live in.

Naturally enough, seeing that the two continents of South America and Europe are in different hemispheres, the passenger traffic is dependent to a great extent on seasons. Homeward vessels in May and June are always full. Those outward bound at that time have more vacant accommodation. As the autumn comes on the cases are reversed, the northward steaming packets are then not crowded, while those who come north to avoid the cold winds from the Pampa again return home. While the seasons have thus a perennial effect on the passenger trade it is of course much influenced by less regular or more obscure causes. The financial trouble in the Argentine Republic, culminating in the revolution which succeeded although it was suppressed, not only made Celman retire with his ill-gotten gains, but checked immigration almost entirely. It did more, it drove thousands out of the country; it made labourers leave it to return to Italy; it caused retrenchment in hundreds of homes.

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What made Baring Brothers totter to their fall actually gave the River Plate steamers the job of taking fine carriage-horses from Buenos Ayres to Rio Janeiro, where things were not so bad, and where better sales could be made. While matters remain as they are in the Argentine, while there is no real security, political or financial, while the Government do not know their own mind, and there is a conflict between them and those who "engineer" the financial concerns of the country, there is little likelihood of permanent improvement.

Yet all these countries are so rich in natural endowment that they must one day be prosperous in a less feverish way than they have been. In the Amazon basin, which is being gradually opened up, there is sufficient wealth for a dozen European kingdoms; while there is already in existence the Amazon Steam Navigation Company, with a fleet of twenty-five steamers. The Company commence their service at Para, and three times a month run to Manaos, the principal city on the Amazon, 927 nautical miles from Para. Manaos is a prosperous town, and will one day be a great trade centre. From this place steamers run at intervals to Iquitos, which is a miserable enough place, but to which sugar and caoutchouc are brought to be shipped east. It gives one a good idea of the size of the Amazon to note that steamers of a thousand tons can reach Nauta, which is only about 500 miles in a straight line from the west coast of Ecuador. On the Pastasa vessels of 300 tons get to within 150 miles of Quito, Ecuador's lofty capital. The trade on the Amazon is capable of any amount of development, for it is to be remembered that it not only serves all Brazil, but the Amazonian provinces of Peru and Bolivia, which have been explored no further than to show that they possess the greatest vegetable and mineral wealth.

At present all the West Coast, Peruvian, Chilian, Bolivian, and Columbian cargo and passenger trade is done by ocean steamers. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company are practically dominant as far as passengers go, though the great cargo line, Lamport and Holt's, with their seventy steamers (of which some are chartered) take a large quantity of cargo at all ports in South America from Guayaquil in the north-west down to Mexillones, Iquique, Coquimbo, and on the East Coast northwards to Pernambuco. Any South American port of importance always has one of Lamport and Holt's steamers in it at the very least. But they take the rougher stuff, such as saltpetre, from Iquique,

and copper from Coquimbo, leaving the passenger trade to the Pacific Steam and the Chilian line "Compania Sud Americana."

This latter line once competed fiercely with the English company, but now they work more harmoniously together, having perhaps made some such agreement as goes by the name of "pooling profits" in Western American railroad rivalries. If a passenger misses the boat of one company, he can go on by that of the other,—to such amiable arrangements have they come. Practically then the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have no rivals on the west coast. So far as we may judge, their only trouble has been running ahead of the trade. Matters in all these South American republics are very shaky; in the land of pronunciamentos it is difficult to predict anything, and if bad trade does not always lead to revolt, prosperity causes some to wax fat and kick.

Like most of the big steamship lines, the Pacific Steam began in a very small way. The Company was incorporated in 1840, just at the time that transatlantic steam-navigation was an assured success.

In a way the history of this Company is an epitome of the mercantile progress of the South American Republics on the Pacific slope of the Andes. In 1840 these little fighting states began to think it possible that peace was more profitable than war; some far-sighted individuals even hoped for a time when it would become normal. It is necessary to grasp thoroughly the turbulent political condition of these States to comprehend how much intelligence and how much tact were needed to bring about the development of trade which exists to-day. Some few years before 1840 an attempt had been made to do steamship business on that coast. A Company formed at Panama sent out a packet called the *Sucre*, under the command of an experienced Italian. Running down the coast, he experienced so many difficulties—particularly in connection with the supply of fuel—that, in a fit of rage and desperation, while his vessel was lying helpless at Huacho, he set fire to the powder-magazine and blew her to pieces. He and several passengers perished in the explosion.

Although this was not encouraging, it did not prevent the starting of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which was due to an American, William Wheelright, who at the time was Consul of the United States at Panama. From his position he naturally was aware of the needs and possibilities of the neighbouring countries. He obtained from the Chilian.

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Peruvian, and Bolivian Governments the privilege of steam-navigation on their coasts for a period of ten years, and, coming to England, convinced the British authorities of his own trustworthiness and of the feasibility of the scheme. A company was organized, and, to begin with, two small boats were built of 700 tons register, with engines of about 150 H.P. When they arrived at Valparaiso they were received with great rejoicing and with salvos of artillery, while the then President of the Republic, Field-Marshal J. Augustin Gamarro, and his ministers were the first to welcome them. This was practically the beginning of the trade between England and South America, which now includes such items as 30,000 tons of sugar a year from Peru alone.

In the earlier days of this Company there were the same difficulties to overcome which had reduced the captain of *El Sucre* to a state of suicidal mania. The want of fuel was the chief. Even now all the coal used by steamers on the west coast comes from England in sailing-vessels. At the pit mouth in Wales it costs about 8*s.* at Cardiff say 12*s.*; the freight outward is, I think, about 35*s.* per ton. Thus the steam coal costs at the least, £2 7*s.* a ton. In this estimate I believe I am very moderate. Besides the lack of fuel there were many other troubles. Much of this coast is practically rainless. At Iquique, the saltpetre port, there is neither wood, water, nor vegetation. At Antofagasta rain rarely falls, the town is a foot deep in dust. Many coast-towns bring all their provisions from the interior and distil water from the sea. Thus for five years the steamers were worked at a loss; yet with perseverance better fortune came, and in 1852 a bi-monthly service between Valparaiso and Panama was begun. From that time on trade in the Pacific rapidly developed, and the success of the Company was practically assured. Adding one thing to another, in 1865 they established lines between the West Coast of South America, the River Plate, and the Falkland Islands.

In addition to their ordinary ocean-going steamers, they gradually added a number of coasting-steamers, which picked up freight and passengers at the less important places. As trade developed it was impossible for the greater vessels to do this work. The intermediate coasting service had a great effect upon the coast in renewing the life of little ports which were then almost moribund, besides calling into existence many others.

It is curious to remark that this Company, which was then

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trading in a far-off out-of-the-way region, was the first to use the compound engine for ocean-going steamers. And they were almost singular in this respect for a number of years after 1856, in which year they adopted the double cylinder engine.

It was not till 1867 that the regular service to Chili by way of the Straits of Magellan was instituted. It was thought, and as a matter of fact it was an extremely hazardous route, and to some extent it still is a little dangerous, but it is no more so than the English Channel, which is perhaps as perilous a place in many ways as there is in the world. But Magellan's had a bad character. After its discovery it was used for some time by sailing-vessels because it was not known that by going further south there was a way round the Horn, and in these narrow tempestuous waters vessels which depended on the wind were very often wrecked. After the discovery of the open sea south of Cape Horn and the Diego Ramirez Islands it fell into disuse; but steam made it once more possible.

The distance saved by going through the Strait is nearly 1000 miles, for the eastern entrance between Cape de las Virgines and Cape Espiritu Santo is in 52° 30′ South, and the Horn in 55° 15′ S. This in a voyage of 11,000 miles from Liverpool to Callao is a very considerable saving in time, wages, fuel, and general expenditure. The Straits are very wild and picturesque in character. In the eastern part they are wide, in some places 30 miles across between Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. The trees come down to the water's edge as they do in Puget Sound and in British Columbia. The channel runs for about 150 miles W.S.W. but then suddenly trends N.W. while it rapidly narrows, until in some places it is no more than a mile and a half across. Less than half way through there is a Chilian convict station at Port Famine. In the narrow half of the channel the scenery changes and becomes very mountainous, with sharp serrated peaks, or rounded granite knobs. It is almost always blowing heavily from the west. From the mountains, 4000 feet high, comes sharp squalls or whirlwinds, sometimes called *Woolliewaws*. There are several channels into the Pacific: the Cockburn, Barbara, Gabriel, and Main. Finally the whole western coast is broken into small islands. The navigation is now well known. Although the *Cotopaxi* belonging to the Pacific Steam was lost here, of late there have been very few casualties in these waters, which, as a rule, are "steep to," that is very deep close up to the shore, as they are

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in fiords and on the North American coast, to which I referred above. In many parts there are soundings of 250 fathoms.

No one nowadays has the bad times in the Straits that the discoverer had. Before he emerged into the Pacific—to which, by the way he gave its name—many of his crew died of scurvy, while the others were feeding on the dry ox-hide which formed part of the rigging, on sawdust, and on rats, which sold for a sum equivalent to half-a-crown.

In 1868 the paddle-wheeler *Pacific*, of 1,630 tons and 450 H.P., was despatched from Liverpool to Valparaiso as the pioneer of the new mail line. The experiment proved a success, and, two years later it was determined to extend the voyages from Valparaiso to Callao, and to increase the number of voyages to three each month. In 1872 the Company's capital was increased to £3,000,000, to enable a weekly line from Liverpool to Callao to be established. The s.s. *Sorato*, 4038 tons, 4000 I.H.P., sailed in January, 1883, as the first vessel under the new contract with our Government for a regular weekly service to and from Callao, calling at Bordeaux, the Spanish ports, Rio Janeiro, Monte Video, and Sandy Point (Punta Arenas), in the Straits of Magellan.

Now this was all very magnificent, but, in familiar American parlance, it was a little too "previous." The Company went on building, until in 1874 they had fifty-four steamers in commission, with an aggregate tonnage of 120,000 and an aggregate H.P. (nominal) of 21,395. This "effective" would be over 80,000 H.P. The fleet was a very fine fleet, but the business was not there when it was wanted. Most people can remember the inflation of trade in the early seventies, and they can also remember how every one over-built and over-produced until there came a crumble and a crash in half the trades of England. In 1873 the Pacific Steam Navigation Company was in the height of its glory, but then the trade curve began to go down, down, down, till it reached nadir in 1879. We are only just now climbing out of the commercial abyss. All this feverish feeling doubtless had its effect on the governing spirits of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company when it overbuilt itself. For overbuild it did; the traffic with South America fell off, if not absolutely in bulk at least relatively to the increased fleet, and the old fortnightly sailings were reverted to.

For at the same time that trade began to be a little shaky came fierce opposition. The Chilian Compania Sud Americana,

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to which I referred above, has a fleet of 17 steamers, some of which are 2000 tons. Then the Greenock Steamship Company, or the "Gulf" Line, runs to the same coast Their largest vessel is the *Gulf of Mexico*, 3172 tons. These go from the United Kingdom through the Straits of Magellan and act as feeders to the local coasting-boats of the Sud Americana. They load usually at Glasgow and Birkenhead. Besides these there are five steamers of the Compagnie Maritime du Pacifique, belonging to Havre, but loading at Liverpool. They have vessels of 3000 tons. Such competition as this in face of a falling trade barometer compelled the Pacific Steam Navigation to take in sail. Several steamers were sold, as the *Corcovado*, *Lusitania*, *Chimborazo*, *Garonne*, and *Cuzco*, in order to get rid of surplus tonnage. At present they own 35 steamers as against 52 in 1874, when the weekly service was started.

Under the circumstances of such competition on the west and the rivalry of the Royal Mail's 25 boats, it must be a matter of hard work and good management that a satisfactory dividend on the large capital is still being paid. The reduced capital of the concern is £1,477,125. The fleet is valued at £1,419,453 7*s.* 9*d.* Originally these vessels cost £357,896 4*s.* 3*d.* Thus the tonnage of the Company is now written down to about £12 16*s.* 6*d.* a ton, which is undoubtedly small probably less than the vessels are worth. Yet it is always well to give a large margin of depreciation. Six per cent. per annum is the least that can be written off with safety, ten per cent. would be nearer the mark. This company, like the P. & O., does its own under-writing, always a satisfactory thing for intending passengers to note. The sum standing to the credit of the under-writing account is over £166,000, or an increase on the 1888 account of £9000, even after providing for the loss of the *Cotopaxi*. The Company, with this exception, has been singularly free from serious disasters, considering the length of voyage and the navigation of Magellan's. The following is their record of casualties as near as one may gather.

SANTIAGO, paddle-wheel, struck reef in thick weather, January, 1869.
TACORA, screw, lost on maiden voyage from Liverpool, off Monte Video, 1872.
ILLIMANI struck on reef at Mocha Island, 1879.
CORDILLERA, in a snow-storm in Magellan's, 1884.
VALPARAISO, stranded off Vigo, 1887.
COTOPAXI, struck unmarked rock in Smyth's Reach, Magellan's Strait, 1889.

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The present prospects of the Company seem very good and will be better with South American development. It seems a little strange that they have not yet established a direct service between Liverpool and Colon, thus completing the circuit of South America. The passengers that they bring north to Panama are now taken by the Pacific Mail and the Royal Mail. If a fast boat ran direct to Liverpool from Colon and back without any long stay at West Indian Ports, it should get a large portion of passenger traffic now divided between these two.

When employment was found for some five of the newer steamers with the Orient Line, from London to Australia, a bold policy might have suggested this innovation. The *Orizaba*, *Oroya*, *Oruba*, and *Orotava* are still in the South-Eastern trade, but will most probably go back to their old South American business with that development of Chilian and Peruvian resources which English capital will and must bring about.

For something will be done in this direction. Even now there are some companies and corporations working up Peru, with money supplied by England. Mr. H. Guillaume, F.R.G.S., Consul-General for Peru at Southampton, told me sufficient about the country, which he represents there, to make a separate article.

The measure of the development of a new country is its means of communication; which represents its civilization, its true position in the rank of organisms. Now Peru, with its three distinct regions—coast, inter-Andean, and Amazonian—is practically without railroads, and is dependent for transit of goods on pack-llamas. Roads will make it a united country, and though the Amazon will take part of its produce, the bulk of it will for some time to come go to Callao and the other ports for the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to handle. Fortunately, although Peru has been unhappy in its relations with Chile, it possesses a President in General Caceres who seems in no respect to resemble the Balmacedas and Celmans, whose personal greed and ambition have plunged the Argentine and Chile into internecine war. If capital be judiciously expended in Peru—not lent on cedula bonds, which represent paper farms on sterile and arid deserts—the country will be one of the most prosperous in the West. What is wanted in South, as in North, America is less politics. The countries are usually governed too much.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company sails, as I have said, from Liverpool. The Royal Mail Packet Company makes its home in Southampton, which is a curious port in many ways. It

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has some enormous natural advantages. For one thing, its docks are mostly open, they need no gates; vessels can enter them at all states of the tide. At any rate, only the very largest when they are heavily laden need stay outside in the "Water," at dead low springs. Thus the curious natural phenomenon of double high tides within two hours of each other is not of such advantage as it would be to Liverpool or to London when we think of Greenwich Reach. These double tides are caused by the interference of the Isle of Wight with the natural Channel tides. The first high water comes in from the Needles. When the outside tide turns, the water inside begins to fall. But when the full outside ebb rushes in at the east end of the Solent, it again flows in Southampton Water.

Against these advantages are to be set its distance from the manufacturing and social centres. In this Plymouth, which set up as a rival, is even worse off. Then, since Southampton is built on the alluvium brought down by its rivers—the Test and the Itchen—there is difficulty in making foundations for the docks, as there is no true bottom to be found even at a considerable depth. Yet even if it never gets back the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which is the fond dream and highest ambition of Southampton, it will from its position in the Channel always be a great port of call. The Rotterdam'sche Lloyd Steamship Company's vessels come there regularly; so do those of the Nederland Steamship Company. The North German Lloyd's boats sometimes come in and always call outside. The Hamburg American Company, which has very large vessels, does the same. It is a great port to pick up passengers at. But save the Royal Mail Packet Company and the Union line to South Africa no lines make it their permanent headquarters. Besides those mentioned above, Lamport and Holt's vessels, some of which, by the way, sail under the Belgian flag, come in once or twice a month on their way from Low Country ports to South America.

Southampton does something in the way of building steamships of the smaller class, but this industry is at present of no great importance. The Clyde, Barrow, and Belfast practically build all the big boats. Harland and Wolff's at the latter do an immense business which sprang from very small beginning. An unsuccessful concern has been made successful by enterprise, knowledge, and good work. Belfast has a right to be proud of a concern like that of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, in whose

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yards are employed over 6000 men, while each week of the year sees a thousand tons of shipping finished. Last year's record was 48,000. A vessel of 10,000 tons usually takes many months, but if any especially quick turn out were required it could be completed in very few more weeks than the thousands in its tonnage.

Everything that is needed for the interior of a steamer is made on the premises, save large castings, which come from Manchester or Sheffield or Middlesbrough. The engines are set up in the shops in order to see that they work all right. Men employed by Lloyd's and the Board of Trade live in the works. There is practically no need for them; the very method of the firm is the best guarantee for the best work. It is impossible to see the place, to talk to any of the *employés* without feeling this. When I was there I saw two White Star boats on the stocks in an advanced stage. They are built to convey nearly 8000 tons of cargo.

It was this firm which built a boat to try Perkin's boiler and engines. This was a bold attempt to solve the difficult and at present apparently insuperable problem of making really high-pressure boilers. The pressure in the small cylinder of the highest tested triple-expansion engine of the day rarely runs over 180 pounds, but Perkin's boiler delivered steam at a pressure of 500 pounds, and if this could always be done, one important engineering problem would be solved, and boiler space could be reduced by two-thirds. But these high-pressure boilers are of very delicate digestion, and Perkin's boiler required the purest distilled water. Very little common drinking-water would destroy it entirely, and if a drop or two of oil got into the boiler it was done for. In the common double-ended marine boiler an incrustation over the furnace on the inside prevents the heat passing into the water, the plates get red-hot, the inside pressure bulges the softened metal, and technically speaking, the furnace "comes down," the fires have to be drawn, and the boiler cannot be used until it is repaired. But with Mr. Perkin's delicate boiler a film of oil produced the same effect. Therefore he invented a kind of metal for bearings which did not need oil. The machinery made unpleasant noises, but did not heat as ordinary bearings will do under similar conditions. Then for a long time, in the short passages between Belfast and Liverpool, the engine did well. It was a drawback that only one man,

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who was addicted to drink, knew how to manage her, for if he wanted an extra day ashore there was no one to contradict him if he said something was wrong with the boiler or the squeaking engine. Finally it was determined to try her on longer voyages. She went to the Mediterranean. There she was one day suddenly short of water. The boiler was rapidly emptying itself; some kind of water had to be put in. Sea-water supplied the temporary dangerous deficiency, but that was the end of the boiler and of the experiment. But some day the trick will be discovered, and the firm at Belfast will not be the last to take up the invention which can safely supply steam at a very high pressure indeed.

People often wonder why it is that boilers in our naval fleet are always coming to grief, but are resigning themselves to accept the fact with resignation. A naval breakdown is so common a matter that we all get used to it, think it Providence which is hard on the Admiralty, perhaps, because it does not like the fighting services. Yet in reality it is fairly easy to understand. The two great things needed in naval engines and boilers are first, that they shall be of such a shape and size as to lie low down in the hold of the vessel so that they may be well protected; secondly, that they shall generate steam quickly and at a high pressure. The boiler of the commercial marine is lofty, of the perpendicular type; that of the naval marine is horizontal. This latter approximates more to the locomotive or torpedo-boat boiler, both of which are, as at present known and used, of peculiarly delicate organization. A locomotive boiler is partially cleaned after every run. It goes to the "stables" like a horse. One is brushed down, the other most carefully brushed out. The furnaces too are different. In the naval type the fire-box is not under the boiler, that would lift it too high, it is in front of it, and the effect of the fire, as thus placed, on the metal of the boiler is more severe.

It is not for an outsider to say whether the Admiralty go in too much for experiment or not. It is at least possible they know what they are about. Yet disaster on disaster makes one enquire whether it would not be better to find a way to protect a loftier boiler than to design a low one which cannot protect itself. An unprotected commercial boiler may escape an enemy's shot, but our naval boilers seem fatally certain to destroy themselves. One thing at least in engine construction as practised in our navy seems bad, and that is that the engines

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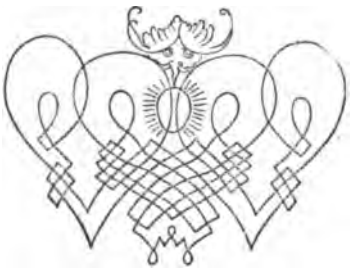
themselves have been reduced to a weight which is incompatible with safety. In some cases cranks, &c., are less by one-third than they would be in the best commercial engines. However carefully the work to be done may be calculated, a certain margin should be left for flaws. In too many cases the naval engineers seem to have taken measurements and weights which could only stand good for material which is ideally perfect. And the ideal is only to be found in the draughtsman's office. It is sufficient to know how the trial trips of our war-ships are made, to learn that those who are responsible for them have the most fear and trembling lest a breakdown should spoil the programme.

Yet on the other it should in fairness be added that war-ships *must* be in the front rank. It is the modern murderous competition of nations which forces the armed services to adopt new inventions, and if they have carried experiment to a hazardous limit, it is no more than could be expected of human beings who can scarcely verify their dangerous deductions save by the bitter logic of war. While in the mercantile marine every step is proved by trial, and nothing is considered good until it is shown it can pay by paying.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MEISSONIER—NOTES FROM PARIS—LORD CARRINGTON AT THE COLONIAL INSTITUTE—THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

MEISSONIER.

THE name of Meissonier had a place in the annals of French art even before it was rendered immortal by the painter of "1814." A certain Juste Aurele Meissonier flourished during the 18th century, and had the honour of perpetuating the countenances of several of the dainty gallants who graced Louis XVth's court. Some of the portraits done by him can be found, by those who care to look, hung in the garret galleries of the Château of Versailles.

Whether Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier owed any of his talent to this possible ancestor, certain it is that from earliest boyhood the provincial druggist's son showed an extraordinary predisposition for Art and all that concerned Art. Born at Lyons on the 21st February, 1815, the First Empire, to the end of his long life, was to him the greatest and most glorious page of French history and the most worthy of illustration. He was little more than a boy when, overcoming the worthy druggist's scruples—among the French bourgeoisie till quite lately artists and comedians ranked together as being disreputable Bohemians—he entered Leon Cogniet's studio, and most seriously set himself to work. Among his then fellow students were Daubigny, Daumier, Dechaume and Trimolet, and it was by the latter's advice that he set himself specially to study the methods of Dutch painters in the Louvre.

When in a genial mood, Meissonier would sometimes refer to the days when his only regular income was fifteen francs a month (about fivepence a day) allowed him by his father, supplemented, 'tis true, by occasional drawings ordered by some charitable editor or publisher. Among the various volumes partly illustrated by him may be mentioned Royaument's Bible, Lamartine's "Chute d'un Ange," and Bernadin de Saint Pierre's "Paul et Virginie." Indeed orders for work of this kind soon came in so quickly to the young artist, that it is a marvel Meissonier ever found time to paint a picture. Even as late as 1845 he

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was commissioned by the great publishing house of Hetzel et Cie. to illustrate Stahl's quaint fairy tale, "L'Histoire d'une Poupée et d'un Soldat de Plomb." And many years later, more as a labour of love than anything else, the great painter illustrated a certain number of Balzac's works.

Although necessarily working in the midst of both Romancists and Classicists, Meissonier took neither side in their famous bickerings, and remained, as far as he could do so, ignorant both of the men—Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, Dupré, Boulanger, etc.—and of their work. His first work exhibited, or rather accepted, at the Salon was entitled, "Une visite chez le Bourgomestre," and was noticed by the critics of 1834 as being more Flemish in feeling than other attempts made to reconstitute the period. This picture, after passing through several hands, was finally bought by the late Sir Richard Wallace, who had one of the finest collections of Meissonier's earlier paintings extant.

Meissonier had a passion for series—for sets—which rarely distinguishes the artistic temperament. Change was abhorrent to him, and he would never have concurred with the characteristic French proverb, "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien." On the contrary, he was ever striving to better what others told him was his best. Among his series illustrative of 16th and 17th century manners and customs, may be mentioned, "Les joueurs d'échecs," "Les Joueurs," etc.

In 1855 "La Rixe" proved to those, who had openly declared that microscopic imitations of certain Dutch masters and careful reconstitution of the past constituted the limited extent of Meissonier's talent, their mistaken appreciation of the artist's power. The fiery embodiment of "A Quarrel," was the somewhat inappropriate gift presented to the Prince Consort by Napoleon III. as a souvenir of his and Queen Victoria's visit to Paris. It is but fair to add that Prince Albert had especially remarked the painting when going through the Salon, and had expressed a strong interest in the artist. The Emperor gave Meissonier twenty thousand francs, then considered a fancy price for so small a canvas, and "La Rixe" now hangs in the dining-room of Osborne House.

Notwithstanding the impression made by the vigorous power of this painting, and that of "Un Souvenir de la Guerre Civile," a reminiscence of the barricades of '48, his contemporaries persisted in thinking that Meissonier's true vocation lay in *genre* pictures of a dead and gone, but picturesque age, the old *régime*. It was not till 1860 that "Napoleon III. à Solferino" gave the critics a taste of the quality destined afterwards to make him France's greatest and most typical military painter.

On the declaration of the Italian War the artist, suddenly wearied of his quiet sedentary life, asked leave to accompany the Emperor as painter to the Army. "Solferino" started the series of Meissonier's military pictures, for 1864 saw exhibited "Campagne de France," better known under the title of "1814," and which was the first painting directly

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illustrating the Napoleonic cycle. Then followed "Le General Desaix à l'Armée du Rhin," one of the marvels of the Great Exhibition of 1867. "Une charge de cavallerie," 1869; "Les Cuirassiers," now styled "1805"; "Friedland" or "1807," afterwards bought by Mr. Stewart the American millionaire for £12,000; and last not least the splendid little canvas exhibited last spring in the Champs de Mars, "Octobre 1806."

Meissonier at every period of his career was, artistically speaking, a misogynist, and the pictures in which he deliberately introduced a feminine figure could be counted on the fingers of one hand. A village Phyllis serving beer to thirsty travellers was, it is true, one of his first exhibits, and "Le baiser d'Adieu" depicts prettily the parting of two fond lovers; but even when painting a lady's portrait he could not resist seeing his sitter *en laide*, a peculiarity Madame Meissonier and her charming daughter bore with equanimity, but which induced Mrs. Mackay to cut up a work of art, for which her husband had just paid £4000, into strips, thereby unwittingly causing great satisfaction to the great artist's enemies—and he had many.

Of Meissonier the man, it is difficult to speak, so entirely did he live in, for, and with his art. His country and Paris *ateliers* were almost facsimiles of one another, and sternly innocent of the usual studio "properties." The value of the various studies and finished works, which he always refused to sell, contained in his Paris house alone is said to have been 3,000,000 francs.

Legends of *le maître's* extraordinary application and conscientious effort in perfecting his work have long been current. Certain it is that he constantly destroyed, effaced, and recommenced the most trivial details on the canvas on which he happened to be working, rather than perpetuate anything unworthy of his palette.

The French artist of to-day, full of the old Spanish and Italian traditions, longs to found a school. The young painters admitted to his studio become dearer to him than his own sons, and he forgets his past triumphs in congratulating himself on their successes. They on their side remember, and pay due reverence to him whose chief claim to fame will perchance be that of having had them as his pupils, for it is no uncommon thing to see in the *Salon* catalogue the name of some great master of his craft, followed by the significant phrase "élève d'un tel." Poor "un tel" forgotten long ago had it not been that his humble studio was once honoured by the presence of budding genius.

Meissonier, singularly out of sympathy with the rest of his fellows in that as in everything else, allowed none of those who crowded round him to call him *Maître*, and to the end boasted of but one pupil,—but what a pupil! Edouard Detaille, the kindly, brilliant soldier painter, whose studies of military life make a fitting pendent to the "Chants du Soldat" of Paul Déroulède.

Meissonier never had reason to repent of the exception he had made,

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The affection and loyalty of the pupil for the master became legendary, and a certain witty *bas bleu* is reported to have exclaimed: "Had I still a marriageable daughter, with what joy would I give her to Detaille! the man must be an angel! he has never quarrelled with Meissonier!"

Their meeting came about somewhat in this wise. Detaille, then seventeen and artist-mad, knocks boldly at the great painter's door and demands an introduction to Cabanel. Meissonier, marvelling somewhat at the audacity of the boy, grimly informs him that, as is *du reste* usual where his colleagues are concerned, he is not on speaking terms with the gentleman, but consents to see the youthful aspirant's sketches, and finally invites him to his country cottage at Poissy.

Eighteen months later, Detaille exhibited in the *Salon* of '67 a small picture which attracted a certain amount of interest; its subject was "Intérieur de l'Atelier de Meissonier," and the following year Edmund About wrote in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' "Je vois peindre un jeune élève de Meissonier, qui pourrait bien passer maître, un jour ou l'autre. Il se nomme Detaille; il a exposé une halte de tambours, un vrai bijou."

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, Meissonier became Colonel de la Garde Nationale, and had, oddly enough, J. L. Brown and Manet the impressionists under his orders. Detaille joined the Mobilles de la Seine, and realised Charlet's vivid dictum, "le vrai peintre militaire doit tout croquer sous le feu" (the military painter should study under fire).

Of what led to the violent Meissonier-Julian-Bouguereau quarrel last year volumes might be written. Meissonier's friends believe that the excitement and difficulties consequent on the founding of the second *Salon* contributed greatly to his death, yet never, according to the testimony of those round him, had he seemed so truly in charity both with himself and those round him as last spring. Every detail connected with the Champs de Mars Gallery was settled by him, and the most faithful, constant habitué of *le Salon Meissonier* was the little grand homme himself, taken by the gay Parisian boulevardiers surging round him for some provincial bourgeois, so little did he appear what he was, and so unknown was the personality of their greatest painter to *Tout Paris*; for of the complete exhibition of his collected works held in '86 he left his son, Charles Meissonier, himself an artist of no small merit, to do the honours. The artists associated with him in the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts—Carolus Duran, Cazin, Dagnan-Bouveret, Duez-Gervex, Roll, etc.—marvelled at finding their formidable President so affable and considerate.

Notes from Paris.

The death of the painter Chaplin, following so closely upon the death of Octave Feuillet, has caused many parallels to be drawn between the artist and the novelist in their respective lines, characterised in both

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cases by the sort of refinement particularly appreciated in aristocratic circles. Chaplin was the painter of high life, as Octave Feuillet was its novelist; the roseate, dreamy charm of the former, and the graceful elegance of the latter, being equally well-suited to the style of the Second Empire, when fashionable beauties strove to resemble fairies and nymphs, rather than ladies of high degree.

All Chaplin's feminine portraits are delicately lovely, and the sitters must often have felt the pleasant surprise of the internal inquiry: "Am I really so pretty as that?"

We cannot, however, think that the comparison with Octave Feuillet is to the advantage of the latter; for the pen of the novelist showed in many instances a degree of vigour which the pencil of the artist never reached. Chaplin's picture are dreams of beauty fixed on the canvas; but he could never have painted the equivalent of Octave Feuillet's 'Monsieur de Camors.' His range was confined to wonderfully pretty women, with marvellous complexions, emerging from clouds of filmy drapery, or mythological studies of "foam of the sea" goddesses and rosy Cupids for the decoration of palaces.

His painting will have in the future a peculiar value of its own, apart from its real artistic merits; it bears the stamp of the period, and recalls the Second Empire, as the works of Boucher and Watteau revive the eighteenth century, and the reign of Louis XV.

Chaplin was of English parentage, but he was born in France, had always lived there, and was naturalized a Frenchman. His early life was one of hard struggle; he had known penury and even want. To his credit, be it said, that he was unspoiled by prosperity, and that he was singularly free from conceit and presumption. He never forgot his early difficulties, and often reverted to them with the greatest simplicity, and always showed great kindness and generosity to others requiring his aid.

He had warm friends, and his death, at the age of sixty-five, is deeply lamented.

The terrible winter of this year, the numerous deaths in all classes, and the misery suffered by the destitute, are the universal subjects of conversation, and the most worldly among Parisians have come forward generously to assist those in need. The appeal of the Press Committee met with a quick response, and in twelve days the subscriptions received amounted to 500,000 francs (£20,000).

Refuges were opened even in the Exhibition buildings, and the splendid galleries of the "Palais des Arts Libéraux," which during the great Exhibition were filled with the wonders of the world, now shelter 2500 homeless outcasts, who are fed and warmed and given beds, which, although only of straw, must seem soft as down to the poor creatures who, in this excessive cold, had slept under the arches of the bridges, or on the banks of the Seine below the quays.

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The great butcher Duval has given 30,000 rations of soup, and the large shops have vied with each other in sending clothes and coverings, so that extreme destitution finds efficacious relief without the endless "red tape" formalities of the official "Bureau de Bienfaisance," which, though not wholly unnecessary, are yet regarded as a great grievance by the applicants. It would not do probably to enquire too closely into the past history of the greater number of those who are now sheltered and fed at the present time of exceptional difficulty. They are mostly vagrants of the most hopeless kind; it is sad to note that more than a third of those admitted are children of from eight to thirteen years of age, absolutely forsaken; street arabs getting their living, such as it is, by doing odd jobs or begging.

Four other refuges have been opened by the Government, besides those already established by private philanthropy or Catholic charity.

Among the latter is one deserving especial notice, because it is a permanent institution, and not limited to the present time of exceptional distress—that of the "Hospitalité du Travail," * kept by the "Sœurs du Calvaire," which is open only to women and children. All who apply are admitted without any questions, irrespective of creed or nationality, so long as it is possible to find a corner for shelter.

The sisters sleep anywhere, even in the passages, so as to find room for applicants, and yet the Superior told us that she had the sorrow of turning away, perforce, as many as twenty-seven in a single day! Those who can be admitted are kept for three months, and are employed according to what they can do; the greater number, however, are not competent for any better work than washing, or carding wool for mattrasses. And yet, according to the testimony of the Superior, the deserving are in a proportion of *two-thirds* to the whole of those assisted. Women of various classes apply—even teachers and governesses. Strange to say, the really bad characters will not remain in the house, however destitute they may be, and within a few hours they ask to go.

This most useful institution is struggling against many difficulties, and fully deserves to be better known.

Some philanthropists have proposed to revive a form of charity greatly in favour at other times of public distress—that of redeeming the small articles pawned for a sum under twenty francs at the "Mont de Piété," the Government pawnbroking establishment. Past experience has, however, proved that the practical benefit of such assistance is very questionable. Numbers sell their tickets, so that those who would profit by the gift would not be the original owners in most cases, and even supposing the tickets to have been retained, in the case of the very

* 52 Avenue de Versailles.

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poor the articles have to be taken back to the Mont-de-Piété the very next day. But it is asserted that the really indigent do not go to the "Mont-de-Piété," for they have nothing to pawn; but, rather, people either in temporary difficulties, or those having reason to hope for better days. Many pawn what they can, to meet the terrible day of "Le terme," the quarter's rent, which *must* be paid, and then redeem the articles by their own savings. Many tradesmen, seeing a good opening in return for a sacrifice of money, go to the "Mont-de-Piété" to get necessary funds instead of borrowing elsewhere. Many owners of land, and farmers also, have recourse to such means to pay for improvements.

In the month of August the applications are numerous on the part of people wishing to get the means of going to the sea-side, or to watering-places, and who pawn jewellery for that purpose, which they redeem in December.

The "Mont-de-Piété" was besieged during the Exhibition of 1889 by Parisians desirous of increasing their stock-in-trade, or preparing to receive visitors.

The prohibition of Victorien Sardou's play of "Thermidor" has caused an immense sensation in society, the cause of which lies far deeper than the mere privation of seeing an interesting theatrical performance. Here is a clever play, on which immense sums have been spent, the work of a popular writer, brought out at the "Comédie Française," with the very best performers of that unequalled company. A play approved by the committee appointed to examine dramatic works, approved by the Minister holding the privilege of the English Lord Chamberlain, highly applauded and enjoyed by the *élite* of French society, and it is to be suppressed because a few Radicals choose to be displeased at the horror expressed for Robespierre and the guillotine!

Either the Government sympathizes with the monstrous deeds of that time, or it is strangely afraid of displeasing the modern Terrorists, to whom we owe the Commune.

And those who were resigned to accept a peaceful and respectable Republic look anxiously towards the future, wondering what it may bring forth, with such elements of discord on the one side, and such strange complacency on the other.

Lord Carrington at the Colonial Institute.

The recent gathering of the Fellows of the Colonial Institute at Prince's Hall to listen to an address on Australia from Lord Carrington, the late Governor of New South Wales, was one of especial interest. By a happy inspiration of the distinguished President (so it appeared) the date itself marked the 103rd anniversary of the settlement of

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the Colony. But apart from the *éclat* afforded by the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the personal compliment of so brilliant an assemblage, both the matter and the manner of Lord Carrington's remarks were excellent. It was not merely that he brought "a good report" of the distant community over which he had for five years presided; but there was a racy good-humour in his sentences, which seemed to reflect something of a life made genial by a kindlier sun and fuller draughts of "God's glorious oxygen."

In the first place Lord Carrington was struck by the *expansiveness* of Australia, in general, and of New South Wales, in particular. The average family of that Colony numbers more than four children; its trade, during the short period of his rule, increased from £40,000,000 to £46,000,000; its output of minerals in the last ten years had more than doubled in amount; and finally its flocks and herds were so fertile, that in 1890 it pastured 50,000,000 sheep—or half the sheep of Australasia!

Although the five years spent in the midst of this community were described as "five happy years," the speaker insisted no less upon the responsibilities than the pleasures of his office. One personal experience he related, illustrating the irritation which may arise from the deficiencies of the present connection between the Colonies and Mother-country, —how he returned from a pleasure cruise to find, through a mere Colonial Office mischance, the "city of Sydney in a very considerable state of excitement"; and how the "Chinese Restriction Bill was passed in a single night through all its stages, and sent up to the Legislative Council." The temper of the Colony at this special crisis may be gauged from the famous declaration of Sir Henry Parkes, made in his speech in support of the Bill, and undoubtedly expressive of the feeling of all Australia at the time: "Neither for Her Majesty's ships of war, nor for Her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State do we intend to turn back from our purpose, which is to terminate the landing of the Chinese here for ever!" All this irritation because the Colonial Government were denied the "courtesy of a reply" to a telegraphic message which could not be answered, because the despatches upon which the answer depended took six weeks to get to England!

After such a narrative, Lord Carrington's criticism of Imperial Federation fell harmlessly enough. Indeed, the peculiar aspiration "to defy the Separatists and the Imperialists alike," is only an extreme instance of the speaker's capacity to identify himself with the community over which he presided. In other respects this capacity, which Lady Carrington shared with her lord, was an unmixed gain. For, in a country where the sun is too bright to tolerate dulness, to possess a genial disposition is to be *of* it and not merely *in* it. But not only did Lord Carrington successfully identify himself with the pursuits and interests of the people at large, but he carried away pleasant recollections

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of particular persons. To Sir Henry Parkes he paid a lofty tribute: "He can speak like a statesman, and work like a slave." Of Dalby he spoke as of one worthy to be commemorated in the crypt of St. Paul's by the side of Nelson and of Wellington. Of one side of his character—his literary skill—he did not speak: but in respect of this the Australian statesman is furnished with a monument, *ære perennius*, in the words of the Australian poet Kendall:

> "He, having lived so long with lords of thought,
> The grand hierophants of speech and song,
> Hath from the high, august communion caught
> Some portion of their inspiration strong."

There were practical suggestions, too, for producing a genuine community of feeling throughout the Empire. Are we not making too much of a *foreign* order of the Order of St. Michael and St. George? Why should not the Chief Justices of the Colonies be made life members of the House of Lords and admitted to the Privy Council? Why again are members of the Upper Houses compelled to relinquish the title of "Honourable" everywhere except in their own Colony? Cannot the professions in the Colonies and England be amalgamated? All these are questions which Lord Carrington asked, and they are worthy of consideration: at any rate they show us how "Australia, as Lord Carrington saw it," is far removed from "the days of the shakle and gyve," commemorated by Marcus Clarke, or of the Bushranging Experiences of Rolf Boldrewood's charming tales.

The Royal English Opera House.—"Ivanhoe."

The most general, if not the greatest musical excitement for the last twenty years, has undoubtedly been the production of "Ivanhoe" at the new theatre in Cambridge Circus. It was no ordinary "first night" event which thronged the streets outside the theatre with a patient, expectant, and enthusiastic crowd. The real reason was that English Opera of a high order has been for years a thing desired by the general public. The failure of the Lyceum and of the St. James's as English Lyric stages in bygone days, by no means damped the ardent national desire to possess one; it is in itself a testimony to national character, that, what failed under Arnold, Braham, and Kean should be undertaken again to-day with indomitable pluck by Mr. D'Oyley Carte, proving, we believe, that the national desire for English Opera must have a successful issue sooner or later. Even the drama chosen for this remarkable undertaking has been essayed before. Sir Walter Scott speaks in his journal of hearing an operatic version of "Ivanhoe" in Paris, probably the same which was given at Covent

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Garden in 1829, under the title of "The Maid of Judah"; other versions of the famous novel have likewise appeared upon the operatic stage. But past reminiscences must not be allowed to interfere with the present, though they require to be recalled in order to show that the importance of the opera in question is itself, after all, of secondary importance to the event it forms in the annals of English lyric drama.

The consideration of the music and libretto of "Ivanhoe" must necessarily here be confined to a very inadequate space in which to do either justice. It would be useless to deny that there has been very general disappointment felt regarding very much of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. The work as a whole has not been a revelation in any way, and shows rather the composer's limitations than his strength. This applies to most of the choral music, where echoes of the Savoy intrude themselves too strikingly for serious opera. The "Good night" music and the Templars' Hymn seemed to be the most approved numbers by the public. Also we have known some time from other sources, how thoroughly well Sir Arthur can do imitations of Old English airs, such as the Friar's "Ho jolly Jenkin" and King Richard's "Oh, I would be an outlaw bold," but neither of these are much above the level of those operas with which he annually charms us in another theatre, where they are more appropriate. But at the same time there is fine dramatic music in "Ivanhoe," so fine that it is difficult to imagine why the general level is not higher. The whole of the last scene in Act II., where Rebecca in the turret chamber at Torquilstone repulses the Templar's love, is as fine and *musically* dramatic a scene as could possibly be placed upon the stage. The prayer of the Jewish maiden ("Lord of our chosen race") who sees before her only death, which she chooses rather than dishonour, is worthy to rank with the foremost of operatic creations; the entire scene contains dramatic music of the very highest order. The tremendous duet following Rebecca's prayer, seemed to reveal musically the whole strength of two marvellously strong natures; the sensuous determination of the Templar striving for mastery over the girl's still stronger faith and love. These feelings Sullivan has put into every note of his music. When, at the bugle call, Brian de Bois Guilbert rushes away, and Rebecca falls on her knees with the words

> "And if thou camest with all the lords of Hell
> I would defy them in the name of Him
> Who set His bounds e'en to the eternal sea,"

the curtain descended to genuine enthusiasm and prolonged cheers. This act contains the jewels of the opera; there are other charming numbers, but they are not great, nor particularly fresh in treatment. The work has been called a "melodious opera," and it certainly contains no Wagner elements, but neither can we feel that melody is very strongly represented in it. It is impossible not to regret the fresh melodious instinct connected with Sullivan's "Loves of the Wrens," and

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many a Shakespearian setting. How truly does Ruskin put the old adage, "Work while you have light, *specially while you have the light of morning.*" The orchestration is throughout very fine, and received under the composer's *bâton* the most ample justice from the band. The principal artists in the cast acquitted themselves quite excellently from a musical point of view, but only one of them can, at present, lay any claim to an actor's powers; we were surprised to see that an opera, produced under Sullivan's direction, should retain so much obsolete conventionalism in what acting there was. M. Oudin was the notable exception in question, and it must be added that Miss Macintyre's singing made everything forgotten except the beauty of her voice, and the dramatic instincts of her performance. Compared with the criticism of the music comparatively little has been said regarding the libretto of Mr. Julian Sturgis. At the same time we believe it shows in several ways greater advance regarding English operatic drama, than the whole of the music put together. It proves, as an essential point, that, in the first place, well-written English is necessary to a proper hearing of any opera in our own language. For years the opera-goer has said, "No good to attempt so and so in English, it does not suit the language!" Our language, all the same, is good enough for the world's finest poetry, and it should certainly suffice for the best opera ever written; but to obtain this result it is necessary that *libretti* should be written by poetic literary artists, not mere dictionary translators. In Mr. Sturgis such an artist has been found, though of course, by being the original librettist, he has had a freedom which may be denied the translator. His book is throughout admirable and powerful. He has shown what is required for opera in English, and how well it can be carried out as regards libretto, more powerfully by far than Sullivan has shown it as regards music.

A serious "Savoy," night after night, is not what is wanted here. It is a national opera of the world's great masterpieces, English included, written in competent English, in our national tongue.

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OUR LIBRARY LIST.

A PLEA FOR LIBERTY: AN ARGUMENT AGAINST SOCIALISM AND SOCIALISTIC LEGISLATION. Consisting of an Introduction by HERBERT SPENCER, and Essays by various writers. Edited by THOMAS MACKAY, Author of 'The English Poor.' (Second Edition. *Murray.*) To take charge of every man's business, or to induce the State to do so, would appear in these days to be the most cherished object of a whole class of politicians and philanthropists. Their policy is included under the vague and Protean term of Socialism, and its ultimate power for good or evil no man can forecast. The writers of this volume regarding this policy as deeply injurious not only to the welfare of the nation at large, but especially to the manliness, the enterprise, and the individual character of our working population, have issued this powerful and opportune protest against the demoralizing influence of Socialistic legislation. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his Introduction—perhaps the most telling and popular Essay he has ever penned—points out to the workman that in shaking off the so-called tyranny of the capitalist employer for the real tyranny of a federated class, he is forging for himself fetters, compared to which his present condition is one of freedom and ease. Of the Essays themselves, as will be seen from the titles, some deal mainly with principles, some with facts. We have not space here even to enumerate them, but we would especially bestow a word of praise on Mr. Fairfield's account of the state of things which Socialistic legislation has led to in Australia. This Essay should serve to open the eyes of many who have not tested their theories by the standard of facts. The work may briefly be described as a sort of anti-Socialistic *Lux Mundi.*

A RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR AND THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS OF ARMENIA: GIVING A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS OF BOTH THE MUSSULMAN AND CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS. By H. C. BARKLEY. (*Murray.*) Mr. Barkley's name will be familiar to many of our readers from his two works, 'Between the Danube and the Black Sea,' and 'Bulgaria before the War,' in which he described his experiences while engaged

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as an engineer in constructing the Kustendji and Tchernavoda Railway. These books, which we believe met with considerable success, exhibited no little narrative skill, together with a strong vein of humour. The same qualities are discernible in the work now before us. Mr. Barkley and his brother made a wide circuit in Asia Minor, penetrating right across the Continent from Brusa to Adana in Cilicia, and returning by the Euphrates valley and Diarbekir to Trebizond. This route includes a district from which many ominous tokens of political commotions have recently come, and of which we are probably destined to hear much more in the near future, unless the Turkish Government bestir themselves in an unheard-of manner to introduce reforms and protect their own subjects. Mr. Barkley has much interesting information to give us about the habits and customs of the various races who inhabit the continent, and of the self-sacrificing American missionaries who labour among them.

VINCIGLIATA AND MAJANO. By LEADER SCOTT. Author of 'Renaissance of Art in Italy,' 'Tuscan Sketches,' &c. (Florence: *Printed by G. Barbèra*, 1891.) This handsome volume, the work of a lady already known for her contributions to Italian history and literature, contains a description of the mediæval Castle of Vincigliata, near Florence, restored by Mr. Temple-Leader, and of the fine Tuscan Villa of Majano, also belonging to this gentleman, and of the numerous objects of art and antiquity which they contain. Vincigliata has long been visited by travellers and by students of the remains of the feudal era in Italy. Some forty years ago, when it was purchased by Mr. Temple-Leader, it was little more than a heap of ruins. He resolved to restore it, as far as possible, to its original state. Having first made himself thoroughly acquainted with the architecture and remains of edifices of the same period, he employed in carrying out his views a young architect of considerable skill—Signor Giuseppe Fancelli—whom he had himself educated for the work. This attempt at restoration may be said to have been completely successful. The Castle, with its towers, battlements, and crenellated walls, on a beautiful hill overhanging Florence to the north, is one of the most picturesque objects in the lovely landscape which surrounds the Tuscan capital. Having restored the Castle, Mr. Temple-Leader sought to place in it such furniture and works of art as might illustrate the period to which it belonged. The description of this ancient stronghold and of its contents has been a labour of love to Mrs. Leader-Scott. She traces back its history to some two centuries before Arnolfo commenced the Duomo and Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, to the time when the nobles of the city divided into the two factions of the "Biance e Neri"—afterwards Guelphs and Ghibellines—were engaged in perpetual strife, and raised such strongholds on the neighbouring heights. In the fourteenth century Vincigliata was in the possession of the Visdomini, a

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noble family belonging to the Guelph party. It was then stormed and sacked by Sir John Hawkwood, during the wars between Pisa and Florence, and to the great English Condottiere may probably be attributed its ruined condition in recent times. We gain from the remains of such a fortress as Vincigliata, as described by Mrs. Leader-Scott, an insight into Italian life during the most interesting and romantic period of Italian history. Of the large and varied collection of works of art—Etruscan and Roman remains, mediæval sculptures and early pictures—brought together by Mr. Temple-Leader, she has given a detailed description, and her work is illustrated with numerous views of the Castle and the Villa of Majano. We may add that the text is well printed, and does credit to the Florentine publishers.

ESSAYS, REVIEWS, AND ADDRESSES. By Dr. James Martineau. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*). No one who is familiar with Dr. Martineau's later works can fail to mark with interest the gradual emergence in these early essays of many of the leading ideas of his philosophy. The founding of theology upon ethics, the doctrine of an intuitive conscience as the source of moral judgments, the volitional form of the causal idea, the dread of that Pantheism which is the danger of Unitarianism, all these characteristics of Dr. Martineau's thought are to be found over and over again in this volume. His love of metaphor and somewhat over-rhetorical style are no less apparent, though these are defects which time has partly remedied. These Essays deal for the most part with the problems of half a century ago, yet their freshness and intrinsic interest is surprising. The estimate of Newman's mind and work in 'Personal Influences on Present Theology' will appeal to many as just, and the essay on Comte in a lighter vein deals many shrewd blows at the founder of Positivism. It is strange to read in 1891 of the hopes that were centred at the time of the Crimean War in a possible restoration of Poland to serve as a barrier against Russian aggression, and it is a little difficult to realize the fear lest the Southern States of the Union should extend the area of slavery in the New World. But these political essays are valuable as affording an insight into the mind of a generation now passing, though time has reversed the anticipations of their author. We shall look with interest for the further instalments of Dr. Martineau's papers.

LETTERS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Edited by Anne Mozley. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) It was natural that Cardinal Newman, who attached so much value to letters as to preserve almost all which he received, should have looked forward to the publication of his own correspondence and have made some provision for it. The work has been most carefully done by the

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editor to whom he entrusted it; but whatever the interest of the collection may be to those personally concerned, we doubt whether it will appeal to a wider circle of readers. So very much of what is here presented to us has been already incorporated into the 'Apologia,' that to the generation who knew not Newman it reads like ancient history. Perhaps the most interesting letters are those which he exchanged with his sister, Mrs. John Mozley, on the eve of his joining the Roman Communion. With these the book comes to an end, the rest of Cardinal Newman's Correspondence being left in the charge of a member of his adopted Church.

LETTERS FROM ROME. By the Rev. T. Mozley. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) It was Mr. Mozley's privilege to be sent by the *Times* to Rome as a "Special Correspondent" during the six months occupied by the sittings of the Œcumenical Council called together by Pius IX. He now republishes his letters, and they are eminently worth it, both for the interest of the subject-matter and the charm of the style. The history of the Council and its revolt against the dogma of Papal Infallibility, which it had been summoned to establish, is in the highest degree instructive to those who would find in the Roman Church that model of unity and strength which seems to have vanished amidst Protestant divisions. We commend these volumes to all who wish to be enlightened upon the various methods whereby unanimity may be secured, and we can assure them that their search after truth will be enlivened by much pleasant gossip and discourse upon men and manners by the way.

LATER LEAVES. By Montagu Williams, Q.C. (*Macmillan.*) The success of Mr. Montagu Williams' earlier volumes has led to the issue of these 'Later Leaves.' Partly they are a mere continuation of his experiences both in his practising days and as a police magistrate. Partly, however, they are concerned with some of those social problems connected with the life of the poor at the East-end. Mr. Montagu Williams is an admirable *raconteur*, and the interesting stories he has to tell lose none of their point in his skilful hands. But the more important part of his work is contained in his final chapters, where he relates his inspection of some of the slums and his own views as to the best way of dealing with the landlords of these unsavoury localities. It is noticeable that Mr. Williams is no friend of "General" Booth's schemes for redeeming the "submerged tenth."

TRENTE ANS DE PARIS. Alphonse Daudet. (*Collection Artistique Guillaume.*) The title of this book, combined with the author's name, must of itself claim interest. There is nothing that this age demands more eagerly than personal gossip about the people who have

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won fame in any line. The *why*, the *how*, and the *wherefore* of an author's life and method of work is almost more interesting to the public than the works themselves. How far this taste should be gratified is a question of ethics. When an author of M. Daudet's genius takes the public into his confidence, our only feeling is one of gratitude for a very fascinating volume of reminiscences, portraits, episodes, and pictures. This is not a book of confessions, still less is it a consecutive autobiography. With the instincts of a true artist, M. Daudet is more concerned to give us finished pictures of certain scenes and events in his life than a bird's-eye view of the whole. Thus the siege of Paris is merely alluded to incidentally, while every detail of the boy's first arrival in Paris stands out sharply defined in black and white. So with the portraits of the men and women who crossed his path during these thirty years. Some are portrayed with a word or phrase, over others the artist lingers after the manner of his kind, dwelling on some especially humorous or pathetic trait, enlarging certain details and drawing out salient points. A book of personal reminiscences is of necessity egotistic, but Mr. Daudet's egotism is never aggressive, and never *ennuyeux*. We might say a great deal more of this attractive book, but perhaps the best that we can say of it here is to advise all who have not already read it, to do so at once.

WALKS NEAR EDINBURGH. By MARGARET WARRENDER. (*David Douglas.*) This unpretentious little volume has a more far-reaching interest than its name would imply. The motto of the title-page, "Haud fast by the past," gives the key-note to the contents of the volume, in which much interesting antiquarian matter is collected and discussed in an easy pleasant manner. The neighbourhood of an old historic town is a rich store-house of legends and traditions, of romantic memories and graver historical associations. But with the ever-growing requirements of the present, there is an ever-increasing tendency to encroach on the past. Old walls and houses are pulled down, and new streets and villas rise in their places. What we gain in accommodation we sacrifice in picturesqueness, in poetry, in patriotism even, for many of the legends and stories connected with these old places are bound up with the heroic deeds and chivalrous daring of our race. To Miss Warrender it has been a grateful task to collect these recollections of a past day, and to recount them to the present generation in a lively, interesting manner. The book does not lay claim to any great critical or archæological interest, but it is full of pleasant historical and antiquarian gossip. It is well illustrated by the authoress.

TWO PENNILESS PRINCESSES. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We are always glad to welcome a story from Miss

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Yonge's prolific pen, but we do not think that in the present instance she has risen to her usual level of excellence. Some of the characters introduced are old friends with whom 'The Caged Lion' has made us familiar; but 'Two Penniless Princesses' lacks the spirit and interest which characterized the earlier story. Perhaps this is partly due to the very broad Scotch which is the usual medium of conversation, and which seems to us broader than might be expected from Princesses even in the fifteenth century. We might mention that the Princesses in question are the orphan daughters of the ill-fated James I. of Scotland, whose journey to the Court of Henry VI. of England, and thence to the Provençal home of his wife, affords an opportunity for the introduction of a variety of historical characters.

THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE. (*Chapman & Hall*). This is a strange and somewhat daring romance, the scene of which is laid in the year 2100. The supposed author, one Trent Farthing, who here records the history of future years, is a Librarian in the Guild of Workers in Wood. At the period at which he writes, England has of course lost her commercial supremacy, Socialism has destroyed the wealth of the land, and London presents but a very shrunken image of its former self. A similar decay has overtaken most of the nations of the Continent, and the power that is dreaded is China, which has already absorbed all the East and is slowly threatening the West. The interest of the book lies in the appearance of one Alpha, who is the future Christ. His struggles to convert the world to a belief in his Divinity, his sufferings, the wonders of which he is the author, and his final disappearance, are treated with a vigorous touch which, if somewhat bold, is not irreverent. The exact value, however, of such romances as these, except as a pure exercise of fancy, is somewhat hard to see.

FANTASY. By MATHILDE SERAO. (*Heinemann.*) The Italian authoress, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is here translated for an English public, is probably better known in her own country than elsewhere. She obviously belongs to the school of realism or naturalism, and is content with those small canvases in which the American novel-writer delights. "Fantasy" is a tale which only concerns the fortunes of four people whose domestic and connubial relations have been unfortunately commingled. The treatment throughout, however, is very strong and good, and although the tale can hardly be described as a pleasant one, the earlier scenes of convent life are described by a master hand.

MADEMOISELLE IXE. By LANOE FALCONER. (*The Pseudonym Library. T. Fisher Unwin.*) The author or authoress has had the advantage of having this novelette favourably mentioned by Mr. Glad-

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stone. Apart, however, from such recommendation, it can stand on its own merits as a clever little study of a country home into which is introduced a governess who gives her name to the story. The contrast of character between the interesting stranger and the inmates of the rectory, where for the time she is residing, afford ample opportunity for dramatic scenes. The governess turns out to be a Nihilist in disguise who is bent on the destruction of a Russian magnate. Hence it will not be surprising to our readers to learn that a catastrophe occurs which not only destroys the peacefulness of this quiet neighbourhood, but ultimately sends the enterprising governess to a Russian prison.

THE STORY OF MEXICO. By SUSAN HALE. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) The romantic story of Mexico might have been expected to prove more interesting than it has been made in this volume, which falls rather below the level of this generally excellent series. The writer seems to have been afraid of being charged with making myth into history, and tells us very little of the centuries before the Spanish Conquest. She hints repeatedly at different views respecting the Mayas, the Aztecs, and other native races without anywhere fully discussing them, and altogether this part of her work is disappointing. On the last two centuries she is at her best, her account of the war with the United States being especially clear and vivid. The style of the book leaves something to be desired.

GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND. By the REV. W. P. GRESWELL. (*Clarendon Press.*) This is a companion volume to the author's 'History of the Dominion of Canada.' It is well arranged, furnished with good maps and an excellent index. It gives much valuable information about the North-West Provinces which intending emigrants would do well to study.

THISTLEDOWN. By ROBERT FORD. (*Alexander Gardner.*) This "book of Scotch humour" is heavier reading than its title would have led us to expect, and we rather suspect that it would require a dogged perseverance not common on this side the Tweed to wade through the three hundred pages of uninviting-looking type here presented to us. Many of the stories are in themselves excellent, but there are twice too many of them, and a good many of the best are already familiar to us in the pages of Dean Ramsay. However, they will serve as a mine to the professional diner-out if he can master the true pronunciation, and may even wile away an occasional half-hour for the general reader.

DRAKE. By JULIAN CORBETT. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is a thankless task to tell again the thrice-told tale of the Armada; but we

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think that Mr. Corbett would have been more successful had he been content to be less rhetorical. The biographer of Francis Drake must perforce deal with much that is already familiar to the readers of 'Westward Ho,' and the adoption of a somewhat fervid style of narrative, suggesting as it does an unfavourable comparison with Mr. Kingsley's delightful story, seems to us a mistake. But, style apart, we have a clear account of the ceaseless struggle for the mastery of the seas in which Drake's life was spent, though as a study of character Mr. Corbett's sketch seems to us somewhat inadequate.

POEMS. By NINA F. LAYARD. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

POEMS, BALLADS, AND BUCOLICS. By H. D. RAWNSLEY. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We received these two volumes together, and therefore treat them together, but they are of very unequal merit. Miss Layard has genuine poetic feeling, and a certain power of personification which raises her poems above the level of magazine verse. A good instance of the way in which she realizes her images is to be found in 'A Rain Sonnet;' whilst the poems 'Night' and 'Day' show her quick sympathy with varying moods. Mr. Rawnsley, on the contrary, deals mainly with the commonplace, and the admiration for heroic deeds which he expresses in these ballads would have found in prose an equally appropriate expression. The "bucolics" are more successful, though the spelling of the dialect is a little variable, and does not to a Lincolnshire ear seem to give quite the true sound. The best of them to our mind is 'A Farmyard Soliloquy,' which has caught the spirit as well as the speech of the Lincolnshire folk.

AN HONOURABLE ESTATE. By LOUISA CROW. (*Chapman & Hall.*) This is a first novel. We know it from internal evidence, and merely turn to the title-page for confirmation, not information. Before the authoress makes a second attempt we should advise her to pay special attention to the choice and construction of a plot. Some improbabilities are allowable, but not a series of glaring absurdities such as attend Ralph Brenthurst's attempt to recover his rightful inheritance from the grasp of a wicked uncle. There is an innocent and beautiful trustfulness on the part of the injured nephew, combined with an absolute ignorance of legal formalities, rare, we fancy, in an educated workman. Nor do we think that many young ladies possessed of such a large share of common sense as Percée is credited with, would go through the form of marriage in the place of an unwilling bride, and yet be surprised to find themselves legally bound.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1891.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION: A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

DURING the last month the attention of Englishmen has been directed to the Colonies by two events of special importance. Not only has the course of the Canadian elections been watched with keen interest, but telegraphic reports have placed us in possession of the main features in the debates of the Convention, which assembled on the 2nd of March, at Sydney, to discuss the formation of a central authority for the Australasias. According to these reports the delegates of the various colonies stand pledged to a series of resolutions, moved by the President, Sir Henry Parkes, embodying the main outlines of a Federal Constitution, and the principles to be observed in its creation. This Constitution is closely modelled upon that of the British North American Colonies, which, according to the veteran Australian statesman, combines the best features of the systems of the United States and Great Britain. It includes: (1) a Federal Parliament; (2) a Supreme Court for Australasia; and (3) an Executive, consisting of a Governor-General and responsible Ministers, as in Canada. The Federal Parliament includes a Senate, with members contributed in equal numbers by the several states, and a House of Representatives, which latter are to be elected from districts arranged on a basis of population.

The principles—four in number—which are to be observed in the creation of the Federal Government, provide for the maintenance of all existing rights belonging to the several colonies (except so far as such rights are in actual conflict with the new Federal power) and for the establishment of intercolonial free trade. Moreover, the Federal Parliament is to be invested with the power of imposing customs duties, and with the control of the united naval and military forces.

It is hoped that the following short account of the Federation

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movement will contribute to the understanding of events now happening in Australia—events in which Englishmen are and must be deeply concerned.

In 1883 a Convention, in which the various Australasian states were represented, met in Sydney to discuss the formation of a Federal authority, with the result that a bill was drafted, which, after being remitted to the local legislatures, was submitted to the Imperial Parliament. The most difficult task which the delegates had in framing this constitution, was to form a central authority in such a manner as to avoid the appearance of even the slightest encroachment on the powers of the separate state legislatures. There were, however, two groups of subjects, which, it was found, might be usefully delegated to the Federal Council.

(1.) Certain subjects which the legislatures of the separate colonies could not by the nature of things discuss, and for which new powers were conferred by the Imperial Government:* and (2) matters of "general Australian interest" coming within the authority of the several state legislatures, but, with respect to which, it was "deemed desirable that there should be a law of general application." The first group included such matters as the relations of Australasia with the islands of the Pacific: the prevention of the influx of criminals, and fisheries in Australian waters beyond territorial limits: bills, however, dealing with such questions were "reserved for the significance of Her Majesty's pleasure." The second group included such questions as "the enforcement of judgments of courts of law of any colony beyond the limits of the colony; and any of a number of subjects which might be "*referred to the Council by the Legislatures of any two or more colonies:*" among those being "general" defences, patents, bills of exchange, uniformity of weights and measures, recognition of marriages, &c. This latter clause so alarmed the sensitive feeling in favour of the rights of the local legislatures that the following proviso was added: "Provided that in such cases the acts of the Council shall extend only to the colonies by whose legislatures the matter shall have been so referred to it, and such other colonies as may afterwards adopt the same." The deliberations of the Convention were crowned in 1885, by the passing of an Act to constitute a Federal Council of Australasia by the Imperial Legislature. In the Federal Ceuncil thus constituted the self-governing colonies were re-

* Imperial Act, Vict. 49.

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presented by two members, and the Crown colonies by one. The method of appointment was left for the decision of the local legislatures.

This Act was adopted by Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania. South Australia was prevented from joining the Federal Union by *temporary* political causes; New South Wales and New Zealand by considerations of policy.

It will be convenient to complete the account of the work of the Federal Council. It met at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1886, in 1888 and in 1889. In the conference of 1889, it was attended by delegates from South Australia, and it is noticeable that after discussing various questions such as Fisheries, the Pacific cable, and the investment of English Trust funds in colonial securities, an address on the subject of Samoa was sent to the Queen, the substance of which was telegraphed *directly* by the President of the Council to the Secretary of State, instead of being communicated through the medium of the Governor of Tasmania.

Independently of the Federal Council, on several occasions the local state governments have taken united action in respect of matters of general Australasian importance. The mission of Sir William Jervois to inspect and report upon the defensive works of the Australasian Colonies was followed by a considerable and systematic expenditure for military defence purposes. In the ten years previous to 1884 (for example) the colony of Victoria spent in defence the sum of £1,100,000; while in the single year 1885, £231,038 was devoted to that object. Again in the Chinese Immigration question, a meeting of representatives of the different governments was held, with the result that something like united action was taken by the Australasian Colonies. Even more important was Admiral Tryon's scheme for the creation of an Australasian Federal fleet at a cost of £150,000 war, and £95,000 peace, footing, which was put into effect by the Australasian Naval Force Act of 1887. This was an agreement between the Imperial naval authorities and the several governments of the Australasian Colonies for increasing the naval force for the protection of the floating trade in Australasian waters at their joint charge. In forming this agreement care was taken (on behalf of the colonies) to make the additional ships *bonâ-fide* available for Australasian defence; *e.g.* it was stipulated that "these vessels were not to go outside the limits of the Australasian Station," and that "no reduction of the Imperial force" was to

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take place. On the other hand, the rights of the Imperial Government were maintained by clauses which placed the ships under the command of the Admiral of the Australian Squadron, and assigned them precisely the same status as H.M. ships in general. The "additional force" consists of five fast cruisers and three torpedo boats in time of war, and three cruisers and one torpedo boat in time of peace. The Imperial Government pay the original cost, and the Colonial Governments pay up to £91,000 *per annum* maintenance in time of peace: in time of war the Imperial Government are further charged with the maintenance of the reserve vessels. It is noticeable that New Zealand, recognising that she was able to avail herself of the full advantages of *Naval* defence, at once adopted this Act.

Up to 1890 the nett result of the various movements tending to produce Australasian Federation were:—

(1.) Some legislative powers not enjoyed by the separate colonies had been conferred by the Imperial Government upon the Council representing "Australasia."

(2.) A commencement of a system of land defence had been taken in hand; and a satisfactory system of naval defence established.

(3.) The principle that representatives of the various Colonial Governments should confer upon questions of general Australasian interest had been put into practice.

So much for the past.

On February 6, 1890, a Federation Conference was held in the Legislative Council Chamber at Melbourne which was attended by the following delegates:—For New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes and the Hon. W. McMillan; for Victoria, the Hon. Duncan Gillies and the Hon. Alfred Deakin; for Queensland, the Hon. J. M. Macrossan and Sir Samuel Griffith (leader of the Opposition); for South Australia, the Hon. J. A. Cockburn and the Hon. T. Playford (leader of the Opposition); for Western Australia, Sir James G. Lee-Steere; for New Zealand, Captain Russell and Sir John Hall; for Tasmania, the Hon. A. J. Clark and the Hon. B. S. Bird; for Fiji, Sir J. B. Thurston (Governor).

At the final meeting held on February 14th, the following address to Her Majesty was adopted unanimously.

"We your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the members of the Conference assembled in Melbourne, to consider the question of creating for Australia one Federal Government and representing the Australasian Colonies, desire to approach

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your most gracious Majesty with renewed expressions of our devoted attachment to your Majesty's throne and person. . . . &c.

"We most respectfully inform [your Majesty] that we have unanimously agreed to the following resolutions:—

"That in the opinion of this Conference the best interests and the present and future prosperity of the Australasian Colonies will be promoted by an early union under the Crown, and, fully recognising the valuable services of the members of the Convention of 1883, in founding the Federal Council, this Conference declares its opinion that the seven years which have since elapsed have developed the national life of Australasia in population, in wealth and in the discovery of resources, and in self-governing capacity to an extent which justifies the higher act at all times contemplated of the union of these colonies under one legislative and executive government on principles just to the several colonies.

"That to the union of the Australasian Colonies, contemplated by the foregoing resolution, the remoter Australasian Colonies shall be entitled to admission at such times and under such conditions as may be hereafter agreed upon. That members of the Conference should take such steps as may be necessary to induce the legislatures of their respective colonies to appoint during the present year delegates to a National Australasian Convention, empowered to consider and report upon an adequate scheme for a Federal Constitution. That such convention should consist of not more than seven members from each of the self-governing colonies, and not more than four members from each of the Crown Colonies."

The first of these resolutions, declaring the necessity of the "union under one Legislative and Executive Government," was moved by Sir Henry Parkes, the leader in the present Federation movement, and the Premier of New South Wales—the only Australian Colony remaining unrepresented in the Federal Council. It remains to explain how such a change of policy, both in the man and in the state, has been made possible.

Now in the year 1889 two events happened which impressed Sir Henry Parkes with an idea of the importance of the Federation movement. One was the visit of Mr. G. R. Parkin, a delegate from the Canadian Federation League, to Australasia. Without under-estimating Mr. Parkin's great ability as a popular orator, I venture to think that the results of his personal interviews with

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prominent politicians in Australasia will be more important than the effect of his public addresses. Especially he pointed out in private converse the advantages of the Canadian system, by which only a Governor-General was appointed from England, thus preventing the occurrence of any opportunity for innumerable causes of friction, and especially for such lamentable differences as had arisen between the Imperial and Colonial Governments in the last appointment of a Governor for Queensland. The other was the inspection of the various local forces available for land defence in Australasia by an Imperial officer—Major-General Edwards. The gist of his reports was, that the citizen forces of the separate colonies, separately organised and under separate commands, were worthless to defend Australia (in attacking which country a convenient basis would be found in Tasmania); but that the same forces (at the same cost), organised under one central authority, would supply a very respectable defence force, the whole power of which would be equally available for defending any portion of the Continent. The creation then of an adequate land defence system, without increasing either the cost or number of men (except proportionately to the increase of population), is the ultimate basis of the present movement, just as the necessity for preventing the immigration of French criminals was the *causa efficiens* of the Federal Council. But why not use the already existing Federal machinery? Because (to use Sir Henry Parkes' own figure*) the Federal Council is in the position of a town council, entrusted with the care of maintaining streets and public edifices, without having any authority to levy rates. The question of general defence was one of the questions which could be referred to the Council, but only for discussion. This, then, is where the Council is useless for the purposes of a genuine central authority; and it was just here that the danger of disagreement lay in the Conference. Mr. Deakin, representing Victoria, a colony which had supported the Federal movement from the very first, not unnaturally was of opinion that the existing Federal Council should be employed, and that a further Federal Constitution was unnecessary. Sir Henry Parkes, on the other hand, asserted that, to deal with the question of defence, the Federal Council was useless. For a few days the whole cause of Federal union seemed jeopardised. On Saturday, February 8, the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote: "The fact is, as we have said before, it is not only the tariff question which blocks the way to the esta-

* Speech at Liverpool, N. S. Wales.

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blishment of a Federal Government . . . *The Federal Council is the first obstruction to be removed.*"

But this necessity for the organisation of the military resources of the country would not have been a sufficient *causa efficiens* had it not been accompanied by other changes in public opinion with reference to the fiscal policies of the two leading Australian States. Up to 1889 the finance policy of Victoria and New South Wales were diametrically opposed; the former was a protectionist, the latter a free-trading community. But in this year certain modifications were effected in Victorian protection, by which the purely State egotism was brought into conflict with an Australian nationalist principle, which opposed to Victorian protection the wider interest of nationality. And so it came about that the coalition Government, of which Mr. Gillies and Mr. Deakin were the leaders, advanced this principle (in the words of the author of 'Problems of Greater Britain'): "To have no fresh border duties upon Australian products, and to gradually abolish those in force, the aim being to obtain a common tariff on the sea-board of Australia, and free trade within the limits of the Australian Continent." The same authority adds that, at the end of 1889, "It might be paradoxically asserted that the Victorian protectionists under Mr. Deakin had at this moment become free-traders without knowing it. They argued in favour of that inter-colonial free trade which is the only kind of free trade that is now of very much importance in Australia; while those who were opposed to them were the practical protectionists in desiring inter-colonial protection."

In New South Wales, on the other hand, an opposite movement has been taking place. The large free-trade majority was so much reduced at the General Election of 1889, that the numbers stood at seventy-one free-traders and sixty-six protectionists; and even this small majority was subsequently reduced by the loss of a seat. Of the forty-one metropolitan members, only five protectionists were returned—a fact which shows that the strength of the protectionist cause lies in the agricultural and pastoral constituencies, where the men are anxious to retaliate upon Victoria for the stock-tax and similar duties. Also wealthy persons are beginning to be afraid of a land-tax or property-tax; indeed the Free Trade Conference of 1889, held at Sydney, practically committed the party to direct taxation in some shape or form. It is commonly said that Sir Henry Parkes wishes to "hedge" on the question of free trade—that, finding that his

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majority is slipping away from him, he wishes to create another question upon which he can appeal to the country with the certainty of being placed at the head of affairs. On the occasion to which allusion has previously been made,* Sir Henry Parkes, in words of great dignity, emphatically repudiated any such idea. "The doctrine of free trade," he said, "was the doctrine of light," and that "just as certainly as the darkness was banished by the rising of the sun, would the doctrine of protection be ultimately driven from the earth." Moreover, he asserted that free trade "would ultimately prevail in Australia." Such a theory is, however, unnecessary, and it is sufficient to suppose that the veteran colonial statesman sees that there exists a sufficient basis of mutual advantage to allow New South Wales and Victoria to unite in a fiscal policy of inter-colonial free trade and extra-colonial protection. Granted that the protection policy has forced the growth of certain industries in Victoria, and that the start thus gained will enable the Victorian manufacturer to undersell those of New South Wales in the immediate future, yet the extraordinary mineral wealth of the latter country should make its people confident in the ultimate triumph of their manufacturers. The wealth of New South Wales in this respect is scarcely recognised beyond its own borders, yet it is quite unparalleled. The coal-fields of Great Britain only cover an area of 4000 square miles; the approximate area of the New South Wales coal-fields is 25,000. Although the total out-put in 1884 reached the very respectable figure of close on 3,000,000 tons, yet this immense store is only just being "tapped."

The average price of the coal per ton (in the same year) was, in the northern district, 9*s.* $1\frac{9}{16}$*d.*; in the southern, 10*s.* 4*d.*; and in the western, 5*s.* $\frac{5}{22}$*d.* The quality of the northern coal (of which Newcastle is the centre) is said to be equal to that of English coal for all purposes, and in some cases even superior. It is exported largely to Victoria and the other Australian colonies, and New Zealand; to Hong Kong, San Francisco, Manilla, Japan, India, and South America; and over 1000 vessels are employed in the work of exportation. Even supposing, then, that the Victorian manufacturers should maintain or increase their lead, the people of New South Wales reckon upon supplying them with coal. The seams of coal are in some parts of the colony found in immediate connection with iron ores and limestone, and other minerals. Mittagong, for example, is the centre of an incredibly rich iron and coal district,

* Speech at Liverpool.

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while only fifteen miles away at Joadja Creek there is a bed of shale containing kerosene to the estimated extent of over a million and a half of tons. Where iron, coal, manganese, and limestone are found in convenient proximity, the development of manufactures of iron and steel cannot be long delayed.

The union of these two foremost states would gradually attract the rest of the Australias, were these latter states disinclined to Federation (which is not the case). Of course, in a union of states of different growths there must always be differences of opinion on certain points. Queensland, for example, still requires assisted emigration to open up her large tracks of back country, while New South Wales and Victoria have both become independent of such aids to population. At the same time there is a sufficient number of mutual advantages (outside of the great question of defence) to counteract the disadvantages arising from these inequalities in political stature. Among the chief administrative advantages to be reaped by union, both in respect of efficiency and economy, may be mentioned the improved management of railways and the consolidation of the separate state debts. The late Mr. Westgarth proposed some twelve months ago a financial union of the Australian Colonies, which, he said, would enable them to borrow unitedly at 3 per cent. instead of separately at 3½ or 4 per cent. The objection then raised to the proposal, viz., the unequal indebtedness and resources of the different colonies, would not apply if a genuine Federal Executive were established, for the gist of that objection lay in the fact that neither New South Wales nor Victoria were prepared to guarantee the debts of the poorest of the group without having any control of her expenditure.

As to the position of New Zealand, it is true that for the present its inability to participate fully in the advantages of a Federal Union, may cause it to stand outside until a convenient season arrives. At the same time the New Zealand delegates made it plain by their language at the conference that this attitude was the result of geographical conditions and not of any objection to the principle of Australasian union. Speaking on February 12th, 1890, Sir John Hall said that—"He earnestly assured the Conference that the proposal from New Zealand to confine Federation to the Australian Colonies came . . . in no spirit of want of appreciation on their part, or on the part of those who sent them there, of the value of an Australian united dominion. . . ." He further remarked that the 1200 miles

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which separated New Zealand from Australia, making it necessary for their delegates to leave home for long periods, was the cause which prevented them joining the Federal Union, and he added that, "He thought the arguments advanced by Sir Henry Parkes in favour of the establishment of a Federal system of defence irresistible."

Lastly there is the man.

Of the plainest exterior and of humble origin, Sir Henry Parkes is yet able to address a birthday letter to the late English Premier, and to write a magazine article containing personal reminiscences of the Poet Laureate. Unsuccessful and unhappy in the routine business of official work, he is a man who possesses the faculty (essential to statesmanship) of including a large area in his mental glance. In ordinary addresses his remarks are hardly noticeable, except for the perfect ease with which he makes his apparently unending speeches, and a certain slipshod manner of expression which a master of the art often assumes when a younger speaker would take greater pains. It is in the *acharnement* of debate that the deep-sunken eyes gleam and the man rises to his full stature. The drawling, slipshod utterance is changed for a strong and firm tone. With merciless severity he fixes upon the weakest point of his adversary's armour and discharges bolt upon bolt until he overwhelms him. Above and beyond all, he is in sympathy with the people of Australia. He is *at home* there; his very weaknesses and vanities are felt to be but touches of the nature "which makes us all akin." Before Sir Henry Parkes took up the Federation movement, the Federal Council, the sole exponent of Australian Federal union, was an inert and lifeless institution. From the moment that he took it up the Federation notion advanced beyond all expectation, opinions were changed and new adherents won almost daily.

Macte virtute esto, for such union seems likely to complete the promise of the Australian race. But whether the labours of the Convention are immediately crowned by success or not, it is certain that (in the words of Mr. Brunton Stephens) the day of the Dominion cannot long be delayed.

"Not yet her day. How long 'not yet'?
There comes the flush of violet!
And heavenward faces, all aflame
With sanguine imminence of morn,
Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim
The day of the Dominion born."

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

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ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER VII.

IN after years when Swift proposed, though he probably never seriously intended, to make additions to his story of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' he mentioned "The Windsor Expedition," or "The Indisposition at Windsor," as an incident not to be omitted. The weeks which Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh had spent at Kensington in the summer of 1711 had also marked a stage in the advance of their intimacy. Esther had gone thither on a visit to an invalid friend, and Swift, in search of country air and lodgings, had been nothing loth to take some rooms within easy reach of her temporary home. He had a fancy for educating ladies, which was singular perhaps, but praiseworthy, at a time when most of those he met in the finest society read or wrote worse than a modern maid-of-all-work; evening after evening that summer had he brought his book into the parlour, where Esther's friend lay on her couch and she herself was sitting by her, book in hand, or preparing against his probable coming the fragrant coffee which his soul loved. The long softly-draped figure and pale intelligent face of the invalid, the window beyond her opening on the purple night and the silent masses of the Kensington trees, the big moths floating in at it and booming and banging against the candles—there was not a detail of the scene which did not vividly return to Esther's mind ten years after, when Swift bade her remember "The Sick Lady at Kensington." These evenings and the semi-accidental meetings of a morning in the Gardens, alone or behind the sick lady's chair, gave Swift and Esther a feeling of special intimacy

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with each other, beyond his general intimacy with the family as an old friend of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's hospitable house. He had always indeed entertained a secret partiality for Esther, at first because she bore a name he liked to utter, and afterwards for her own sake. He called her a "presuming chit," when she threw herself ardently into the discussion of the politics which were then his own absorbing interest, and an "ignorant, romantic brat," when she praised her own favourite romance or criticised some one else's; but for all that he listened.

Up to the Kensington episode, however, he had not regularly read with her or directed her studies. He had loved almost as well—more, Esther thought—to pun and laugh with Molly, to rally her on her "fellows" and bring her French sweetmeats, begged from Lady Bolingbroke's store. It was the one point on which Esther had ever felt inclined to resent her sister's superior attractions. Since at the age of sixteen she had first made his acquaintance, Swift had been the particular object of her homage. Perhaps Francis was right in accusing her of mingling some vanity with her preference for distinguished wit. Nemesis does not often smite totally unprovoked; it is in the disproportionate weight of her punishments, not in the innocence of the victims, that her injustice is shown. On wet days or when he had nothing else to do, as he was careful to tell Mrs. Johnson, Swift had long been in the habit of dropping in to dinner with Madam Van, and spending hours either in the front parlour with the smart and the witty people who somehow affected the ladies' society, or in the "sluttery," as he nicknamed the back-parlour, over coffee and oranges with them alone. As often as not he mentioned his visits to the house in his Journals to Mrs. Johnson, but no one reading those brief allusions of his would guess that the parlour where he represented himself as yawning away his time he knew not why, was called by him in a letter to another, "the happiest place in the world."

On his return from Windsor with the completed *History of the Peace of Utrecht* in his portmanteau, the readings were resumed. Molly assisted at them less frequently than before. The two sisters' paths in life showed ominous signs of separating. Up till now their tastes and pursuits had not been fundamentally different; each had liked reading, dancing and company in her different degree, though in the matter of company Esther had always been fastidious. But Molly's enjoying temperament and universal popularity were leading her more and more into a

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world that was merely gay and fine, while Esther grew more and more impatient of any society, except that in which she could at least talk of matters in which her master was interested. She asked no better amusement than to sit on a stool by the fire with her elbows on her knees, reading Rollin's *History of the Ancients*, or Mr. Dryden's translation of *Virgil's Æneid*. Swift's lessons she was able to return in kind, for having been educated at a school kept by a French lady in the neighbourhood of London, and having also spent some months in Paris, her French was very superior to that of most other young ladies who aspired to a knowledge of that language. It annoyed the Doctor to be unable to join in or even follow the conversation at Bolingbroke's, when some of his host's many foreign acquaintances were among the guests. In his anxiety to improve his knowledge of the language, he even read with Esther a considerable portion of *Le Grand Cyrus*, though no one had less patience than he with the still fashionable French romance.

It was half after eight o'clock one evening in the February following the Windsor expedition, when Esther Vanhomrigh was just lifting the coffee-pot off the fire in the back-parlour, that a loud chairman's rat-tat-tat sounded at the street-door. She stood listening with the coffee-pot in her hand. Presently from the wide passage that served as a hall there rose the sound of voices, the chairman disputing his fare with a customer who was by no means inclined to give in to his demands. A flush, a faint smile, not of amusement but of expectation, passed over her lifted face. Then a well-known heavy step came slowly up the stairs and Swift entered unannounced, for the man-servant was absent with Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly. He wore his sombre look, and after the least possible greeting sat down by the fire and stared at it in silence. Essie poured out a cup of coffee and placed it by his side. Then she stood with one foot on the fender and one hand raised to the high mantel-shelf, also staring at the fire. She had abandoned the plain cap she had once adopted as likely to please his taste for neatness, because he had on the contrary censured it as affected. Her thick blonde hair fell in curls on her neck, in the graceful fashion of the time, and her round neck and arms gleamed from the loose black wrapper branched with silver, which she had appropriated from her mother's always too abundant supply of half-worn garments. People who had met her this winter in the Park or at

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assemblies, had pronounced the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh to be got uncommonly handsome.

"Drink your coffee, come now, drink your coffee," she said at last imperiously. "That's the way you let it spoil, and then you call it ratsbane—good coffee at six and sixpence a pound."

Swift took the cup.

"It may be ratsbane in earnest for all I care," he said. "I'm half poisoned already."

"Where do you come from?" she asked. "How late you are, when you told me you would be early! I had almost given up hopes of you."

"From Lord Treasurer's," he replied shortly, drinking his coffee.

"Had he no news?" she questioned. "Are the Bishoprics filled up? Who will be Dean of Wells?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask the town-crier. He will know before I. My grann'am used to say :—

'More of your lining
And less of your dining.'"

"O 'tis shameful! Shameful!" she cried. "'Tis well I don't know either Lord Treasurer or the Secretary, for if I did I should never contain myself. Truly such ingratitude, such base, base ingratitude is enough to make splenetics of us all."

The cloud on Swift's brow lightened; he looked up half arch, half tender. It was not in nature to feel otherwise than gratified when the bitterness and indignation repressed in his own proud bosom, found vehement expression in that vivid young face and the music of that young impassioned voice.

"O Governor Huff, Governor Huff!" he exclaimed, "the poor fellows think they have enough to do with her old Grace—Disgrace I mean—of Marlborough and red-haired Somerset against them; how they would tremble did they see the valiant Amazonian Hesskin ready to charge upon their rear! Pooh, I say! Let me have none of your petticoats in politics."

Esther threw herself into a chair and tossed her chin.

"Yet you have told me fifty times that had L. T. or my Lord Secretary half the sense of Mrs. Masham the country might be saved."

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"Masham is a good creature, a sensible creature, I don't deny it. I love her dearly, and think she does me the offices of a friend."

"A friend!" cried Esther, "a mighty fine friend! She that hath her Majesty's ear, and hath only to whisper in it to put you in the place you merit! Yet here you abide but plain Jonathan Swift, Vicar of Laracor."

"You wrong her, Hessinage; I'm convinced she hath done all she durst venture on my behalf." He sighed and went on with a curious plaintiveness and hesitation, "I know not what to think except that the Queen does not love me. But why does not her Majesty love me, Hess?—answer me that, you witch, for 'tis more than my reason can tell me."

Even with her master Esther was apt to exhibit more candour than tact.

"One need be no witch to guess that your writings have given her offence," she answered.

Among the strange weaknesses and tendernesses of Swift's complex nature, was to be reckoned a sentiment of personal loyalty of an emotional, almost religious nature; a kind of loyalty the former existence of which we now admit as a historical fact without being able to understand it. In him this sentiment was already but a survival; it could not subdue his reason enough to make a Jacobite of him, but it could make him very sensitive to the disfavour of the last Stuart Queen. When Esther had spoken, his head dropped on his breast, his dark cheek grew paler, and he answered nothing. She took an orange from the dish ready for him, prepared it and placed it at his side. It was a customary attention which he was used to call his tribute, and to accept with mock regality, but this evening he thanked her almost humbly, and cried with a dreary smile, "Coffee and oranges! Ay, those are the only good things in London; the only good things I shan't get at Laracor." And then he was silent again. Esther was accustomed to his silences, and liked them almost better than talk. There was a feeling of intimacy in being admitted to them. After a while she rose, took some books from the shelf and put them quietly on the table. Swift shook his head smiling at them.

"Kind, kind Slutikin!" he said. "Thou know'st there's nothing soothes the enraged politician like philosophy and the *belles lettres;* 'tis the one sentiment in which even the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary can agree. But, Esther," he con-

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tinued, pushing the books away, "I have seen this long while that your studies weary you, and for all your good nature what wearies you cannot please me."

"Weary me?" she cried. "O how? When?"

"How? When?" he repeated with a somewhat bitter playfulness. "It is easy to see how studies may weary a fine young miss whose eyes are made for brighter things than books, and as to *when*—why, when you cannot put your mind into what you are doing."

"Sure, sir, you're not blaming poor weak female brains for their dulness," said she, biting her fan.

"A fig for your excuses, you impudent madam. Dull you are not, but an idle, lazy, ignorant hussy, that wants to be shaking her heels to a fiddle with the young fellows, I warrant her, instead of poring over grave books with a gown of forty. Pshaw, Hess! 'Tis a vile excuse. I know as well as any what female brains are like, and I tell you yours are not such. Ha'n't I taught a young woman before now, ay, and one that's twenty times wittier than you? The little monkey was quick to learn and quick to forget, and understood her book but never thought over it, and could give me back my own opinions so much better than I had expressed 'em myself, that on my conscience I took 'em for hers. Consider, miss, how different from your behaviour, you that dispute every word I utter and must needs forsooth have your own pretending opinions. She liked her book for—other people's sake; but you was meant to spend your days grubbing in college libraries and to end 'em a Bentley. O Lord! O Lord! Smoke little Hesskin a Bentley!"

He had talked out his irritability and smiled.

"Pray scold, sir, so long as you make it plain 'tis but for scolding's sake. Sure never was woman compounded of such opposite vices! A giddy hussy and a pedantic book-worm!"

"'Tis monstrous, I own, but 'tis the truth. The scholar got the better of the hussy for a month or two, but now she will not be denied. I saw you last Wednesday, miss, at Lady Lansdowne's, standing up with some puppy or other; the company was saying you danced very finely, but as to that I am no judge; I only know you was looking as proud as a peacock and as pleased as Punch, and all because you was strutting about and being handed round by a red-heeled jackanapes, before the smartest

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drabs of quality in London. On your honour, did you not enjoy yourself mightily at Lady Lansdowne's?"

"I will not deny it, sir; I was pleased you should see 'tis a false accusation you bring against me when you say that I do not love fine company only because I cannot be of consequence in it."

"On your honour again, Essie, are not your thoughts wandering to all the diversions you miss when you have let Moll go off to her moderns in her finest clothes, and leave you in the sluttery with your ancients in—in a mob, or whatever you ladies call that *déshabillé* of yours?"

And he looked curiously, perhaps approvingly, at her dress.

"Indeed, sir, you are mistook. You forget I have been longer in the world than Molly, and have worn so many smart clothes and seen so much smart company, I am tired of it all. O I love it well enough now and then, when I am not splenetic, but never so well as coffee in the sluttery."

Swift appeared to be satisfied, and opening *Tully of Moral Ends*, began to read aloud.

Presently he came to this passage:—"Epicurus declares it his opinion that wisdom among all the ingredients of happiness has not a nobler, a richer, or more delightful one than friendship."

"Ay," he said, "'tis in such sentiments as these we see the true wisdom of the ancients and their superiority to us barbarous moderns. We who say little of friendship, but are for ever celebrating *love, love, love* with the most ridiculous earnestness."

"Pray, sir," replied Esther with spirit—for the Doctor had lately shown peculiar animosity to the tender passion—"must there not be some good in a sentiment those great wits, the poets, agree in celebrating, and Christian times have honoured much more than heathen?"

"Simpleton! You know as well as I the Christian Church permits but does not encourage human folly, and as for great wits, 'tis admitted they are the greatest fools."

"How loth would a certain great wit be to admit it in his own person!" cried she, holding up her finger. "But seriously you cannot expect me to admire a conclusion which would shut us poor women out of the best part of your hearts, as we are already shut out of the best part of your minds."

"H'm! The worst's too good for 'em. Let me tell you though, that when a woman deserves our friendship she gets it.

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Epicurus himself, who was by no means the rake he is vulgarly supposed, had several ladies among his intimates and followers."

"And you, sir, own yourself indebted to the friendship of the ladies Berkeley for much greater gains than prizes and promotions. Sure we are agreed in praising such friendship, and agreed too that 'tis rare. You say 'tis because we are unworthy of it, but your instance helps to show you wrong, for 'tis not the common kind of men who make friends of women, only the superior ones. Now do not laugh but listen, and I will tell you why. A booby you know, always loves to entrench himself behind the superiority of his sex, and that for very good reasons. Great wits like you, sir, do not fear a familiarity which can but breed the more respect. Then in ordinary men there is a coldness, a dulness of disposition, that makes them unapt to consider or feel with others in any very intimate manner. 'Tis so much easier to despise foreigners and women than to understand 'em, that 'tis no wonder dull fellows prefer it. But some noble minds, the bent of whose genius it is to understand every language of the human heart, some such learn ours, and *they* love to converse with us—yes, they do, Doctor, though they have the weakness to be ashamed of it when they get among common men, and to abuse us heartily, lest they should be suspected of partiality for us."

"I will pass you your strictures on my sex, miss—the more because I know 'em to be solely prompted by jealousy—and your reflection on my honesty—though I smoked it at once—in consideration of the compliments to myself you have mixed with your stuff. Lord, Lord! Poor Isaac Bickerstaff is fallen low in the world, when he is obliged to an ignorant brat for her fine speeches. Besides, though you have long been off the point of the argument, you have let me see in a sidelong kind of way—for 'tis the right to our *friendship* I observe you vindicate with so much warmth—that you are not quite the fool you made yourself out, when you talked about love. Pray now confirm my good opinion of your sense by confessing 'twas merely for the sake of disputing you contradicted me, when you know as well as I 'tis a very contemptible passion."

Esther blushed and hesitated.

"I cannot think," she said, "that love is always contemptible. It does not appear so in Petrarca, or in the heroes of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who were all, they say, drawn from real personages."

"Believe me, child, this love is always the same thing in the

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highest as in the lowest. Real personages be hanged! 'Tis these rascally poets and romance writers that cheat women out of the little sense Nature gave 'em. Could the poor creatures see the world as it really is, even they would not snatch at the bait so readily, whether 'twere an offer of marriage or mere gallantry. To be complimented and caressed beyond reason for a few years, and treated with contempt for the rest of her life—that is commonly the lot of a woman, even if she be beautiful and well-endowed. I pity 'em, poor creatures! But that they should be so well-pleased with a passion that serves 'em thus scurvily, *that* is what I find surprising—no, not surprising, for what folly is surprising in woman or man either for that matter? Fools, fools all! But truly 'tis very laughable, and despicable too. Love, indeed! I thought, you silly Hess, *you* had more discretion than to talk of such pernicious nonsense to me."

Swift was tired, irritated, sick with hope deferred, and he poured forth his scorn of men, women, and love with the ferocious bitterness of voice and countenance peculiar to him. Esther was silent. He looked round and saw her leaned on her elbow and shading her eyes with her hand.

"Slutikin," he said gently, "are those tears I see?"

She did not answer, and he drew her hand away from her face and held it.

"What is it, my child?" he asked anxiously.

She was still silent, but the large tears rolled down her flushed cheeks and dropped into her bosom, making her look like the child he called her. With her free left hand she fumbled for her handkerchief to wipe them away. Swift whipped out his own large one and thrust it into her hand.

"There, there," he said, "take it, 'tis silk. Lady Bolingbroke gave it me."

At another time Esther would have answered with gibes, asking him whether he had yet got a countess to find him his perukes, for they all knew there was one that kept him in night-caps, and whether ladies of less quality were still allowed to mend his cassock.

This time she said nothing, but dried her tears with the red bandana.

"Little dear Essie," he cried, "I beg you to tell me what I have said to distress you."

Esther had for a young woman brought up in good society

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a remarkable incapacity for telling those small fibs without which it would be unmanageable. Even if she attempted to do so she totally failed to deceive. So now, instead of offering a plausible excuse with confidence, she pressed the handkerchief to her lips, looked away from the Doctor, and said in a muffled voice, "O nothing, sir, nothing at all. 'Tis the spleen."

"Pish!" cried he, "'tis true you are often confoundedly splenetic, but that's not the way you show it."

"O sir, 'tis my fortune!—and Ginckel, and—and the debts," she returned incoherently, and snatching away her hand she buried her whole face in the bandana and began to cry again.

"What the deuce! When your Cousin Purvis has just been fool enough to pay every debt your mamma durst tell her of? And you that's gone into the whole matter like a lawyer, know well enough Ginckel can't touch your fortune. Don't lie, Brat, till you can lie better."

Esther unable to defend her excuses made no reply. Swift rose and paced up and down the room in an irritated manner.

"The truth is, Hess," he said at last, "you are in love. I have several times suspected as much."

"O no, no," cried Esther, burying her face yet deeper in the pocket-handkerchief. "'Tis cruel of you to say so."

"The truth is never cruel, my dear," he returned with grave kindness, sitting down beside her. "I own I was wrong to speak in so violent and general a way of a passion common to the bad and the good. My excuse must be, that the bad are so greatly in the majority that in speaking of mankind, one aims at them. But, my dear, you must be sensible that I do not judge Molkin severely, who I'll be bound has found a worse object for her affections than you are like to. To be sure I spoke too strongly—'twas that Tokay of Lord Treasurer's which disorders the stomach and heats the head; I will drink no more of it. In virtuous young ladies, such as Molkin or yourself, what is called love is not very blameable; 'tis scarcely a passion but a weakness of the mind against which they have no defence, for as if Nature did not present to them sufficiently the too charming idea, their parents and acquaintance are careful to do so, while they take no pains to provide 'em with its antidote, which is reason."

"But love, sir, may be founded on reason," replied Esther with some return of spirit.

"Stuff, Bratikin! Reason shows the object either contemptible

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or worthy of some more solid sentiment, as esteem and friendship.

Esther sighed, dried her eyes and looked away.

"Do I not hear links at the door?" she asked.

"So you will not confide in your friend, Miss Essie? Yet he is older and wiser than you, and could either help to the accomplishment of your wishes, if they be wise, or cure you of 'em, if the contrary. Indeed I fancied I knew all your fellows, but I can't think of one of 'em that's worth a sigh of Miss Vanhomrigh's, or half good enough to be her husband."

Esther smiled faintly.

"What a farrago of nonsense is this we have been talking!" she said. "Let us hear no more of it."

The link-boys had thrust their torches into the rings outside, and the front-door opened wide to admit a merry noise of tongues and a little crowd of people, first jostling each other as dark silhouettes against the glare of the links and the bright reflections on the wet pavement without, then, as they stepped into the lamplight of the narrow hall, transformed to glittering figures of gaily-dressed men and women. It was Madam Van and Molly, whom a party of the young lady's admirers on their way to the Fountain Tavern, had insisted on chairing home in spite of the state of the streets. Voices confused in mirth, Molly's clear laugh, and her mother's, scarcely less fresh and young, reached Esther's ears.

"Mercy on us! They have company with 'em," she cried, and darting out of the room, she banged the door behind her and fled hastily upstairs. But the company, after a playful dispute as to the chairman's fare, which, according to them ought to have been nothing less than Miss Molly's slipper to drink her health out of, departed to the tavern, probably to drink their own health twenty times over out of more ordinary and convenient goblets. The two ladies came tripping upstairs, with the gleam and rustle of silks and the tap of little heels, bringing with them into the quiet dimly-lighted back-parlour an atmosphere of festivity and the great world.

"Well, madams all, where have you been gadding to?" asked Swift, when the first greeting had been exchanged.

"O sir, no further than Lady Wentworth's in St. James' Square," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "or I warrant the young sparks wouldn't have troubled to carry *my* old bones hither, however they might have treated Molly's young ones." And

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she cast a glance of maternal pride at her charming Moll, so pretty in her peach-coloured lute-string, with the smile of pleasure and raillery still brightening her eyes and dimpling her soft cheeks. "But pray, Doctor, what have you done with Hess?"

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Governor Huff has a headache, or the vapours, or some such thing. If I was you, madam, I would never mind her but take an orange."

"Doctor, you are a barbarian. The vapours, indeed! Sure my poor girl is very sick or she'd never have left you so uncivilly. Ann, Ann! Feathers and my hartshorn-drops."

"No, no, mamma. What would they be for? She a'nt in a swoon," interrupted Molly, endeavouring to restrain her mother.

"Don't be saucy, miss. How do you know what she's in? Anyway, feathers is good to burn, for they can do no harm. My vinaigrette—where is it? Sure 'twas here I put it. No? Then there's fairies in this house." And whirling round the room in search of the missing vinaigrette, which was all the while in her pocket, she caught her heel in a hole in the carpet and stumbled forward, her slipper flying high in the air behind her. "Confound my shoe!" she cried. "'Tis the third time this evening. Slip it on quick, darling Moll. Hess will wonder I do not come."

"If she has a bad head, mamma, she had rather be left alone," said Molly.

"For shame, miss!" replied Mrs. Van, stamping her foot down into her shoe, which was too small, "I trust her own mamma knows best what she likes."

So upstairs she flew, with a step as light as that of a girl of twenty, and was immediately heard bursting into Esther's bedroom, brimming over with enquiries and condolences.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and then: "Now sit down, Molkin, pray," he said, "and let us be cosy together, since there is no Governor Huff to tear your eyes out."

"But what is the matter with her?" asked Moll.

"Moll," returned he, leaning forward and speaking in an emphatic and mysterious voice, "I believe she's in love."

Molly started.

"Pooh! Mr. Bickerstaff," she said, after an almost imperceptible pause, "there never was such a man as you for giving credit to your own inventions. I believe you was almost convinced Mr. Partridge was dead when you had written your tale of his

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decease, and thought him, I believe, pretty impudent for maintaining the contrary."

"Faith, Molkin, you shall not put me off with raillery," replied Swift. "You should know 'tis not a vulgar curiosity that makes me anxious to know whatever may concern you or her."

And he spoke the truth, for his curiosity was so closely connected with what was loveable in his nature, his feminine capacity for interesting himself in the whole, the utmost detail, of a life which had once attracted his interest, that it was not so much a defect as the under side of a quality—the same quality which made Lord Oxford's bitter independent pamphleteer, the unsparing critic of his political blunders, also his most sympathetic friend in domestic joy and sorrow, his truest in disgrace. But if the Doctor had been both clear-sighted and candid, he might have added that a touch of jealousy gave an edge to his curiosity. Molly had observed some little signs of this jealousy in him of late, and had misinterpreted it. Swift's jealousy was that of the exclusive friend who sees himself in danger of being bidden to go down lower in favour of the lover. Molly leaned back in a corner of a couch with her French hood thrown half off, and played with her fan, looking at the Doctor demurely.

"Sure, Doctor," she said, "you know as much as I do. I am not the confidante nor the duenna."

"Stuff and nonsense, Moll! I'm confident you have noticed something, and if I were in your shoes I should be able to tell all about it. But you want penetration, Molkin. I'll be hanged if I can think of one of your fellows that Essie has distinguished more than another. True there's a creature with a cocked hat, and a Ramilies wig, and his sleeve empty, I have seen walk in the Park with her of a morning lately."

"Captain Fortescue," returned Molly, "a very gallant young officer."

"May be, miss, but you'll never persuade me that Hess could want taste so much as to be enamoured of a man without an arm. Monstrous! Besides, the fellow's illiterate. I heard her remark it."

"Then, sir, there's Mr. Charles Ford."

"Ford! O I'm positive it's not Ford."

"But why not, sir? You tell us he is the finest scholar of any layman in England, and he has been mighty attentive to Essie."

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"Has been, perhaps, but now is mighty attentive to another young lady, it being plain that Miss Essie cared not a jot for him. Moll, name some other followers you have seen about her of late."

"There is Sir James Bateman, the wealthy man with the palace in Soho; a fine scholar and a patron of the Arts, and one that always greatly affected Essie's society."

"What? The man that lately lost his lady? The inconsolable widower, and twice her age? Essie has more delicacy."

"Inconsolable, sir? Must I teach you what that means? And as to age, he is scarce so old as yourself. Yet I do not say there is a match in it—I but humour your fancy by naming her followers."

"Molkin, you think to play with me, but I will not be put off so when I am serious. As to you, if you was brayed in a mortar like the fool you wot of, a grain or two of sense might be found in you, but not one of seriousness. Come now, since when has Essie been taken with the vapours?"

Molly paused before answering, and waved her Chinese fan slowly, studying the little porcelain-faced people upon it. Then for an instant a provoking smile played round the corners of her mouth, but it was gone before you could swear to it, and she said innocently: "Lord now, how long is it since Cousin Francis went abroad?"

Swift started: "Molkin, you cannot mean to say—to hint—O 'tis impossible!"

Molly shrugged her shoulders.

"I told you, sir, I was not Essie's confidante, but she has certainly been splenetic and averse to company, and what you call vapourish, since he left. And I take it as an odd thing that she has never spoken of him except once or twice to say 'twas a churlish way he left us, and to marvel that he hath not writ since; yet she was always extreme fond of him when he was at home."

"Essie would be extreme fond of a lame duck that she had had the nursing of, and think it the best fowl in the barn-yard."

"Yet I own," he continued, rising, "there's something in what you say, if 'tis true that pity is akin to love. But Lord, Lord! Essie in love with *him!* Why, 'tis Midsummer madness!"

"O, sir, as the world goes, it would be a poor match, but my sister has her fortin and will have more, and sure Francis is a

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good honest creature, though his tongue is none of the sweetest."

The Doctor poked the fire noisily.

"What!" he cried, "that little mean-looking sluttish fellow, not so much as come of honest parentage, as I have heard say? And your sister, as fine a lady as any woman of quality in the town, with so excellent an understanding and disposition, and handsome enough to please. Moll, Moll, here's a sad folly! Faith, miss, I had best wish you good-night or I shall grow splenetic."

So he put on his hat and tramped round the corner to Bury Street, while Molly ran upstairs to her mother's bedroom, took a leap on to the bed and sat there laughing. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, busy compounding some mysterious and horrible physic, asked her what her joke was.

"My dearest mamma, I have been persuading the Doctor that Essie is in love with—with—now guess."

Mrs. Vanhomrigh paused with a phial in her hand and turned a grave face to her daughter.

"O Molly, with whom?"

"I give you three guesses, mamma; you won't do it in thirty."

"A plague on your guesses, miss. Tell me at once."

"Why, mamma, with Cousin Francis."

And there was a simultaneous burst of laughter from the two ladies.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Flowers, fresh flowers! All a-growing and a-blowing! Who'll buy my flowers?"

Above the many cries of the London street, it rang out clear from the strong round throat of a country girl, who sat on the steps of a City church with her wares about her. Her damask roses and white pinks were breathing as sweet a scent into the morning air as ever they did at Hammersmith, among the nightingales, and the large blossoms of forget-me-nots still looked as dewy fresh as when they hung clustering above their own blue reflections in the gliding Thames. The quality folk were not yet abroad, and the little knot of customers that kept accumulating and dispersing between the flower-girl on the steps and a costermonger's barrow in the street, consisted of a few citizens, marketing women and idle children. Presently

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a white-haired man joined them, hobbling noisily on a stick and pushing his way through the loiterers with a large iron key.

"By the Lord, Master Sexton," said a fat woman resentfully rubbing her arm, "it's to be hoped when we're corpses you'll treat us a bit more respectful."

"Rosemary sprigs, fair rosemary sprigs, twopence a score!" chanted the flower-seller.

"A plague on your rosemary!" cried a pert girl of fourteen. "Sexton a'nt going to a funeral or I guess he'd be in a better temper. 'Tis a wedding, I'll warrant. O I do love a wedding!"

An aged grandame who had drifted to the church steps and stood there leaning on her stick, with protruding under-lip and lack-lustre eye, apparently conscious of nothing but the sunshine, lifted her head and looked towards the speaker.

"Where is't, my dear," she asked almost eagerly. "I can't see nothing. I'd like to see the wedding. But marry come up! I've seen many and many a wedding—finer weddings nor you'll see nowadays, my dear. Scores and scores on 'em—fine, costly weddings and cake and wine plenty, and brides—ah, beautiful!"

Her flash of interest in the life about her faded again, and she looked away muttering to herself, either in mere emptiness of thought or calling to mind the many and various brides whom in her ninety years she had seen pass to the altar, and on through the various circumstances of life, to old age and the tomb.

"Faith, dame, you're right," said the sexton. "Marrying you may see, little missie, and get a husband yourself if you're a good girl, but weddings—Lord! they ain't worth opening the church for, and if I was Parson, I'd go no further than a tombstone to string up these 'ere private marrying folks."

"Mercy on us! 'Tis a runaway match," cried the girl, jumping for joy to find herself in contact with so exciting an incident. The interest of the little feminine crowd, which had been awakened by the word "wedding," visibly quickened.

The sexton, who was suffering from rheumatism, hobbled up three steps before he found breath to answer. Then he turned round and addressed the company in general.

"Runaway match!" he repeated. "Deuce take 'em! No! If 'twere that there'd be small blame to 'em for marrying on the sly. No, what I cry shame on is the way decent folk, ay, quality folk too, that's been courting this twelvemonth, 'll come sneaking up to church in a hackney coach, master in a surtout and miss in a Mob, and not half-a-dozen people with 'em. And it's

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'Pray, Parson, don't tell on us,' and, 'Be sure the rascal sexton holds his tongue,' and precious little we gets for our trouble—that I can tell you—precious little!" And he brought his stick down on the step with emphatic disgust.

"'Tis a shame, that it is!" cried the fat woman, forgetting her personal wrongs in her sympathetic indignation.

"Not a bite nor a sup do we get, ma'am, that I can tell you," continued the sexton, addressing himself to her.

"'Tis quite the mode, though," said a mercer's lady, lately own woman to a Baronet's wife, "for the very high quality does it pretty often, only they're married in their own chambers. But 'tis mighty provoking, I own, to know naught of the matter till you hear the drums under their window in the morning."

"'Tis enough to make one wish more funerals nor weddings," observed a saturnine female, related to a butcher, who was cheapening spring carrots. "At any rate there's good roast and biled for every one at 'em."

"Skinflintin' new-fangled ways!" ejaculated the sexton.

"Well, there's the reception next day," continued the mercer's lady meditatively, "and ribbon cockades more the mode than ever. Why, they do say my Lord Strafford's cost five guineas apiece."

"Who's going to be married, Master Sexton?" asked some one not interested in the business side of the question.

"A parson," replied the sexton. "Not one of your Church mice, that can't do things handsome if they would, but a fellow with a good fat living, and his lady a little fortin as they say."

"Is she a beauty?" asked the girl of fourteen, giggling. "I'd like to get a peep at her. Lord, how oddly she must be feeling!"

"Poor creature! I wish she might never feel worse!" said a handsome, haggard young woman, with a baby on one arm, a heavy basket on the other, and a second toddling child clinging to her skirts. "She's got her troubles before her."

"Come, neighbour Thomson, you'd best go away," said another, "or you'll be bringing bad luck on the bride, pretty dear, with your croaking."

"Go! O you may be sure I'll go as fast as may be," replied neighbour Thomson. "I'd sooner run a mile nor see a wedding. It creeps down my back like cold water, it does."

Yet as a hackney coach rattled up to the church steps, she turned round to look, with the rest. The first to jump out was

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a smart little lady in a riding-dress ; a camlet petticoat, a man's coat and waistcoat of scarlet cloth laced with silver, matched by the scarlet ribbon tying back her hair, a large lace cravatte, and a miniature beaver cocked defiantly. As regarded her dress, there was no reason why she should not be the bride, but somehow it was plain she was not. Next, stooping his stately head under the low lintel of the coach door, came an ecclesiastic in a new silk gown and a decorous but fashionable peruke. As he stood ready to hand out the two remaining ladies, the whispering spectators pronounced him a little old for his part, but a fine figure of a man for all that. The genteel woman who followed him must be the bride's mother, but the public interest centred in the tall young lady who descended last. She wore a white flowered damask dress. It was a costume that would have been trying to many handsome women, especially in the bright morning sunshine, but the soft purity of her skin and the young curves of cheek and chin and throat, triumphed over the hard whiteness of their surroundings. The sunshine without gilded her hair; an inner fire, coming out to meet it, helped to make her eyes so sparkling and her lips so red. There was a murmur of approval from the spectators.

"If you'll take my advice, Madam Van," said the Doctor, "you won't keep the coachman here, but get one called when the business is done, or he'll fleece you to the tune of a crown or two."

"I love to oblige, Mr. Dean," replied Madam Van. "But I've took your advice once too often already this morning. You was importunate we should start at once, and here I am with my stays but half laced." She pointed to a smart be-ribboned pair of those articles, which, as the fashion was, formed a visible part of her costume. "And Molly, I vow, has caught up the worst pair of gloves in her box and forgot her patch and her fan, and——"

"Her perfume-flask and her snush-box and the rest of her modish fal-lals, all for show and none for use," interrupted the Doctor. "So much the better, Madams all, so much the better."

"And here we are," continued Madam Van, "we and nobody else, but the sexton trying to bring to a conclusion some very old quarrel with the church door."

For the sexton's rheumatic fingers were now wrestling with the large key and rusty lock.

"'Tis but poor housewifery, Mr. Dean, to save a crown on

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coach-hire, and waste thrice as much by spoiling your attire," said Molly.

Swift shrugged his shoulders and made as if he would stop his ears.

"Faith," he cried, "I have drawn an old house on my head! Go your own ways, hussies; throw your money down any gutter you please, the good Doctor will not hinder you."

Fortunately for the supposed bridegroom's reputation with the crowd, who despise nothing so much as economy, his remarks had been made in a low voice, and their attention was fixed on the lady in white. She had stepped aside to look at the flower-girl's wares, and was now considering a bunch of deep red damask roses.

"Pish! child," said Swift, "those will never become thee! Lord, Lord! What will Moll and you do when the poor Doctor's gone, and there's no one to tell you when you look frightfully?"

He picked up a bunch of forget-me-nots and tried their effect against the white damask. "See here, miss, an't these the charmingest things? Ods bodikins! Enfeeble me if they an't the prettiest things for showing off a fair skin like your la'ship's, and cheap, dirt cheap at—I mean, what's the price, girl? You should give 'em me cheap for praising your wares better than you could do it yourself. Ah, why, why was I not a mercer? I should have got a fortune by this time, instead of an Irish Deanery. But no matter. Here's the posy for thee, Hess. So—stick it in your bosom just where your hood ties. 'Tis a pity your eyes are not blue, or I could make I know not what fine comparisons. But on my conscience there's not a penn'orth of blue in 'em."

The old grandame was standing at the foot of the steps, bowed over her stick. Her dull gaze was fixed on Esther, and her tremulous under-lip had been moving for some time, but it was only now that audible words came.

"Bless you, bless you, my pretty mistress!" she cried in a hoarse feeble voice, stretching out her deeply-veined, wasted hand and arm. "Happy's the bride the sun shines on. And a beautiful bride you make, mistress, ay, that you do. Old Bess can tell you that—ninety years of age last Martinmas I am, your honours. It's a great age, a great age. Many's the bride I've seen married and buried and all, and by'r Lady, your good gentleman's in luck. God bless your honour, and give you many days

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and happy, you and your good lady there. Ninety years old I am, your honour, and hale and lusty for my years."

There was a murmur among the spectators, some echoing the crone's "God bless you," some her praise of the bride, others whispering their own remarks on the couple. While the poor old creature was speaking, Esther turned very pale, and then in a moment the carnation colour rushed over her face from brow to chin. A confused emotion between pleasure and terror and shame made her heart stand still, then give a great bound, and go on beating so loud it seemed to her that the bystanders must hear it. She bowed her face over her bouquet of forget-me-nots, as though she expected them to smell sweet, and made no reply either to Swift or to the old woman. The Dean, far from being embarrassed, seemed rather gratified at the mistake. He smiled slyly and felt for his purse, which always opened at the call of charity. Taking out a shilling he went down the steps and placed it in the crone's hand, folding her small claw-like fingers over it with his own.

"There's for your blessing, grandam," he said, "and I hope I and my good lady, as you call her, may deserve it, though indeed 'tis very doubtful if we do."

Then he bowed gravely to the admiring crowd and returned, delighted at the little mystification, and making a just perceptible grimace at Esther, as one who was sure like himself to find it mighty pleasant.

Esther laughed awkwardly.

"Fie, Mr. Dean! Behave now, do! These good people will be angry when they find how they are deceived, and by a Dean too."

"I believe you are angry yourself, Governor Huff," he said. "You are as red as a turkey-cock. Silly!"

Then he paid for the forget-me-nots and for some other flowers which he presented to Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly.

"'Tis a most profligate expenditure," he said. "But 'tis the last, the farewell extravagance, committed for the spendatious hussies of the sluttery sisterhood. Faith, it gives me short sighs to think on't."

A subdued sound of wailing and lamentation went up from Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly; decorously subdued because they were now entering the church. He waited for Essie to join in it, but she made no sign.

"Still angry, Governor Huff?" he asked in her ear. "Is it

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so unpardonable a crime for a luckless wretch, such as I, to play for a moment at being a happy man? Well, may you never know what 'tis to be miserable!"

"I do," she answered shortly in a deep tone, not looking at him but gazing straight before her.

"Tilly-vally!" he exclaimed; then checking himself—for was not this perhaps the last day of many days, which he was more loth than he had thought to bring to an end?—"Well, at least you know what 'tis to be happy."

A slow illuminating smile passed over Esther's face, and her eyes, though fixed on the same point, were wider.

"Yes," she answered.

"Ah! I do not. There's the difference," he replied bitterly.

Now the real bride and bridegroom drove up at the same moment to opposite doors of the church, but their arrival received only the amount of notice that the crowd bestows on that of guests at a wedding. A *déshabillé*, or as it was called a Mob, was considered a very proper costume for a bride on such a private occasion, but it was not one to set off the scant and gawky charms of Miss Stone.

"Lord! An't she a pea-hen of a woman!" cried Molly to the Dean, as he hurried into the vestry to don his surplice. Molly had a habit of making audible remarks on persons in her near neighbourhood, but the same Providence which protects drunken men and children, usually preserved her from being overheard. The Dean, who was punctiliously courteous in many respects, and had no claim on that particular Providence, answered by a frown so portentous that it made her seriously uncomfortable for some minutes. Mrs. Vanhomrigh meantime was in a delightful state of excitement, kissing every one within reach, and saying quite loud, as the bridegroom passed up towards the altar, "Lud, girls, I wish either of you may get as proper a fellow;" whereat Mr. Harris, a good-looking young man, fair and fresh and six foot two in his stockings, blushed very much. Being the kind of young man who always does and feels precisely what is expected of him, he was altogether as blushing and constrained as was proper to his position.

Now the church doors were locked, and the whole party, which consisted of little more than a dozen people, stood in the chancel. The Dean, clad in the short and dirty surplice of the parish clergyman, began reading the service in his most impressive manner, and the married ladies present, as used to be

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customary at weddings, began to cry. When the final exhortation, which the Dean read to the bride with unnecessary severity, was reached, Mrs. Vanhomrigh, gazing tearfully at her niece, whispered to Molly—

"'Tis just as I said, my dear, when your cousin was cheapening that gown at Delamode's. There's five guineas' worth of bad temper gone into them shoulders."

"There an't five guineas' worth of anything in the train," replied Molly, disdaining to whisper.

"Sh, child! You should pay attention to the prayers. Sure I hope the boy's going round to ask all the folks to dinner. Have you heard say whether Cousin Annesley's moved to his new house at Chelsea yet? 'Twould be plaguey provoking should he not get the invitation."

In marrying their daughter privately the Stones did what was usual with sensible persons of the middle-class, who were averse to incurring the worry and expense of a public ceremony and the three or four days of pandemonium which succeeded it. On such an occasion the young couple would leave the church separately and meet again at a tavern or at the house of a friend, where they would dine and divert themselves with the small wedding-party for the rest of the day, giving a reception at their own home on the following one. Mrs. Vanhomrigh had offered her house for this purpose, and the arrangement was equally agreeable to the Stones, to whom spending money at a tavern seemed little short of profligacy, and to Madam Van who dearly loved to see company and to play a part, no matter how humble, in a wedding. So private an affair was repugnant to her, but she consoled herself by planning the fine doings there should be when her own daughters were married, and by inviting as many relatives as could be got together at a few hours' notice.

Swift resisted all pressure to join the party at dinner, boldly alleging his dislike of the crowd, the heat, the superabundant food and drink, and the time-honoured wit that he would be certain to find there. He came in later to taste the bridecake and take a dish of tea, but he looked gloomy and preoccupied.

"Call you this privacy, Madam Van?" he asked, looking round the crowded room. "'Tis as public as an auction."

"A fig for your privacy! 'Tan't privacy they want, 'tis cheapness," returned the heated and radiant Madam Van. "Yet 'twould be a pity if the drums, poor creatures, couldn't get wind ofthe matter. Live and let live, say I."

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"O pray live, madam, if you find any amusement in it, and let anything else live except the drums. They may fitly beat a quick march for a couple of simpletons into the battle of married life, but why should they confoundedly punish every unoffending creature in the neighbourhood?"

"Mr. Dean, you're one of them stout pagans that make the stoutest Christians, when they're converted. Let's drink to your conversion. Hess, child, fill the Doctor out a dish of tea. Lord! how finely he read the service this morning!"

"No thanks to Moll," returned the Dean, "with her comparison of the pea-hen. Do but look at the bride-thing there, with her strut and her neck and her nose! A pea-hen!' Twas a wonder I did not say in the midst of the business, 'Moll, you are an agreeable wretch!'"

"So 'twas Moll you was thinking of all the time," said Esther. "Sure she's high in favour to engross your thoughts even in church."

"She did not *engross* my thoughts, Miss Essie," returned Swift in a lower key. "What! D'ye think with the Archbishop, I have no religion?"

"Why do you think about Moll in church, sir? 'Twas a thankless sin, for she does not bestow a thought upon you."

"Now you are jealous as the devil! There's another person I think of in church sometimes, little Hesskin," he added gravely, "and pray for us both together, that we may be delivered from the spleen and live in charity with our neighbours. I pray the Almighty very earnestly that He may make us both more content and better Christians than we are; and since He does not require informing so much as most prayer-makers believe, I leave it to Him to decide which of us lacks most in doctrine and which in practice."

Here the bride, too elated by her position and the unusual dimensions of the men of the Harris family, to be afraid of the Dean of St. Patrick's, came up with her mother to thank him for officiating.

"Sure, sir, my father-in-law—the fine big old gentleman yonder, who you may have heard tell of in the City—protests you are so fine a man that when he came into church he took you to be an Archbishop. Lord! We would not for the world have been married by the little scrub parson of the parish, no higher than Moll there. Such folks shouldn't be in the Church; 'tis impossible to reverence 'em."

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"Certainly, madam," replied the Dean, "if promotion were measured out fairly to the clergy, so much to every square inch of 'em, I might hope by a generous diet to fit myself for a bishopric *in partibus Infidelium*—which means Ireland, you know—and I trust, but I cannot be sure, that your housewifery would be good enough to bring Mr. Harris to the primacy before very long."

"Sir, your most obleeged," replied the young lady, curtseying. "Mr. Harris will be vastly obleeged when he hears your good opinion of him."

"Yes I have a good opinion of Mr. Harris, madam. I think him a worthy and amiable young man and an excellent clergyman, and I trust you will always submit to him and esteem him as greatly your superior in wisdom and in virtue, as both reason and duty bid you to do. Yet do not, as many wives use, tease him with a foolish fondness which he cannot be expected to reciprocate. For you must not forget, madam, that however a lover may talk of charms and raptures, marriage puts a sudden and complete end to the ridiculous illusion of what is called Love. But I trust 'twas no more than a reasonable liking that instigated this match of yours and Mr. Harris's."

The unlucky object of his homily looked by this time inclined to cry, and Esther plucked him by the sleeve. So he wound up his remarks more mildly. "Endeavour then to become worthy of your husband's friendship and esteem; for this is the only means by which you can make marriage a blessing rather than a curse."

"Good Heaven, sir!" exclaimed Esther in a low voice, as the disconcerted bride retreated, "will you never be tired of preaching homilies against women and marriage? Sure you must consider both of more importance than you pretend, or you would talk of 'em less. You may hector your brides of quality to your heart's content, but I do not love to have you frighten my cousin on her wedding-day, and in my mother's house."

Swift shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"O I cannot abide a fool, Brat. You should not have let your cousin be a fool, if you wanted me to be civil to her. But I cry you mercy; only do not let the Governor chide too much to-day, lest we should part in unkindness."

The truth was that on returning to his lodgings from the church, he had found a note from the gentleman with whom he proposed to ride on his journey as far as Chester, telling him to

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be ready to start on the morrow, should they call for him. Amid all the bitterness and humiliation of his exile, for as such he reckoned his promotion to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, it added greatly to his depression, to think that he must now part in a very definite manner from these friends who had made him a kind of home in London. Brilliant, interesting, intoxicating as had been the three years of his life there, to one of his sensitive nature they would have been far less happy without the back-ground of that hospitable house of neighbour Van's, where he might keep his gown when necessary and find it mended, and dine on a wet day, and pass those odd hours when he could not love his own company, chiding, instructing, being chidden and worshipped by three women, each in her own way above the common. The hour had come when these pleasant relations must cease, and he delayed to say farewell because like most English people, he shrank from a set scene of emotion, and also because in the back of his mind there floated a vague consciousness which he utterly refused to crystallise into thought; a consciousness that there was something more serious and complex in these relations than he had intended, and that breaking them off would not be quite so natural and easy as he had always supposed it would be. He was exceedingly sensitive to all claims upon him, and perhaps for that very reason shrunk from allowing them to be set up. This feeling was not the source of his resolution against marriage, but it helped very much to strengthen it. He imagined that by avoiding that particular bond he avoided giving to any one person a dominant claim upon his life; his mind accepted this superficial reasoning, but his heart had too much "intelligence of love" to be wholly deceived by it. He had taken the responsibility of a woman's life when he had brought Esther Johnson, then a beautiful and attractive girl, to Ireland; when he had made himself so completely and obviously the centre of her existence that her marriage with another was impossible from her own point of view and from that of any lover but one of very dull perceptions. When, on the appearance of such a lover, he had, while pretending to listen to his application for Mrs. Johnson's hand, practically discouraged him, and in private ridiculed him to the lady of his choice with all the bitterness of a jealous rival. He would not for the world have acknowledged that in acting thus he had given her at least as strong claims upon him as he would have done by making her his wife. Yet

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when he said to himself that his return to P. P. T. meant the end of his intimacy with the Vanhomrighs, it was to those unacknowledged claims that he yielded.

He had not yet made up his mind in what fashion he might best let Esther Vanhomrigh know that this was in all probability their last meeting, when Mrs. Stone brought up several relatives to be introduced to the Dean of St. Patrick's and to congratulate him on his promotion. Others who were slightly acquainted with him, but had not met him since the news of it was public, came round to add their congratulations, which he received with a genial grace, as though he were indeed immensely pleased at his own good fortune. Esther had seen this little comedy before, but continued to be impatient of it. She herself neither could nor would dissimulate her sentiments or opinions, and it seemed to her undignified for this greatest of men to be pretending gratitude for, delight in, what was really a slight, almost an insult. For had not his obscure predecessor in the Deanery been put into a Bishopric merely to keep him out of it? So she loudly declared herself unable to congratulate Dr. Swift on an appointment so unequal to his deserts, banishing him as it did from the civilized world, and unable to believe him so ignorant of his own merit as to be content with it. Swift was as proud as herself in his way, but more worldly wise, and he was evidently displeased at her intervention, though it brought him in a harvest of hollow compliments from the bystanders.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, standing at a little distance, could not perceive this jar; she only saw the Dean and Esther the centre of an animated group, and Molly at the harpsichord in the back parlour with a contingent of emulous admirers, each and all bent on turning over her music. If anything could have put her in higher spirits than before, these two sights would have done so. Now that she had made Mrs. Stone every possible compliment on the appearance, manners and prospects of the bride and bridegroom, she observed:

"My stars! How we shall miss the good Doctor—Dean, I should say—when he crosses that nasty puddle yonder! He's the good-naturedest man in the world, as you may have seen for yourself, sister."

"Well, you know him best, Sister Vanhomrigh," replied Mrs. Stone bluntly. "But he seems to me a rather sour-spoken gentleman. 'Twas enough to terrify anybody, let alone a bride, the way he spoke to Sarah."

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"'Tis just his downright way," returned Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "He's all candour, all straightforwardness, Susan—not one of your mealy-mouthed gentlemen that's full of slipperiness and deceptions. When a woman's been as much in the world as I have, she will not trust your smooth fellows." And Madam Van shook her pretty bright-eyed head wisely, as one who lived in a deep and continual state of suspicion of her fellow-mortals.

"Well, sister, 'tis an odd thing to hear a clergyman speak so of holy matrimony. I hope your Esther may bring him to better dispositions."

"He might be in better, Sue, and he might be in worse, for he might not consider the matter at all," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "However, I'm not one of them that's anxious to rid themselves of their dear daughters, and I believe there's no man they can marry but I shall often wish 'em at home again."

"I must bid you farewell, Madam Van," said the Dean, coming up with an artificial air of ease, "and that very like for a long time. I am told to hold myself in readiness for a start to-morrow, if it should prove convenient to my friends who purpose to ride with me. I will not make long speeches and talk wisely, lest Moll there should overhear me and laugh. Farewell, madam, and God bless you and yours!"

He shook hands warmly with the Vanhomrighs, bowed to the rest of the company and vanished, saying to himself as he went down the stairs, that partings being disagreeable things it was better for all parties to get the business done as quickly and publicly as possible, so that there might be neither time nor place for tiresome compliments and conventional expansions of sentiment.

So he went home to Bury Street, pleased to have got the thing over and determined to resist the tide of black and bitter melancholy which was rising in his mind at the prospect of his departure.

Meantime in St. James's Street his leave-taking did not give such satisfaction. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was in a few respects the woman of the world she loved to think herself in all, and after the first loud expressions of surprise and regret, she let the company know that she was not in reality very much surprised, and felt sure the Dean would be back again before long. And this was not far from the truth, for Swift had already delayed going to Ireland longer than was expected, and no one believed he would stay there. For Esther, it was as though the world had suddenly

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shattered round her. He was gone. It was incredible. Another might still have considered the company present, but for her whose nature it was to be always concentrated on one point, they did not exist. She stood where he had left her, deadly pale and mechanically opening and shutting her fan. Some one spoke to her, but she did not return any answer, and Molly observed the speaker, who was Aunt Stone's younger son, exchange a sneering smile with his sister Anna. Moll came up to her sister, and rearranging a knot of her ribbons said: "You should not have been standing all this while, when you was so poorly yesterday. Come into the back parlour, for Cousin Edward and Mr. Tom Harris are setting out a table for 'One and Thirty.' Do you not love a round game, Anna?"

The Vanhomrigh ladies were too fond of conversation to be ardent card-players, though for fashion's sake they were obliged to set out tables when they had company. Esther hated a round game, but she submitted to being put down to the table, where she played with conspicuous inattention to her cards and her money. Before the game was half over there came an urgent message from the Dean, saying he had dropped a folded slip of paper from his pocket, and that it was of the utmost importance it should be found. He sent a tiny note to Esther, which she opened with a throb of expectation, but it only contained the words—"Lost the key to a cipher. Seek! Seek!! Seek!!!"

(*To be continued.*)

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GRAY AND HIS LETTERS.

GRAY has some claim to be considered the most universally interesting of the better known figures in our literary history. For one thing, though by far the least productive of our greater poets, he is the author of the most popular poem in the language. But that is not the only respect in which his position is unique. Lovers of poetry in this country may be roughly divided into two camps: those whose favourite study is the great line of imaginative poets which stretches from Chaucer to Milton, and again from Wordsworth to the present day, and those whose bent lies rather among the prose poets from Dryden to Johnson. No one, of course, could pretend that Gray arouses in us anything like the "wonder and astonishment" which are the tribute paid always and everywhere, without question or hesitation, to the transcendent powers of Shakespeare; or the reverent gratitude, not unmingled with some touch of awe, which we feel in presence of Milton's lofty character, or when listening to the solemn and stately march of his great poem. But of Shakespeare himself we know little or nothing, and none dare presume to be familiar with Milton. He is a prophet and master to all, and no man's intimate. But, if we put these greater men aside, Gray may seem, of all the poets whom we know well, the most generally interesting, for he has the singular advantage of belonging, in some sort, to both the groups into which our poets naturally fall, and possessing attractions which appeal to both parties. We know Johnson better, no doubt, and Pope and Cowper as well, but Johnson and Pope move strictly within the limits of their century, and Cowper was altogether a lesser man than Gray. Gray, too, of course, belongs to his century as every man must, and has its characteristic features. No one can read his letters without seeing that the silly sort of gossip in which the men and women of his day so specially delighted, had its

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attractions for him. And the spirit of the age has everywhere, or almost everywhere, left its mark upon his poetry. What can be more completely in that spirit, for instance, that spirit, too, at its very worst, than such a passage as—

> "The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
> And gilds the horrors of the deep."

Then we find him thinking Le Sueur almost equal to Raphael, a piece of pure eighteenth century criticism, and failing altogether to appreciate Collins. There could be no more striking proof, considering how much he and Collins had in common with each other, and in contrast with every other poet of the time, of the extent to which he shared the prejudices of his age. The remarkable thing, however, the thing which gives him his unique interest, is that he was not altogether of his time; that though living with Mason and Walpole, he could step into a sphere never entered, or as much as dreamt of, by them or the men they most admired. There is no need to go farther than that very Installation Ode in which the "Star of Brunswick smiles serene" and "gilds the horrors of the deep," to find proof that Gray had in him something not only better than bombast of this sort, but belonging to an altogether different, an infinitely purer and truer, order of ideas.

Who would believe that—

> "Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
> The bees' collected treasures sweet;
> Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
> The still small voice of gratitude"—

was written before even the birth of Wordsworth? Or, again, what could more completely mark the poet inspired by nature, as opposed to the poet whose mainspring is his own cleverness, or the praise of "the town," than such lines as—

> "There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there
> Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air."

It is only fair to insist on this side of Gray's character and poetical position, because an attempt has been made to deny it in the most recent book about him. Mr. Tovey, in his little volume called 'Gray and his Friends,' has given us, in the first place, a fairly complete picture of West, and Gray's friendship for him, made up from their correspondence, and from various compositions of West's which have survived; secondly, some new

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letters of Gray, none of which, however, are of great interest; and lastly, some 'Notes on Travel,' which Mr. Gosse had justly called "rather dry and impersonal," and a few miscellaneous fragments in prose and verse. No doubt where so little is left of an interesting figure, as in Gray's case, it is very tempting to publish all that we can get hold of; but the modern rage for printing and giving to the world with an air of great importance every trivial scrap of paper that bears the name of a poet, or of any of his relations or friends, even though it be nothing but a laundress's bill, or a note of orders to a servant, has not much to recommend it, and I am not sure that there is a great deal of real interest in what Mr. Tovey has published. Much that is curious there is, certainly, and nothing that lovers of Gray can regret; but there is, at the same time, nothing that can claim a permanent place as literature. The Gray and West correspondence is interesting; but Gray's letters were already well known, and West's letters and fragments are only remarkable as showing that he was a most amiable and even charming man, in every respect a worthy friend for Gray. They cannot give him any independent place in literary history. Nothing is gained by crowding the gallery of literature with pretty portraits of people who, however agreeable and amiable, have no real place there. Still, no doubt there is no harm in publications of this sort, and the book has its interest, if not for the lover of literature, at least for the lover of Gray. But it is to be regretted that Mr. Tovey, in adding to our knowledge of Gray and his circle, should have thought it necessary to try to undo the effect of the best appreciation Gray ever received. Everyone remembers Matthew Arnold's essay on Gray, in which he took for his text the remark made after Gray's death by his friend Brown—"He never spoke out." "Gray, a born poet, fell upon an age of prose." "Born in the same year with Milton, Gray would have been another man; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man." "On the contrary," says Mr. Tovey, "he would have been the same man, but a less finished artist, if he had been born in 1608. On whatever times he might have fallen, if he had attempted to sing of contemporary kings and battles, Apollo would have twitched his ear." Mr. Tovey, in fact, insists that Gray's sterility was in himself, not in his surroundings.

Now it is only reasonable to require considerable evidence before setting aside a deliberate judgment of a man like Matthew Arnold in such a matter as this. Long training,

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working on a critical faculty so rich and penetrating as his, give to a man's judgments almost the inevitableness and certainty of instinct; and this would be especially the case in dealing with a poet like Gray, with whom Matthew Arnold had a curious affinity. Then it is fair also to say that it is not a question of kings and battles, contemporary or otherwise. Gray would have found his subject, if he could have found heart to sing with, in that chilling atmosphere. It was not a song, but a voice, that he wanted. "A sort of spiritual east wind was at that time blowing: neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They never spoke out." I do not think that any one who reads Gray's poems with anything like care or thought ought to miss the fact that the cast of his mind was entirely different from that of the men of his day, and that he was conscious of this himself. But if the poetry is not conclusive in itself—and it must be conceded that his poetical language is, in the main, that of his time—the letters, and the picture they give of his life, leave no doubt at all about the matter. It is perfectly clear that his thoughts and ways and doings were not as those of other eighteenth century men. He anticipated the imaginative revival which was to follow at the end of the century in more points than one. He studied and loved the old English poetry long before Percy's 'Reliques' made such studies the fashion; he delighted in mountain scenery, and went through great discomforts to enjoy it, in an age when to all other men the Alps were simply a gloom and a horror: he was one of the earliest lovers of Gothic architecture, and, in his most famous work at least, he appeared as a poet of nature among the crowd of wits and poets of the town. To him the Wye is full of "nameless wonders"; a mountain is a "creature of God," and the Grande Chartreuse a scene "that would awe an atheist into belief." The beautiful and perfect Alcaic Ode, "O tu severi religio loci," which he wrote in the monks' album at the Chartreuse, is well known, though not so well known as it should be. Rarely, if ever, has so much genuine and deep feeling been expressed in a language not the author's own. Can it really be supposed that a man of this sort did not lose by being placed in the first half of the last century? Is it not as certain as anything can be in the study of human minds, that Gray would have greatly gained by living under the inspiration of Milton, or in the companionship of Wordsworth and Coleridge? That single striking phrase, "a creature of God," applied as Gray applied it, is proof enough, and more than

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enough. There is in it the germ of all that Wordsworth felt and taught. It is too late now to put the clock back. Matthew Arnold's brilliant essay let in in a moment a flood of light upon Gray, and showed him as he was, silent and alone, with no friend, it must always be remembered, who was able really to understand him. No protest can be too strong against any attempt to close the shutters again and restore the old darkness. The serious attempt to understand the minds and the exact positions of our poets must always be a difficult one ; and it is too much to ask us to go back upon an onward step once taken.

I have said that the letters of Gray throw great light on the peculiar position he held in his time ; and so they do. But they have besides a rare interest and charm of their own, and it is of that that I wish to speak more particularly now. Gray's letters are, in fact, among the very best in the language. Lovers of literature will not, perhaps, find their choice of language so delightfully and quite unconsciously perfect as Cowper's : and Gray had not Cowper's gift of retaining throughout life a child's intense pleasure in little things, which is one of the chief reasons that make the picture given in Cowper's letters so complete and finished, and the charm of them at once so simple and so lasting. Men who see even so much of the great world as Gray saw generally lose, consciously or unconsciously, the beautiful traits which childhood will, here and there, under other circumstances, hand on to mature age. Nor did the spring of Gray's humour bubble up so pure and clear and constant as Cowper's. But then Cowper's lighter letters are the best letters in the language : Gray need not fear comparison with any one else. No one can deal with large questions in a larger spirit than he can, when he chooses : he has, too, a genuine power of description : he is full of the love of nature, especially of birds and flowers, which he studies with the methodical watchfulness of a man of science, as well as with the love of a poet : notes on art and literature, often of rare insight and power, are scattered everywhere in his letters : and then, if none of all these things interest us, there is the interest of his perpetual picture of himself and his friends, and what they thought and said and did. I cannot begin better than with one or two of these sketches he gives of himself. He is quite at his best in them, his unbosomings, like those of many reserved men, if very rare, being also very full and frank. Of course only the most intimate friends were favoured with them, and probably even to them he would never have made up his

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mind to *say* half so much as he could, now and then, put on paper from a safe distance. Every shy man has felt the pleasure of writing what he knows he would die rather than say. And so I suspect even West and Wharton knew him best from his letters, or, at least, so far as he ever helped them to the key of his curious character, it was most likely to be in the occasional confessions to be found in his letters to them. To them, more than to any of his other friends, I think, West is plainly the friend he was nearest to in his early years: and the letters to Wharton, whom he once addresses as "My dear, dear Wharton, which is a dear more than I give anybody else," have the most easy and intimate sound of any in later life. Here is a bit of one of the earliest extant letters, telling West what he thought of Cambridge.

"You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think), love them the better for it; and, indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light—I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it."

We get a fairly good idea of one side of Gray from this; but we may add to it a more complete portrait which was sent to West from Florence four years later.

"As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture; you must add, then, to your former idea, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society, indeed, an inability to it. On the good side, you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of everything else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirit. These are all the alterations I know of—you perhaps may find more."

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A less carefully analysed and more poetical picture is one he sent to Horace Walpole, while on one of his earliest visits to the Stoke and Burnham country, which was to become so inseparably associated with his name. He says he has arrived safe at his uncle's,

"Who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous .... At the foot of one of these squats Me, I, (il penseroso), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there."

There may be something of art in the drawing of a picture like this; but an artist naturally uses all his powers when he paints himself: and no one can deny the charm of the effect produced. And its being sent to Horace Walpole is a proof, if proof were needed, of the genuineness of their friendship in those early days before the quarrel. Gray evidently feels that he is writing to one who will both understand and appreciate his delight in what he describes.

But if we are to let Gray talk of anything but himself we must pass on. Everyone has read and admired his excellent literary judgments. In speaking of Aristotle or Socrates, or again in speaking of Froissart, he was of course exactly in his own province: no man ever had a clearer idea of the qualities which do, and those which do not, entitle a book to claim a place as literature. But his freshness and directness, and the unconscious determination to see things as they really are, which always marks a powerful mind, give a real interest and value to what he says on subjects, not so strictly within his own province Take what he says of the arguments of Materialism.

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"That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn with equal conviction that we are not merely such, that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit;* and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion to that least material of all agents, a Thought."

Could we have a better picture, more coldly and cruelly direct, of that impenetrable rock of common-sense against which the most persistent, the most apparently triumphant, determinism beats itself in vain.

The same good sense, which he deals out in judgment on books and philosophies, he can apply also to practical matters like the choice of a profession. Here is a bit from a long letter of affectionate advice sent from Florence to West, who did not find the legal atmosphere of the Temple particularly congenial.

"Examples shew one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining; nor was ever anybody (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused or even not disgusted in the beginning; yet upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge mass of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought. Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary; and have so close a connection with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, have you ever made the attempt? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him? I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morning, in a week's time you should not entertain much stronger hope of the Chancellorship and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them. Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who are so already. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this: if not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own

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mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power."

Gray himself nominally entered upon the study of the law; but only nominally; his choice was very soon made in favour of "private happiness" and the "cultivation of his own mind." And, if in this early letter, his bias seems to be somewhat in favour of the law and a public career, twenty years later it had become as distinctly the other way. We find him saying to Wharton:—

"To find oneself business (I am persuaded) is the great art of life; and I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, then at one's own; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up. Yet I know and feel, what they mean by this complaint: it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself."

Whatever other genius Gray had, there is no doubt he was remarkably possessed of this genius of self-employment. He likes talking of his laziness, as every student does, but his labours must have been immense. Nowadays that we are all specialists, and a man who knows anything of physics is indignant at the supposition of his having had any time to learn his Greek alphabet, we can only hold our breath in silent awe when we are told that Gray had not only thoroughly read and digested the books that made up the literature of the world, but was also a really learned archæologist, an enthusiastic student of the history of architecture, a pioneer to some extent by his chronological tables in the systematic study of Greek history, a cultivated and even learned amateur in music, and, what is most astonishing of all to us, an acute, patient, and genuinely scientific observer of natural phenomena. His careful lists, kept from day to day, of the direction of the wind, of the heat his thermometer registers, of the singings and flowerings of birds and plants, would have delighted the heart of the Meteorological and Botanical Societies of the present day. Take one day—April 20, 1760—from a long list he sends Wharton.

April 20.—Therm. at 60°. Wind S.W. Skylark, chaffinch, thrush, wren, and robin singing. Horse-chestnut, wildbriar, bramble, and

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sallow, had spread their leaves. Hawthorn and lilac had formed their blossoms. Blackthorn, doubleflowered peach, and pears in full bloom: anemones, single wallflowers, and auriculars in flower. In the fields, dog violets, daisies, buttercups, and shepherd's purse."

One wonders that more of our leisured country gentlemen do not realize what a delightful occupation it is to be the daily witness and companion of that eager, onward march to meet the summer which the birds and flowers make every spring! No one could devise a more innocent occupation; and it is not one of the least useful. A man may enjoy quiet observation of this kind, too, even if he have none of the genuine ardour of the gardener. Gray thought he had this too, but he never had much opportunity of putting his enthusiasm to the proof.

"And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused; are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! My gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do; dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sit on a bench in the open air with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour!"

That his interest in gardening was genuine and serious is proved by his procuring the mention, in one of Count Algarotti's books, of a recognition of our English skill in the matter of landscape gardening, being anxious, as he says, to "save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it."

The great charm of a collection of letters is, that it lets us see a man in nearly all his moods, and as he actually was at the moment of writing. As long as the letters are spread over a fairly wide period, and are addressed to a fairly wide circle of correspondents, they can hardly fail to tell us their tale, even when most unwilling. Insincerity, with letters as with a journal, must almost always fail, so long as they remain as originally written. When touched up, they of course become autobiographies, which may easily be very successful frauds. But give us what a man, however insincerely, wrote at a particular moment of his life, and we know, if not what he *was*, at least what he wished to appear, and that is, after all, no bad key to

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what he really was, especially when it can be applied frequently to almost every year of his life. It has been said by Mr. Goldwin Smith, perhaps in an unnecessarily off-hand way, that "Gray's letters are manifestly written for publication." I can see no sign of this, with regard to the great bulk of them, except that when he has described anything carefully and well in one letter, he is apt to use the same phrases in another, and that, I suppose, we all do, unconsciously if not consciously. But in any case, with so many letters and so different, I do not see how any one can doubt that we know the real Gray as he actually was in life. The variety of correspondence is a great safeguard in a matter of this kind. A man naturally writes of what he knows will interest his correspondent. And so we might never have been able to realise, to the full extent, Gray's affectionate study of the classics if we had lost the letters to West, the only one of his friends who was anything like his equal as a scholar. It would be an impossible stretch of affectation to write a letter like the following to any one who was not well read in his Greek and Latin authors.

"You see, by what I send you, that I converse as usual with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. I have finished the Peloponnesian war, much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you. I have drank and sung with Anacreon for the last fortnight, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus. Besides, to quit my figure (because it is foolish) I have run over Pliny's Epistles and Martial ἐκ παρέργου; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is sometimes very tender and natural. I must needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expression seems to me inimitable. He is describing hair as he would have it painted.

Ἕλικας δ' ἐλευθέρους μοι
Πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθεὶς
Ἄφες ὡς θέλωσι κεῖσθαι."

The picking out of these three lines is proof of a power of poetic appreciation, rare at any time, and most of all, perhaps, at the time Gray wrote. It is the beauty of such passages, with their wonderful combination of richness and simplicity, that is the reward of the Greek scholar and the despair of the translator. We can all see their charm when a Gray lends us his eyes for the purpose; but how many of us would have seen it with our own, and pulled up in our reading to learn them by heart?

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But, if West brings out Gray's love of books, Wharton will produce for us the lighter side of his character. Who would not like to have received such a letter as this, and gone down in obedience to it to meet the poet "slipping" into the Cambridge coffee-house?

MY DEAR WHARTON,—This is only to entreat you would order *mes gens* to clean out the apartments, spread the carpets, air the beds, put up the tapestries, unpaper the frames, etc., fit to receive a great potentate, who comes down in the flying coach, drawn by green dragons on Friday, the 10th instant. As the ways are bad, and the dragons a little out of repair, it will probably be late when he lands, so he would not choose to be known, and desires there may be no bells, nor bonfires. But as persons incog. love to be seen, he will slip into the coffee-house. Is Mr. Trollope among you? Good luck, he will pull off my head for never writing to him. Oh, Conscience, Conscience!

Here is another letter that must have made a breakfast go down very comfortably. I suppose it is the only contemporary account of the opening of the British Museum; anyhow it is the best.

London, July 24, 1759.

I am now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so rus-in-urbe-ish, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air and sunshine and quiet, however, to comfort you. And I trust that the Museum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all inconveniences.

He then describes the company assembled in the reading-room on that opening day:—

"We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; secondly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton of York; thirdly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; fourthly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself—the very worst person he could write for; and lastly, I, who only read to know if there be anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have only sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income and spend £1300, and are building apartments for the underkeepers, so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction."

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In another letter he finishes up with: "The University (we hope) will buy," an anticipation which may cause some amusement in Great Russell Street, as may also his account of the early amenities shown by the keepers to each other.

"When I call it peaceful, you are to understand it only of us visitors, for the society itself, trustees and all, are up in arms like the fellows of a college. The keepers have broke off all intercourse with one another, and only lower a silent defiance as they pass by. Dr. Knight has walled up the passage to the little house, because some of the rest were obliged to pass by one of his windows in the way to it."

I think I have quoted enough to show how very readable Gray's letters are, both in themselves and in the pictures they give of the man and of his times. It is really not too much to say that he never wrote a dull letter. His mind is so fresh and alert, he is so open to impression from every side, so alive to see and note whatever of interest is going on about him, that his letters nearly always have about them a certain spring and motion which is peculiarly delightful. There may possibly be a few people who have grown weary of the languor and insipidity of the ordinary novel, and do not know where to go for light reading. Have they ever tried our English letter writers? Letters cannot, no doubt, claim a very high place as serious literature, but they might fairly, one would think, carry on a successful rivalry with the fatiguing productions of our inexhaustible lady novelists. If any one has a fancy to amuse himself with society and politics, Horace Walpole will give him Duchesses and Countesses and Secretaries of State, and real ones too, to his heart's content. If his taste be country life and quiet humour, he will not find them anywhere in greater perfection than in Cowper. If, like some men and many women, I believe, he reads novels to teach himself how to behave in polite society, Lord Chesterfield is the acknowledged authority in such matters, and has no objection to go into details. Or, if he be possessed of larger interests, or have an ear which asks for a lightness of hand and sureness of touch, a power of writing English, in fact, not at present possessed by more than one of our novelists, let him go to Gray, and the shy little poet of the "Elegy" may prove as interesting as many of the heroines of his previous acquaintance. At any rate his clear, pointed, vigorous language, as pure as it is firm and crisp, cannot fail of its charm. Everybody enjoys the spell of a genuine and original

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personality, which lives its own life and goes its own way; and Gray was that, at least, if nothing else. In mind and character, as in trees and plants, the surest sign of life is growth; and Gray never ceased to grow up to the very end. He was always breaking up the fallow ground, and filling in the vacant spaces all his life. "The mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments," he says in one place: and in another, "the drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument; to whom it does, or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages." He is all eager for travel, and sees that it always adds something worth having to a man. "Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles?" And his travelling was not only the fashionable progress through the Continental capitals; he may be called the discoverer of the mountains. When he came back from the Highlands, he said: "The Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been among them;" and neat and particular little man as he was, he was not afraid when he was fifty-two to make a walking tour alone in the Lakes, doing three hundred miles in seventeen days, if Mr. Gosse's interpretation of a passage in one of his letters is to be trusted. The journal which he wrote for Wharton records his delight in the scenery, as well as the adventures he went through. Here is one which shows how indefatigable he was:

"Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the Parsonage; fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles; stayed nevertheless and saw the sun set in all his glory."

The next day after this was one of his happiest: I must find room for a bit of what he says about it.

"*October* 3.—Wind at S.E., a heavenly day. Rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrodale. The grass was covered with a hoar frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke .... Our path tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the

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very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of Walla-Crag; opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont and Newland valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of Borrodale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the Lake, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to show it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of Keswick and Skiddaw for a background at a distance. Oh, Doctor! I never wished more for you!"

The enthusiasm which could carry a gouty man the wrong side of fifty through all this would be rare in our own day; in Gray's it was quite unique, and points to a real originality of character in him. Intellectual acuteness was common enough in those days: qualities of soul, among which a love of mountain scenery may without extravagance be ranked, were not common —never indeed are common. To feel, of oneself and by oneself, and not at second hand, that God's voice is audible among the mountains in an altogether special way, to him who has but ears to hear it, is what does not come to every man, does not come indeed to any man, who has not a more than common soul. But that is just what Gray habitually felt. In the highlands of Scotland, on the Grande Chartreuse, in the roads that wind through the English lakes, it is everywhere the same: he feels that the presence of the mountains is the presence of God. His more than English reserve as to his inner life is apt to make us remember nothing of him but the variety and fascination of his intellectual gifts. But, by doing so, we lose a most real and characteristic side of his character. The same man, whose mental versatility was such that he was equally at home in pointing out to one correspondent the difference between a Lepisma and an Adenanthera, or giving another the names of the Inkfish in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, with its place in the order of Mollusca; who made real contributions to the studies of English metre and Greek chronology; who at one moment occupies himself in compiling tables of the weather and the crops, and at another in annotating his large collection of manuscript Italian music, and whose comprehensive powers of appreciation found Socrates "divine," and the Comédie Française "beyond measure delightful," was all the while as simple as a child in the things of the inner life. He talks little about religion, and we

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know nothing of his views about details of doctrine, but his religious feeling was deep, genuine, and unshaken. "No very great wit, he believed in a God," is his own account of himself; and, when any of those things which unlock the secrets of every man's heart—a sorrow, an illness, a death—come upon him or his friends, we find him always the same, speaking the same simple language, breathing the same quiet spirit of resignation and hope. He knows the value of sorrow.

"Methinks I can readily pardon sickness and age and vexation for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure I have seen the best-tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked when under any pain, and could not, merely for the want of knowing rightly what it was themselves."

And his warning to his young friend Bonstetten against the dangers of pleasure, is that of a man deeply, even anxiously, in earnest.

"You do me the credit—and false or true it goes to my heart—of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so; but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill company, even when you were but a child. And will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse?"

His tone about these matters is quite uniform: we find him saying of Rousseau: "As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, I set them all at naught, and wish they had been omitted." The same letter curiously enough contains two other things worth noting in the same connection. He says:—

"Mrs. Jonathan told me you begun your evening prayer as soon as I was gone, and that it had a great effect upon the congregation. I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside when company comes."

And he adds incidentally: "Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead."

Still more clearly do his feelings come out in the actual

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presence of death: "He who best knows our nature," he says on one such occasion, "by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity to serious reflection, to our duty, and to Himself." And his letter to Mason, written just when his wife lay dying, is one of the most beautiful ever written at such a moment. I must allow myself to give it in full.

MY DEAR MASON,—I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu!

So touching a letter raises the man, for whose sorrow Gray's reserve could be so beautifully broken, into something more than poor Mason has been commonly thought to have been; and for Gray, even if it stood alone in its kind, it would prove that he is to be remembered, not only for his rare and almost unique combination of intellectual gifts, but also for his high qualities of character and soul.

J. C. BAILEY.

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WITH A CLAIRVOYANTE.

THE following notes of a séance have reached us from Australia, and will, we believe, be interesting to many of our readers, as we are able to testify to the trustworthiness of the correspondent who has forwarded us the particulars, and who is himself the owner of the statuette which was submitted to the clairvoyante. The girl whose words are here recorded, as taken down at the time, is of the middle class ; and it is an ascertained fact that she neither knew of the existence of the statuette, nor had heard of its origin or of the place whence it came.

The subject of the following account is a girl of about twenty-one years of age, the daughter of a working carpenter, intelligent, and for her station fairly educated. She experienced no ill-effect from the experiments made on her, and after coming out of the clairvoyant state was perfectly natural, and intimated that her sensations while under the influence of hypnotism were pleasing rather than otherwise. She was perfectly unconscious of anything that had taken place, and, as far as we could test, was perfectly ignorant of any information on the subject of which the séance in the following narrative treats.

The mutilated Greek bronze, one foot of which I placed in her hand while hypnotised, was purchased by me in Alexandria shortly after the bombardment. I had seen it in a shop, and being doubtful of its genuineness did not then purchase it ; but on starting for Suez on my way to Adelaide, I asked my brother and his wife, who accompanied me to the train, to buy it and send it on to me in a package from England, which they did. I told no one of my intention to submit it as a test, and Mr. D., who hypnotised her, had no idea of what I had put into her hand until the séance was over. The bust of the bronze remained in my cabinet and has not been seen to this day by either. I may

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say that the description of it is exact and so minute that I had myself to verify the statement that the ends of the wreath fell over the shoulder of the bronze, which seems to be a figure of Mercury or Bacchus. The description of the rooms is nearly perfect; but as I altered the locality of the bronze from the library to the drawing-room between the occurrence of the first and second séance there is at one point a little mixing of the description. I may say the girl has never been in my house.

While I was in England on a recent visit, my brother, who had bought a double-headed snake bracelet in Cairo while with me in Egypt on the first occasion and had brought it out with him when he took my place here, had an equally interesting historical description of it, in which a marriage of an Egyptian prince is described. Whether or not it is possible to prove its accuracy, it at least is wonderfully fascinating and apparently altogether beyond the power of such a girl to fabricate or to imagine.

WITH A CLAIRVOYANTE. MAY 20th, 1886.

Placed in her hand the foot of a small Greek bronze—

"IT seems as if I were in the ground. I see something in the earth very hard—in veins, there is a lot of it—it is part of the earth.—Seems a cold place. It is a long time ago. Am coming up—am at the top—can see a hole—am picking up a piece, it is hard stuff, all mixed with earth. It is in the country with hills about.

"I see a fire—it's hot against that—a lot of that stuff there—it is a foundry—they are taking it in shovels and putting it into the fire. There is a lot of metal like rusty iron stacked up."

The Clairvoyante, on being told to look at the same place at a later period, adds—

"I see another place. There is a lot of ornamental things hanging up—the people are dark—dressed anyhow, loose things dragging round them. Seems like a house—funny place—big place—square built affair—strong—built of large stones—smooth in front. It has a grand entrance—a hall inside the front steps to go up—stone floor—light stone—it is ornamented about with figures—some people there—queer looking—they have something on without arms or legs. One is lying down on his face. There is something at the end of the hall towards the middle—there is something up there—I think that one is laying himself

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down to it. I don't know whether it is a man or an animal—it is not pretty—it is staring at me—it has a man's head—I don't like looking at it—it is big—upon something with a step up to it—it is meant for a man—it is brown. There is another room not so big as the other. It is daylight—light comes from the top—there is a lot of ugly things there, like cats ; they look straight—they are queer.—There are beads there also made of something, and long narrow jugs. There is another thing set upon something—the walls are not solid—there are pillars and curtains—the cats are like part cat and part cow—they have no notion of setting, the brutes—they are all straight—they seem only to want the likeness. On the curtains they have drawn birds and cats and jugs and figures like triangles in columns. There is an ugly thing in front of the door, it has a sharp nose—eyes sticking out at the top ; the rest is like a snake. Why do they make two animals into one? The head is like an alligator. There is something burning there in little vessels—three of them—it has a funny smell—some kind of herb burning. Three men have water in something—not buckets—an animal's skin—they are throwing it on the floor—they pull up part of the curtain and let the wind dry it—they are putting sand on it. It is a long time ago—two thousand years. Some of the ornaments they have there would be in that foundry—they are bronze—some are jugs—some are heads with horns. The vessels they burn the stuff in are made of that—some are birds—there is a stand in the middle of the floor with water—the feet are like claws—there are three legs—the top is ornamented with leaves of metal, and between is like cats' faces alternate with the leaves. No women are there. The men have long hair. The beards are square, like as they make the animals, straight down from the chin. Three men are walking about swinging the vessels with the burning herbs.—Are they drying the floors? They seem to have charge of the place.

"I am looking at something just before you come into the other room—it is the figure of a man—a nice one—it is not three feet—it is standing on something—it looks about sixteen inches—it has something round the head and over the shoulder like a turban, like as if it were thrown over something—like a wreath—it is a wreath—the eyes are open—there is a dot there—the pupil—dark eyes—don't think them the same as the body, they are a kind of stone fitted in. It has no dress on—a nude figure."

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SECOND SÉANCE.

"The figure has no arms, it was made without arms. It was meant for somebody that had been alive—had his arms chopped off at the shoulder. It was in that place a long time, nearly a thousand years—it wasn't taken away—the place is not like it was then—it's only ruins now. There has been a war there. The place has been knocked about. It is a hot sandy place. The men seemed big—taller and stouter than I have ever seen before. They seem to be fighting among themselves. The quarrel is about their religion. It must have been a sort of church that place they were in—the place with the ugly things. They are throwing stones at the things. One is dragging down the curtains, another is trying to pull them from him. There are now some women there trying to get in—two women have got in—one of the men has caught them by the hair and is dragging them out—the cruel things. The women think more of the place than the men; they are crying and wiping their eyes with their hair. Some of the men are killed—a man is stepping on a little boy, he doesn't care, he can't avoid it, there are so many. While they are fighting there are other men taking the things away—they are skinny looking, like beggars. Those that are fighting have loose clothes; they wear a sort of skirt and an overall with head and arms through it—they have got a sort of cap on their heads—it is round, goes up to the top with a peak—they are red blue and yellow, with embroidery on them—the others wear turbans.

"The figure I saw was knocked down. I will go after it when they are gone. I see a funny place—people sitting on the roofs of houses—they are flat. I see a big river not a long way off.

"I see lots of donkeys about. I suppose that is a shop—a man with something in his mouth, a piece of cord—it goes inside—he is outside. The street is not much. The man with the cord in his mouth is smoking through it from a bowl inside, it has an ivory mouthpiece. There is a lot of rubbish—it looks as if one had been digging and picking up things—this is a good while after the other—it is only a little while ago. They have got some mats in the place, on the floor; also a lot of flags hanging up.

"I am picking up some of the things to look at. There are different coloured stones, some blue ones. Some old pottery there like some I saw in that place—they are old now and

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broken—some birds also. A jug like a bird. There is something else I have got to see—I can see it now—the figure of the man that was knocked down in the place. I am looking at the people in the street—it is not clean—there are goats, and dirty children. I want to go back and see where he got it—I see it now. The first person who got it was a woman who took it home after the fight, but the man took it from her and threw it back into the ruin. I can't understand their language—they use their hands a great deal in their talking. The place now looks all different—all knocked about like—no notice taken of it now. It has got covered up and buried with sand. It does not look like the same place—does not look as if there ever had been a house there."

* * * * *

"I see the shop. Another man coming in there. A native has a red cloth on his head—he put his hand up like making a bow—said something—he wants that statue—he is not giving him money for it—he is giving him some stones and red cloth in exchange—he is going away with it—he has got a shop too, better than the other in a larger street, it is more like a shop. Seems to have a lot of rubbish there—has beads there—they look as if they were made of wood—they are dark, some look like seeds. Some old crockery there. Some stones with one side polished. He has put the bronze in the middle of the other things—has hung some beads round it. I feel as if I were in a train. I am looking at the people, different kind from those in the shop. Such a lot of dirty ragged looking folk all gone down the street. The people in the shop won't allow the passengers to go past—not the ragged lot—they want them to come and buy. I don't think they have been there before, by the way they are looking about. I think they are English people. What is that? It seems to be something built of stone, it is like a stone pillar, it is small at the top, it is carved over with figures of something, birds and things—it has a point at the top. The English people are looking at it. There seems to be a lot of things like pillars broken off—it is too hot there—a lot of donkeys there. I am back to that shop. I can't understand what he says—they are there—the English people—there seem to be three or four. One with them not English going about showing places. Don't they put their hands about when talking. The shop man would like them to buy everything. I see one of them better than the

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others. There is a lady there. He tries to sell them cloths, he scarcely gives them time to look—he shows the figure—they like it, it is a nice one—they are going to have it—they want fans. The natives seem lazy people. I am looking at the beads and the other things. I am looking for these people again. I see them in some house not where they live. I am looking to see if they have the figure. I think they are in an hotel. It is in a box in a bag—it is a traveller's trunk. It seems as if I know one of them—It isn't a house—it moves. It seems like water out there—it must be a ship—a lot of people on deck, they seem to be looking back at some black things in the water. The gentleman who bought the figure is looking through a glass out to sea. I am going to see him come home. It is colder—they are getting near land. It seems like a port—they have been a long way by sea and land. I have seen the gentleman here, he does not look quite so old as when I have seen him. It is Mr. M——. The statue did not come with him, it came after him. I see it now, it is on a table or sideboard. It is like a library—there are bookcases on one side—two windows on the other side. I think perhaps it is a drawing-room. I thought it was a library because it had such a lot of books—the room seems like two in one. The statue seems in a corner not out of sight—it is a nice room, there are a lot of ornaments. I would not like to dust them all. There is a large mirror over the mantlepiece—stone mantelpiece.

"I see the figure, it is in a room—I think I have been there before. I am looking at the mantleshelf—has jars on it—is a dark colour. It seems to be one window, I can't say if it is green or brown—has venetians. There is a small table and a large one, two easy chairs—ten chairs—something standing across the corner—there are ornaments on it—a lot of curiosities—some kind of figures—I don't think they are china—look like terra-cotta work—the figure is on a stand like a table."

D. M.

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STATE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

BY ALEXANDER WINTER, F.S.S.

AT a time, when the inadequacy of treating and punishing the criminal classes is perhaps more felt than ever, when efforts from all sides are being made to improve the efficiency of prisons in order, as much as possible, to reform the culprit and make him a law-abiding well-behaved man, I believe, and I sincerely hope, that a brief description of the New York Reformatory—an institution based entirely upon an original method—will help to throw some light on this great social problem, and in some measure influence, if not directly guide, in the early future, the management of places of confinement, and the science of law respecting criminals.

If we bear in mind that society is partly, if not alone responsible, for our social conditions being chiefly, if not exclusively, the cause of the perpetration of crime, if we make laws for our protection and punish their offenders, then we should also consider it our most bounden duty to study minutely the means for preventing such offences. Our present mode of punishment and imprisonment indiscriminately has by no means a fundamental reformative effect on the convict, especially on the one who is susceptible for reformation. His mental and moral faculties are no more improved when discharged from prison, than when he first entered; generally much to the contrary.

The danger and evil to which society is exposed when an adult unreformed felon is discharged, is far beyond calculation. It is not merely the doings of the wretch himself which must be taken into consideration, but his surroundings—those who associate with him. He is a stumbling-block to his fellow-creatures, and his criminal disease spreads as an epidemic among them. Nor does it stop here. Far beyond every conception it

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travels, cutting down originally innocent creatures as it moves irresistibly along, thereby increasing the number of victims, and the gravity of the offences. It is the spread of such ruin as this that we should endeavour to stop with every possible means; and how best to do it is a point for our serious consideration. We have to strain our efforts to the utmost in the search of a more effective method, a method based upon conciliatory and particularly scientific principles; and it may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the principle is embraced, that the end of punishment is to reclaim the offender, viz. to retain possession of him until such time as it is thought fit to restore him to society—when he shows he is able and willing to respect its laws, that is, in case of indeterminate sentences, as suggested by Frederick Hill.

If an individual violates the law it is generally on account of his being either ignorant of, or incapable by reason of some involuntary impulse of submitting to its injunctions. These are defects which should be remedied during the time of confinement by subjecting the prisoner to treatment which will effect the object in view and prepare him for safe citizenship—a treatment involving his physical renovation, his mental improvement, and his moral education. If punishment is meant for diminution of crime, it is not only legitimate, but necessary, to employ detention as a means until that effect is fairly accomplished. By the so-called indeterminate sentence the criminal has to work out entirely by himself his conditional as well as final liberty, the essential principles of the result of which should be the spontaneous development of his defective faculties, both physically and spiritually; and only until then, through the skilful application of these agencies can a radical and lasting reformation and extirpation of criminal tendency be satisfactorily attained.

The ignorance and incapacity of a proper reasonableness and consciousness of thinking and doing, although sometimes only momentarily, is the principal, if not the sole cause of all offences against the law and society. These offenders may be divided into two great classes; (1) occasional law-breakers, and (2) confirmed law-breakers. The occasional offenders are those whose wrong-doing is due to sudden temptation, to passion, intoxication, or cases which seldom or never happen again; while the confirmed law-breakers, who form the real criminal class, and who chiefly people our prisons, are those who were

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either born amidst vice and misled in their early surroundings, or those who have fallen subsequently by repeated violations of the law. These confirmed criminals are all more or less of an abnormal condition; they are often physically degraded, either through original incapacity, or else through anomalous developments. Their criminal tendency is mostly stamped upon their very faces, upon their very movement, indeed, upon everything concerning their general appearance, for, their mental and moral faculties being absolutely coherent and co-operative with their body, are in an unsound and unfit condition.

Under these enslaved circumstances the most noble intentions, the most cheerful willingness to attempt to submit to reason, righteousness and honesty, often fail. The vile inclinations have overpowered the noble ones and extinguished every moral foundation. He has not only lost the impulse to choose between right and wrong, but also the power of discriminating between the two. Ultimately he becomes so degenerated, that it is quite impossible to reform him only by physical means—by labour, by order and discipline, by regular food and lodging; it may improve him in one way, but it has no effect whatever in improving his character, neither has it the means of procuring those lasting effects which are so necessary to his leading a different life on his release.

To such an individual a wholesome reformation can only be procured by simultaneously training the mind and body, by strengthening the intellectual, and first of all moral faculties, by a systematic and practical development; not by teaching of knowledge or book-lore, but by education in the proper sense of the word, that is, the education of the physical, mental and psychological faculties conjointly. Only such extreme remedies can satisfactorily solve such great difficulties.

The opinion that education makes the criminal more dangerous cannot be justly maintained if only the method for its application be rightly considered. No better example for refuting such unwarranted phrases can be presented to the reader than the educational method adopted in the New York State Reformatory of Elmira, which, during thirteen years' practical working, gives sufficient guarantee as to its undoubted results.

The Reformatory aims, in the widest sense of the word, to reform and improve the prisoner, both bodily and spiritually. The end and scope of this system is not punishment, but true

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conversion, social improvement, and a radical extirpation of all criminal motives and inclinations, and only after this has been satisfactorily done, and not until then, is the possibility of the prisoner's release taken into consideration.

The originator of the Reformatory and its unique system is General Superintendent Z. R. Brockways. His elaborated plans were submitted to the legislative body in 1876; it became law, and a grant was at once made for the foundation of the Institute. The inmates at first numbered 184; now over 1000 are lodged within its walls, so that such an increase has necessitated for some time past the consideration of founding another establishment of this kind. This augmented number is said to be due exclusively to its universal merit in satisfactorily fulfilling the requirements. In recognition of its beneficial results, the Judges of the State prefer sentencing prisoners for probation at the Reformatory.

The Reformatory, a somewhat pretentious structure, is situated on an elevation two miles and a half from the City Hall in Elmira, on the west-side of the Chemung Valley, overlooking an expanse encircled by hills for more than twenty miles. The ground belonging to this institution embraces two hundred and eighty acres, of which about thirteen acres, constituting the premises proper of the institution, is enclosed partly by buildings and the rest by a strong brick wall twenty feet high. The architectural design of the buildings is somewhat attractive, and their arrangement is admirable. As to light, air, room, and ventilation, the most particular care is taken, and from a sanitary as well as educational and reformative point of view, it enjoys the realization of modern notions, which have been developed in time by a philosophical culture owing to a psychological age.

Any male convict is admissible to the Reformatory between the ages of sixteen and thirty—the period of life in which violations and crimes are mostly committed, and when anomalous characters may still be reformed. It is also a rule that the individual must not have been in a State prison before, but, if it is advisable, in cases where an improvement seems not improbable, men convicted for the second or third time also are exceptionally sent to Elmira.

The convicts are transferred to the Reformatory subject to the rules of the institution, that is not for a definite period, with the clause: his detention shall not exceed the maximum term provided by law for the crime for which the sentence is given

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While thus freeing the prisoner from undue detention, he is to be released when it is reasonably safe to give him liberty, without regard to punishment whether little or much, and without regard to the particular crime for which he was imprisoned. For instance, if an individual is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment he may be detained in Elmira for the full time of his sentence, but he may at the discretion of the board of managers be discharged on parole at the end of one year, and be finally discharged in six months hence if he fulfils the requirements of the institution. The length of time for which the original judgment was given is practically of no consideration except in those comparatively few cases in which the individuals take little or no pains in working out their freedom, and are detained until the expiration of their sentence. In order to remove such a drawback, the obstacle in the reformative tendency, a strong movement is alive to abandon the limitation of time altogether, so as to force every convict to submit to the Reformatory training; and not to allow any one to return into society until he is reformed and made worthy of it.

What a marvellously great problem would be solved, if only point for point of this single sentence were scrupulously carried out! The infallible efficiency of the universal moral improvement is clear, and if we should hit upon the point of not freeing criminals under any circumstances whatever, unless under the conditions just named, our whole human race would, without doubt, inestimably benefit thereby. If we cannot entirely abandon the tendency to revenge the evil-doings of our fellow-creatures, we ought not by any means to be satisfied with simply the infliction of punishment, but consider it necessary to remove the criminal motives and causes, the natural inclinations and external influences, and to prevent, as far as possible, any further relapse into this crime, not for the criminal's interest, but for the interest and welfare of our society. It seems quite inexcusable, entirely lacking in Christian charity and human feeling, to allow youthful adult offenders under the age of thirty, who are reclaimable and susceptible to reformation, to be left in their own deplorable tendency, thereby placing their future lives in jeopardy, so long as there are ways and means of saving them.

Elmira Reformatory is a compulsory training and educational institute, but compulsion is in reality only to awaken and compel the subject to recognize spontaneously the usefulness of

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developing his defective faculties. The prisoners are classified in three grades. On admission, the convict is placed in the second or intermediate grade, and it depends entirely on his own industry and behaviour whether he advances to the first grade or is degraded by being placed in the third, and again on these proceedings of course depends his release. The aim of regaining liberty, therefore, is continually before the eyes of the individual and possesses a wonderfully efficacious motive, an incessantly pressing power, which arouses the most dormant and unsusceptible character. When the striving instinct of an individual towards a certain aim becomes relaxed or entirely lost, he falls into indolence, indifference, and regardlessness for his fellow-creatures, and loses all self-respect and moral discernment he may have possessed previous to his confinement.

On the average about 35 per cent. of the convicts, immediately after their admission, follow the straight way that leads to reformation, and work on steadily so as to be released on parole within fifteen months. Another 36 per cent. show less willingness and perseverance; they hesitate, fall back, and advance again, but work themselves out on parole within twenty-four months. Further, 19 per cent. are so much mastered by bad principles and irresolution, that they need on the average about three years, in order to satisfy the requirements of the reformative system as to be conditionally released unless the maximum term of their sentence has expired already. The rest, about 10 per cent., are apparently incorrigible subjects, who are kept longer than three years, either in the Reformatory or by being transferred to another prison. Deducting this 10 per cent. and the 35 per cent. who seem to be incorrupt and immediately willing, there remains over 50 per cent. whose individual training and education require particular and personal care, the work of which, again through the powerful motive of the desire to regain liberty, is greatly facilitated.

The average detention before release on parole is twenty-one months.

The process for the convicts to work themselves out before the expiration of their maximum sentence is done by earning credit marks. The way is a short, but difficult one, and although apparently insignificant, it appears to be most efficient in every sense. The earning of nine marks in each month during six months gains the promotion from the second to the first grade. The marks earned are as follows: three for demeanour, three for

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labour, and three for progress in school. Negligence, misdemeanour, careless working, not sufficiently developing the mental and moral faculties, result in marks of discredit, and great severity is applied and proportionally a sharp judgment given in cases of crookedness and hypocrisy which, as in all other such places, is a most common habit of the criminals.

Six valid neglect or pink reports, or three valid derelict or yellow reports in one month cause the loss of one mark. A single valid offence or chocolate report causes the loss of one or more marks at the discretion of the General Superintendent.

This mark-system, as simple as it appears, gives the most accurate record of the disposition, ability and efforts of each inmate. It regulates rightly his conduct as workman and pupil; it shows also, whether in industry he possesses sufficient power of application, enough of care and economy in the use of materials and tools, with sufficient taste and ability to give reasonable assurance that, if released, he can honestly earn an amount equal to the requirements of his needs; and in his school progress and demeanour, whether he can reason rightly in common affairs, and, if right reasoning brings a conclusion in conflict with an unworthy or criminal impulse, whether the mind inclines, or can, by the prisoner's own will and power, be made to follow the path of rectitude. The mark-system is not used to punish, but in the true personal interest of each individual, and its application is not influenced either by favouritism or fear. Those who are actually worthy, advance, and the unworthy go backward, according to the natural order of things in life. However little this system may be understood, it is a most powerful moralising means, and it is indeed astonishing how men from the lowest grade have been restored to a good standard, and continue to make satisfactory progress.

The administration of the mark-system renders quite unnecessary any of the ordinary prison punishments in all but the third or proper convict grade, which never exceeded fifteen per cent. of the whole number of prisoners, and even there it is considered measurably efficient. The individual is obliged to work in reality; there is no escape for him; he is controlled step by step, and tested incessantly in his truly moral, mental, and physical efforts.

Each prisoner must merit in the first grade as in the second a "perfect" qualification for each of the three categories—

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demeanour, labour, and schooling; that is, he must obtain the full number of nine marks each month for six months, then he is recommended to the managers for release on parole.

The board of managers consists of five gentlemen elected for terms of five years by the State Governor and the Senate, from among the people. These members receive no remuneration whatever. They meet quarterly for the so-called tribunal meetings, to examine the cases of discharge by considering all points which concern the future welfare of the individuals. The eligibility for release requires, besides an absolutely "perfect" fulfilment of the rules of the institution, a certain guarantee that the convict has indeed become reformed and improved, and that he is capable of good behaviour—especially that he now possesses the capacity to earn his own support by honest work. The conditional release also necessitates that a constant situation according to the man's qualification be found. Uninterrupted activity is an indispensable desideratum to save the reformed individual from relapsing into his former wrong-doing. Idleness is the way to crime again. Much, very much evil could be prevented by recognizing absolutely the importance of this question. As to the employment of men on parole, there is generally no difficulty in obtaining it. A long time before the individual is conditionally freed, his friends or relatives, with whom he is allowed to correspond, or else the reformatory authorities themselves, provide a place for him. Employers, as a rule, do not entertain any aversion to engage such released men; on the contrary, oftener than not they give them preference.

The managers also hold monthly meetings for checking accounts, &c., and also on particular occasions when it is considered desirable; and whenever the managers are present, either as a board, or singly, inmates are allowed freely to approach them for the purpose of consultation, &c. Of the quarterly meetings public announcement is always made to the inmates, accompanied with the intimation that they may speak openly whatever weighs upon their minds and feelings. Between the prisoners and the managers and the General Superintendent there is a close relationship without being in the least injurious to the ordinary discipline.

In the hands of Mr. Brockway is invested practically the entire management of the Reformatory. He is authorized to employ and discharge officers, and to make what arrangements

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he finds necessary in the interests of the institution. Like all officers, he lives in the Reformatory and devotes himself, wholly, to its welfare. There is an enormous difference between an officer who merely fulfils the unavoidable duties of his office, and one whose personal interests are absolutely embodied in the efficiency and the results of his labour; and there is scarcely any other instance where this distinctiveness is of more importance than in a reformative method of treating convicts. No past, no yesterday, but the future is taken into consideration. There is, generally speaking, no punishment for wrong-doing, for discredit marks or degradation, through being expelled from a higher grade and placed into a lower one, is not considered a punishment but an unavoidable necessity for progressive interests; indeed, Mr. Brockway's theory is based wholly on "Reward for Self-improvement." This seems a very easy life for a man to go through, and yet the experience in Elmira proves that there is in reality no harder punishment for the confirmed culprit than the compulsory schooling and moralising system. The criminal's inclination, as a rule, is low and mean, he hates any modes of higher thinking and noble mental occupation. The treatment of the inmates is applied individually in accordance with his diagnosis which has been made before. The education begins with the primary rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and extends through English language, grammar, higher mathematics, geography, American, English, and general history, politics, literature, law, political economy, and such acquirements demanded by society. Twelve different classes or more are formed, as it is found necessary to obtain as much as possible uniformity with the pupils. The higher classes sometimes attain such standard, that in the literary course Shakespeare and the old Classics are studied and discussed with fair understanding. The most difficult and important point is the proper classification of the prisoners in the school, and can only be understood and aptly applied by one who possesses profound knowledge and experience of the world and mankind. In Elmira they not only search for the previous and existing educational standard, but particularly for the mental abilities and natural instincts.

By means of the miraculous motive of regaining liberty the original aversion of the prisoner against schooling and spiritual elevation which existed at first, disappears, and he grows gradually and almost unconsciously to desire a gain of

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knowledge. The fact of this conversion is clearly shown through the change in the selection of literature in the Reformatory-library. After entering, the prisoners ask almost exclusively for books of fiction, merely for killing the time, but through the infallible influence of the excellent mode of individual training they soon give preference to ethical, political, economical, historical, classical, and other works for serious study.

The teaching, chiefly verbal, is conducted by eminent authorities on pedagogy, philosophy, &c., who are engaged in public life, and who for their services receive small remunerations from the institution funds. Many of the teachers and lecturers, however, devote their time gratis, and, where admissible, qualified prisoners are placed upon the teaching staff. The instructions take place in the evening, and therefore do not interfere with the normal labour hours. It gives a singular impression to be present and watch the pupils during their instructions; the apparent self-interest, the desire of learning possessed by these male adults is astonishing, and nowhere else, not even in the most disciplined and best organized schools in ordinary life, can such qualities possessed by pupils be found to be better. The newly aroused zeal for learning seems to have opened to them a new world, entirely another sphere of life.

One particular feature of this schooling is the development of the psychological, simultaneously with the mental faculties of the individual. The moral feeling is not only inspired through the influence of the ecclesiastics of the respective creeds, but also materially aided by the teachers and instructors. Their aim is not so much to impart a knowledge of stereotyped facts and ideas, as to stimulate the minds of the men to obtain for themselves a true conception of the moral order of the world of which they are members, and to form true convictions with respect to their relation to it. In order to keep up the interest of the pupils, there is in the classes always free discussion allowed, which is said to be most essential and beneficial for the acquisition of practical ethics. The topics are discussed freely, and the answers, given by the individuals on examination, for which, it must be stated, there is abundant evidence that hypocrisy has less to do than might be supposed. The answers are expressed with almost unbounded confidence in truth, which show the result of the method.

The most characteristic and unique feature, however, of the

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Reformatory is the cultivation of self-reliance and responsibility. It is forced upon the prisoner from the first moment, that, by every step and every thought, by all his thinking and doing he is made to reflect. He is his own master, of course to a certain extent; the whole welfare rests exclusively upon his own person, and he has really and seriously to apply his bodily and spiritual powers, not in blind obedience and fulfilment of the rules of the institution, but by arriving at the conviction, and by forming for himself the discernment which is absolutely necessary to possess before deciding between right and wrong, and carrying out any thought. The convict is left to himself to arrive at the conclusion what immorality there lies in doing evil, and what good rests on decent behaviour. The system of our ordinary prison life can fairly be said to be the destruction of self-help and self-care.

Following the treatment of a prisoner in Elmira, he is upon his admission, cleansed, clothed in the second-grade suit, photographed, medically examined, described in the general register, and afterwards locked up in a cell for a day or two, to give him time for reflection. He is then taken before the General Superintendent, who makes in person a complete diagnosis of the physical, mental, and moral condition; questions thoroughly on his biographical record for the ancestral history and hereditary causes, in order to ascertain the motives of the crime, until the subjective defect is apparently discovered in each case, and an impression is formed for the particular treatment needed by the individual to bring about his reformation. The man's home life, early surroundings and influences, habits, associations and occupations; also the habits, occupation, and moral standard of his parents, and, if possible, that of his grandparents—that is, whether they were temperate, clean, honest, or otherwise. The result of this detailed investigation, which generally takes an hour or so, is subsequently recorded in a big ledger, as well as the proposed treatment to be applied. Mr. Brockway's long practice and deep knowledge of human nature enable him to analyze the case pretty accurately; he therefore knows the man thoroughly, while the subject no less recognizes that he is in the presence of a man whom it is of no use to try to deceive.

After this somewhat close scrutiny the newly-admitted inmate is carefully instructed in his liabilities, rights, and privileges whilst in the institution; the mark-system and conditions of promotion and release are fully explained, and then he is assigned to an appropriate class in school and to a suitable industry.

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The daily routine is as follows:

At 5.30 A.M. the inmates are summoned from sleep on working-days by three loud strokes from the gong in the guard-room, and in fifteen minutes hence are required to be dressed and ready for breakfast. Then, on further gong signals being given, the first-grade men are unlocked and proceed to their places in the dining-room, where silence is maintained until the word "Ready" is given by the officer on duty, after which free conversation with one another is allowed. The second and third-grade men are supplied with food in their cells. On another signal being given the first-grade men return to their rooms. At 7 o'clock all inmates repair to the workshops. Before going out to work, their cells and cupboards must be made scrupulously clean and put in order.

The working hours extend from 7.30 to 12 A.M. and from 1 to 4.30 P.M. Dinner is given between 12 and 1 o'clock, and supper soon after the day's work is finished. The regular duties, in spite of the evening instructions, leave the inmates much time at their disposal, which almost exclusively is employed in reading and study. In the morning and evening till 9.30 the cells are lighted by gas, and well-heated in the winter, so as to give every opportunity of mental occupation.

With regard to the sanitary condition of the institution, and the health of the inmates, the greatest possible care is taken, and provision is made for every inmate taking a bath, warm or cold, weekly. Mr. Brockway, according to his theory, holds strictly to the fact, that bodily health is absolutely the fundamental principle of practical morality, that is, when the better principles of the human soul master and control the worse principles, and that on sound physiology alone is it possible to build morality, true religion, and reason. The men, therefore, are accustomed to bodily cleanliness, and are also taught the benefit of a healthy constitution and how to attain it.

It is true, some people starve directly to death, but how many more, how many hundred times more, owe their degenerated state, their physical, mental, and moral disease, their detrimental disqualification as members of society, and ultimately, their premature death, to conditions which originate in the want of bodily cleanliness? Intemperance, ill-applied or excessive nourishment, irregular mode of living, and their too well-known consequences, can all, to a great extent, be traced to an unsound and not sufficiently active constitution.

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On Sundays and the principal holidays the inmates attend general and regular religious service conducted by a clergyman from Elmira, which lasts about three-quarters of an hour, and consisting of hymns, Scripture reading, prayer, and sermon. Smaller religious meetings, exclusively for members of the Protestant faith, are also held, while pastoral instruction is given at every serious call of any inmate.

The Catholic inmates receive catechetical instruction twice in the month from a priest, while confessions are heard and mass is said the following Sunday once a month.

The Jewish inmates, who number on the average about five per cent. also have a special religious service one Saturday in each month, conducted by a Rabbi.

On Sunday morning, but to the privileged inmates only, writing-material and postage-stamps are furnished gratis by the institution, so are the *Weekly Mail* and the Reformatory weekly newspaper *The Summary*.

Rather extravagant is the diet of the prisoners. The bill of fare for one week is as follows:

Breakfast, in the first and second grade: Beef-hash, potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar.

Supper, in the first grade: sauce, bread, butter, tea, syrup and sugar; in the second grade, the same, except sauce and butter.

Dinner of the first and second grade consists of: three times in the week soup and meat, twice mutton stew, once beef and turnips, and once roast beef and gravy, always with bread; in addition to that, the second grade receive four times a week coffee and sugar, while the first grade receive it daily, and sometimes fruit or preserves in addition.

The diet of the third grade is like that of the second, with the exception of tea and coffee.

Besides his ration, each inmate may ask for more, but in the third grade the supplement only consists of bread. Meat and all provisions are of the best quality.

On being questioned particularly about the extravagant fare, the General Superintendent remarked that: "The only aim, the very end of the Reformatory, is reformation. Good nourishment is necessary for an orderly life, and from experience I obtain far better results from the inmates by supplying good food."

The difference between the three grades as to the dietary is in

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its constituents, as well as the manner of serving it. The first grade take their meals in a large dining-room; sit at tables eight or twelve together; have tablecloths, crockery; can satisfy their appetites in one way or the other, and are allowed to converse during meal time. As to the dress, the second or intermediate grade wear civilian dress with Scotch caps; the third, or proper convict grade, wear suits of red clothes without caps; and the first grade, a light-blue uniform with a military cap. The first grade also occupy better rooms than the others. Previous to the publication of the Reformatory paper, the news of the day culled from the newspapers was read to the first grade once a week at table. The first grade are allowed on Sundays to write and receive letters; the second grade are allowed to receive letters on Sundays, but to write letters once a month only. The first and second grades are allowed to receive visitors once in three months, though only for very short interviews, and then in the presence of an officer. The first and second grade can also receive and change books in the library every week.

From all these privileges the third grade is excluded.

From and to the workshops, schoolrooms, &c., the first grade march four abreast, and they are officered by captains and sergeants, chosen by the General Superintendent from their own grade; the second grade march two abreast, and are officered by members of the first grade; while the third grade, in degraded prison attire, march one after the other, and are officered by the institution officials.

In the workshops and school, however, the three grades mingle together, as there they range according to their bodily and mental standard and not that of conduct.

If the existing reforming means appear with an individual absolutely without result, then the board of managers are at liberty to assign him to another State prison or penitentiary. The number though sent away is but small, and varies between one and two per cent.

For utilizing materially the physical working power, the prisoners have been occupied during their eight hours of labour in productive industries, such as manufacturing hardware, brushes, brooms, tin-ware, chairs, pipes and wood novelties, packing and paper boxes. The manufacture of these articles is conducted now by the Public Account System, that is the State is the manufacturer, takes the business-management, buys all material and disposes of the manufactured goods, and bears all risk.

At the opening of the Reformatory the prisoners were em-

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ployed for several years on the Public Account System in two industries. Owing to the agitation of the labour party, the old contract-system became forcibly introduced again in 1880, and was in use for five years until, by realizing absolutely the ideal of perfect reformation the legislative body agreed to prohibit the further employment of prisoners upon the contract system, and, the contracts having expired in the beginning of 1887, the original plan of a self-producing organization was resumed. But in 1888, when the so-called Yates Bill became law, the whole number of 854 prisoners was actually placed out of employment, and the Fasset Amendment Bill, 1889, with its five per cent. limitation clause, though on a very limited scale, once more set the utilization of the individual working power of the inmates into operation again. Out of more than 1000 inmates at the end of 1889, there were employed, for manufacturing purposes, as follows: Hardware, 121; Swedish Novelty works, 54; Cabinet, 36; Packing-cases, 5; Tin shop, 26; Paper-boxes, 11.

As a new and ideal feature of the industrial system in Elmira, the managers, after due deliberation, resolved at a recent meeting to introduce henceforth no industries which did not advantageously combine the elements of instruction and production; whilst strong efforts are being made by General Superintendent Brockway to increase the number of industries—on instructive as well as productive basis—so as to embrace all kinds of trades, which are chiefly carried on in ordinary life, until the point is reached, when each inmate is employed, not necessarily at the trade or occupation (if he had any), at which he was engaged previous to his imprisonment, but at that trade and occupation at which he most likely will be able to find his living after his release.

The care of the future of the convict, after having worked out his liberty, is the most characteristic feature of the Elmira system, and, apart from these productive industries, there has been in operation for several years a well-organized trade school, which is meant to teach, practically and theoretically, a number of professions. These polytechnic instructions have been carried on in the evenings, so as not to interfere with the regular working hours, and at present are only instructive; but the diversification of such useful industries, and the use of them also for production is Brockway's ideal, which now, owing to the want of suitable employment of the inmates, has every chance of becoming generally recognized and introduced. Twenty-five classes are in operation, and almost all inmates have in 1889 received technical

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instructions in one of the following branches: Machinists, blacksmithing, stone-cutting, carpentry, pattern-making, wood-turning, wood-carving, wood-finishing, frescoing, bricklaying, plastering, plumbing, brass-finishing, book-binding, printing, stenography, tailoring, shoe-making, baking, and shaving and hair-dressing.

If the fact is fully understood that the most criminal acts committed originate, directly or indirectly, through material causes, which are due chiefly to incapacity in supporting honestly their proper wants, then it is quite clear how beneficial the institution of such a particular feature as a means of reforming culprits is.

In order to bring the system in Elmira, as a reformative means, to the highest perfection, a self-supporting plan amongst the prisoners is in contemplation, viz. that, according to an elaborated scale of wages, each inmate receives what he actually earns by his labour and pays for all the items of his maintenance, as: diet, clothes, room, light, fuel, Doctor's fees in case of illness, &c. The end of such a wide institution is, that the prisoner, while imprisoned, shall fully show his disposition and ability to subsist by his own voluntary personal exertions, the recognition of which increases the guarantee that he is fit to become a member of society, when it is deemed safe to place him in liberty.

The frequent changes of the industrial policy of the Reformatory, as required by Legislature, have for the last years greatly reduced the earnings of the inmates. The Public Account System, considered to be the best way in productive labour to complete a reformatory theory, was supposed to return at least the same, if not better financial results, than the Contract System, where the individual working power is sold by the time to contractors. However, the Contract System shows in some years a return of nearly 70 per cent. towards the gross expenditures of the institution, while the Public Account System never brought in more than 60 per cent., the reason of which is stated to be due exclusively to the circumstance that there was deficiency in the means of utilizing, fully and without interruption, the individual working power of the prisoners. Through the effects of the Yates Bill, the earnings of the inmates for 1888 was only 30 per cent., while the year 1889 actually shows a loss of $21.048,52 attributable to necessary deductions in the value of machines, tools, materials, and general depreciation in market value. It is peculiar to the tendency of the Reformatory movement to treat the financial results as only a secondary question: not the material but the personal profit is sought for.

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Some excessively philanthropic features in Elmira, in this point as well as in others, cannot be denied, but it is easy to understand, and it is my particular desire to point out, that the reforming system in its fundamental theory can be introduced without scarcely any extra burden to the State; a more economical and rational management would result in quite the same progress in the training and reforming of criminals.

The cost for maintaining the Reformatory will best be seen in the following financial statements.

COST OF MAINTENANCE FOR 1889.

	Dollars.
Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus	·921,87
Clothing and Bedding	17·032,23
Fuel and Light	13·028,96
Room Furnishings	·162,57
Prisoners' Transportation	6·063,07
Kitchen	3·174,12
General Expense	9·447,24
Discharged Prisoners	3·347,45
Salaries	30·190,41
Repairs and Alterations	6·468,56
Provisions	35·048,86
School-books and Teaching	2·825,25
Physical, Military, and Technological Training	9·398,42
	$137·109,01

ANALYSED MAINTENANCE COST PER DAY AND INMATE.

	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.
	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.	Cents.
Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus	2·5	2·0	0·7	0·5	0·3	0·2	0·3
Clothing and Bedding	5·6	6·5	6·0	6·0	5·5	4·8	5·1
Fuel and Light	4·9	5·1	3·2	2·9	4·0	5·4	3·9
Room Furnishings	0·3	0·4	0·6	0·2	0·6	0·2	0·1
Prisoners' Transportation	1·3	1·6	1·5	1·4	1·4	1·6	1·8
Kitchen	0·9	2·0	1·2	0·7	0·9	0·8	0·9
General Expense	2·8	3·6	3·5	2·6	3·3	4·1	2·8
Discharged Prisoners	1·3	1·1	1·0	1·0	1·1	1·1	1·0
Salaries	10·1	9·5	9·1	9·0	9·1	10·6	9·0
Repairs and Alterations	2·2	1·3	2·6	2·1	3·1	2·3	1·9
Provisions	18·2	15·3	12·5	12·6	10·2	13·4	10·4
School-books and Teaching	1·4	0·9	1·4	1·4	1·1	1·2	0·8
Fire Repairs	..	..	0·9	..	..	..	..
Physical, Military, and Technological Training.	..	..	..	..	..	..	2·8
Total	51·5	49·3	44·2	40·4	40·6	45·7	40·8

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ANALYSED MAINTENANCE STATEMENT FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS.

	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887.	1888.	1889.
Average number of inmates	520	558	647	711	785	809	922
	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.
Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus . . .	4·761,76	4·109,15	1·627,21	1·383,68	1·051,32	·622,04	·921,87
Clothing and Bedding	10·713,73	13·239,24	14·132,95	15·487,13	15·745,41	14·285·64	17·032,23
Fuel and Light	9·237,54	10·379,33	7·626,89	7·613,64	11·322,84	16·136,32	13·028,96
Room Furnishings	·511,39	·811,99	1:570,50	·346,37	1·715,46	·530,77	·162,57
Prisoners' Transportation	2·535,16	3·324,80	3·437,27	3·591,09	3·940,45	4·679,83	6·063,07
Kitchen	1·801,47	4·032,64	2·793,65	1·909,63	2·203,59	2·381,13	3·174,12
General Expense	5·346,03	5·337,72	8·396,18	6·787,70	9·671,80	12·093,04	9·447,24
Discharged Prisoners	2·526,80	2·219,88	2·337,33	2·455,60	3·069,40	3·358,50	3·347,45
Salaries	19·279,82	19·375,13	21·482,35	23·469,13	26·191,76	31·496,58	30·190,41
Repairs and Alterations	4·098,80	2·615,23	6·196,45	5·498,37	8·974,45	6·541,09	6·468,56
Provisions	34·473,62	31·277,79	29·525,11	32·580,08	29·325,51	39·566,34	35·048,86
School-books and Teaching	2·606,91	1·996,51	3·218,32	3·758,45	3·063,94	3·528,30	2·825,25
Fire Repairs	..	..	2·066,95	..	..	..	..
Physical, Military, and Technological Training.	..	..	..	..	..	..	9·398,42
Total . .	97·893,03	98·719,41	104·411,16	104·880,87	116·275,93	135·219,58	137·109,01

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The sudden stoppage of the labour system in 1888 necessitated the invention and adoption of some suitable scheme to occupy the men for at least part of each secular day. At last the plan of military drilling was hit upon as offering the most available and best substitute for regular objective and subjective labour. A regiment, starting with eight now having ten companies, was formed; Colonel being a professional drill-master; thirty-five men as officers and the same number as non-commissioned officers were selected from among the inmates and received special instructions. The drill-course followed has been, as nearly as practicable, that prescribed in Upton's Standard System, the same that has been in use for nearly two decades in the United States Army. During the last year each man received from five to eight hours' active exercise a day. In lieu of rifles, imitated wooden guns, made on the Springfield model, trimmed with iron and painted and stained to counterfeit as nearly as possible service muskets, have especially been manufactured in the Trades School. They weigh from six to eight pounds each, are evenly balanced, and, altogether, answer their purpose excellently. The ranks of the various commissioned officers are indicated by specially designed devices in gold and silver, worn in the shape of straps on the shoulders of the uniform coats, and by highly-polished brass-hilted steel swords, while the non-commisioned officers are distinguished by *chevrons* of dark-blue cloth attached to the coat-sleeves. The regimental colour consists of a flag of bunting in strips of blue, black, and red, representing the colours of the uniforms of the three Reformatory grades. There are, besides, six *guidons*, in which the same colours are used.

An important feature of the regiment is also a band of some forty men, which began as a drum corps with a dozen snare drums, to which have been added from time to time fifes, a bass drum, a bugle, and finally a full set of brass instruments.

Likewise as in labour and school, the records of military performance are marked by credits and demerits; the maximum marking attainable every month by each inmate assigned to the Regiment for faithful performance in that connection is three. For breaches of discipline marks are deducted in accordance with an established schedule.

One of the most characteristic features of the Elmira system is the training given those inmates who are physically deteriorated, and of undeveloped, abnormal mental constitution. In June 1886,

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an experimental class was formed, to ascertain, if possible, whether physical culture, as comprised in frequent baths, Turkish and tub baths, massage and daily calisthenics under the care of a competent instructor, would not result in at least a partial awakening and stimulation of dormant mental power. The results after five months' experiments were surprising, and since that time the process has been kept up on constantly widening lines with always highly satisfactory results.

An institution of great importance in the Reformatory is also the library, consisting of 3970 volumes, of which 1250 are educational, 1100 theological and religious, 292 historical, 227 biographical, 208 scientific, and 893 light literature. There are also some 650 magazines, including the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Forum*, *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and 240 weekly illustrated papers. From the statistics for one month, that of September ult., may be gained an idea of its circulation among the inmates. During that month the total number of books read amounted to 2184, which, if taken as the monthly average, brings a total of 26,203 books for the year, or one book in thirteen days for each inmate. The yearly circulation of magazines is 20,256 copies, and of weekly papers, 9964 copies. The library, however, is far from being considered complete. "Know a man, his habits, his thoughts, his condition of mind, and then give him a suitable book to read, as you will give a patient the proper medicine for his recovery, and you have reached what must be attained before the Reformatory library is in the place that, in view of its responsibility, it should occupy," says Brockways, and hopes that in the current year he will be able to purchase a great number of additional books of a character suitable for that object.

A wise arrangement coherent with a true reforming system is a time between imprisonment and actual liberty, during which the prisoner still remains under the control of the authorities, the conditional release on parole. Our daily life gives us innumerable proofs of the evil that results in a sudden change from one sphere into another, for instance from poverty to wealth and the reverse, and likewise from a long imprisonment to full liberty. A transition period is indispensable to give the individual time to prepare himself gradually for practical life. In Elmira the convict is let out on parole for six months, during which time he has to send monthly reports, certified by a person of known character, a clergyman and others, to the Reformatory,

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where a special officer is appointed to watch and exercise proper control. Good conduct on parole results in final discharge after six months, but if the man falls off from the right way, he is immediately re-arrested and brought back to the Reformatory, where his schooling begins again.

Coming to the specific results of the Reformatory, it must be shown that, from the whole number of prisoners discharged until the end of September 1887, after complete inquiries made by relations, employers, friends, acquaintances, and public authorities about each man, it has been ascertained that 78·5 per cent. are actually doing well; they have not re-fallen into the criminal elements, but are self-sustaining and law-abiding citizens. This is a definite statement about those men, from whom reliable information could be obtained. But there were a great number of discharged men who had left their previous home and, after the lapse of many years, could not be traced again, which disappearance by no means speaks for their having left the path of rectitude.

The official statistics of the Reformatory, however, which last year shows a probable reformation of 83·1 per cent., viz. that 1907 men out of 2295 released up to the end of September 1889 have, through their own efforts and perseverance, worked out their freedom, therefore seems to have more claim of being correct.

Besides this illustration of the quantity, there is also abundant proof as to the quality of success attained in the contents and number of letters arriving at the Reformatory from discharged prisoners or their parents or employers. The Reformatory weekly paper, *The Summary*, brings sometimes fifteen or twenty copies of letters in one edition, a few of which are as follows:—

No. 2296 writes: "I find that my lessons in bricklaying at the Reformatory will be the means of making me a thorough mason, and a man in the proper sense of the word."

No. 2419 says that he earned only $20 in March, but adds: "It was honestly earned, and therefore gave me more pleasure than any amount dishonestly obtained."

No. 2424, late printer's apprentice, says: "I am getting along very nicely in my new position as distributor, and have a good prospect in the near future of being a job compositor at $24 per week."

No. 2458 writes: "This being the holy season of Lent, I

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attended more to my church than to study, but I hope to make amends for it next month."

No. 2312 writes: "I make $27 a month—not bad for a fellow eighteen years of age! Did I not only earn $9 for February, the month I left? I go to St. Paul's Church once a week, and I think that will do me good."

No. 2301 writes: "I meet many graduates down here (New York City). One of them, L. R. No. 922, you will certainly be glad to hear from. He stayed his full five years, but is doing well, having learned from you good practical lessons."

No. 2021 says: "I am trying to show the Chief of Police, who prophesied that I should commit further crime, that he is mistaken. I will show him instead that I can make a man of myself. I get *The Summary* every Monday, and can scarcely wait until it arrives to learn how the men are getting on."

No. 2568 says: "They did not know me when I reached home. I have been greatly benefited by my stay under your care, and am very thankful for your kindness."

No. 2029 says: "I am saving all I can to get a business for myself. There are many of my old friends watching for my future good. While I work for my employer, I work at the same time for myself. These friends shall see what I can do."

No. 1641 says: "I have at last received a letter from my parents in Germany. You can scarcely imagine the good it does me to receive a loving letter from my dear mother. I shall make a good fight for her sake, and I am certain to be successful."

No. 2527 says: "I earned $60 during March, and spent for clothing, &c., $30, leaving $30 for saving. Your confidence in me has not been misplaced; I am living honourably. I wish others with you could enjoy as I do the fruits of a successful struggle. I cannot thank you enough for past kindnesses. May you succeed in making others as happy and light of heart as you have made your friend S—— S——!"

No. 2444 says: "Business is picking up. They keep me on the trot all the time. I am working too hard, but it is the only way for me to regain my lost reputation. I am glad to get home at night, and can now appreciate the comforts of a home. You can rest assured I shall keep out of bad company and all trouble, and try to make for myself an honest living. I have saved $40, and will save something every week, if it be but little. Knowing you will be interested in my welfare,

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and thanking you for your kindnesses, I remain, respectfully yours, I. M."

No. 2220 says: "I am happy and contented, having no more worry about steady work. I am at work promptly every Monday morning, which the boss appreciates. I have money enough saved to live three months without earning any more in that time, if by any means I should be so situated. I earned in March $56, and saved $32 out of that amount."

No. 2435. His employer writes: "I am sincerely glad to say that as the result of good care and management C. S. is very much improved. He has been really a model for young men since his return home. I am very much interested in him, and will do all in my power to aid him. O. H. H."

F. E. B. writes from his home in Macon, Georgia, after having been released two and a half years: "I put aside to-day—this beautiful Easter Sabbath—to write a few lines to you, informing you of my prosperity. I am happy to say that I have entirely recovered from my ill-health and am enjoying the gifts of God and man. I am still in my old business, and have now made up my mind to make the South my future home, and hope that prosperity will attend me in my earnest endeavour to win a name for the future for the benefit of my mother, sister, and myself. I have found, only by patience and stern determination to face the obstacles and difficulties with which we are surrounded, and with a cheerful and hopeful feeling, can ever we hope to rise. To-day is a genuine summer day; all Nature looks beautiful—the trees putting forth their fresh green leaves, flowers of all descriptions blooming, and the air loaded with fragrance. In the month of September I will come to New York and call on you, for it will be the greatest pleasure to me to clasp your hands once more and to look you fearlessly in the eyes as an honest man."

E. M. 1986, writes from Wilmington: "Just one year has elapsed since I left the Reformatory. I am very glad to have had an opportunity of passing through the different stages of your school. The education alone which I obtained enabled me to get the situation I now occupy, and it gives me great pleasure to report to you my favourable progress. At first I worked for three months as a painter, then I obtained a place in a railway-office at $20 a month. Meanwhile I learned telegraphy, and from one situation to the other I am now second telegraphist of the station, with $60 a month, with the view of further advance-

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ment. That is not bad, is it? I should be very pleased to hear what my former friends, I. C. S. and F. H. are doing; I hope they have worked themselves out long ago. Please inform them of my position."

C. S. writes: "I have now a hard fight if I am to prosper and maintain my family. On account of my bad eyes I have to give up my business, but I will remain an honest man as I promised you, whatever befalls me."

"J. D., my son, works the whole day and behaves well. For the kindness and care you have shown him, I am indeed ever grateful to you; through your kind treatment he has become a good and reasonable man."

There is also a striking incident of a young German, who, on landing at New York from Germany, helpless and unable to earn an honest living, became guilty of theft and was sent to the Reformatory. After thirty-five months he was paroled to the care of his cousin in New York, who promised to aid him; but, still unqualified for useful work as he was, he soon got adrift again, and, without work, he preferred voluntarily to come back to the Reformatory rather than steal again. He was now put to a trade, held firmly to it, oftentimes against his will, until after twelve months he was again paroled, this time not to return to his cousin's care, but to find for himself an opening into his newly-acquired trade. He writes a fortnight after his discharge:

"I am getting along very well indeed, and no longer regret that I went back to the Reformatory, for the trade you taught me makes me happy and will not let me want."

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SOCIAL BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA," "MAN PROPOSES," &c.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY age has its characteristic. In the last century sensibility was almost as marked a feature among men of fashion as swearing itself. They were much given to tears on every occasion; they vowed, and protested, and wept; and if this century is to take them at their own valuation, their courage and their sensibility presented a strange contradiction, as at one moment they were shedding tears over a trifle, while at another they were ready to run a man through for some slight to their dignity, real or imaginary.

Nash had his sensibilities. He enjoyed ease and plenty. The sight of suffering distressed him. He might owe his long-suffering tailor year after year and never feel the least compunction about his debt, but the distress of a friend whose tailor had arrested him was irresistible! He loved to pose as a benefactor, at his own expense when the money was at hand, at the expense of others when it was not. At the time of the revels, when Nash tendered his account, the Master of the Temple noticed among the items, "To making one man happy, £10." Asking to what it referred, Nash told him he had overheard a poor man exclaiming, upon seeing the lavish expenditure of the entertainment, "How happy £10 would make my poor wife and family!" and that he could not resist trying the experiment. He had charged the amount to the revels, but he was quite willing to pay the sum out of his own pocket, if the Master objected. So far from objecting, the Master praised Nash for his benevolence. The

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story got abroad, and went far to establish his reputation as being one of the best-hearted of men.

But his friends, into whose pockets he frequently dipped for a loan, often wished his "sensibility" would take the form of justice, as he had a strong objection to paying his debts, unless by so doing he could purchase himself some additional benefit. On one occasion one of these friends was so wearied by the fruitlessness of his entreaties that Nash would pay him what he owed, that he determined to gain by stratagem what he could not extract from honour. Accordingly, one day he sent a friend to the impecunious Nash, instructing him to simulate the utmost distress for want of ready cash to the amount of £20, without which he would be arrested. Nash received the stranger with the utmost courtesy, noted his dejection, and asked how he could serve him. The gentleman acted his part to perfection. Nothing could exceed his chagrin as he told Nash how he was in danger of being arrested for want of £20.

"Arrested, impossible!" cried Nash with the utmost sympathy, producing at once the required sum, which he thrust into the applicant's hands.

Delighted at the success of his stratagem, the stranger carried the money to Nash's creditor. The next day Nash, meeting his friend, was profuse in his excuses and apologies at being unable to discharge his debt, declaring that luck was so much against him he had never been so terribly hard up, or, to use his own words, "never so damnably out of cash."

"My dear sir," replied the successful strategist, "be under no uneasiness, I would not interrupt your tranquillity for the world. You lent £20 yesterday to our friend—and he lent it to me. Give him your receipt and you shall have mine."

Nash, surprised and thrown off his guard, revealed himself with delightful candour.

"Perdition seize thee," he cried, "thou hast been too many for me! You demanded a debt, he asked a favour. To pay thee would not increase our friendship, but to lend him was procuring a new friend by conferring a new obligation."

This curiosity of morals gives an insight into the tactics of Nash to secure the favour of fashionable men. It was thus he judiciously invested small sums among the mammon of society, regardless that occasionally he was taken in. This, however, did not lessen his popularity among his boon companions, and now and again he contrived to turn the laugh against himself on them.

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The fair sex in Nash's day, though far removed from the solid privileges women now possess, enjoyed an amount of homage as extravagant as it was unreal and absurd. Men, to prove the depth and sincerity of their passion for a woman, would brave the horrors of indigestion by eating a pair of her shoes disguised in a fricassee. Their wine was not flavoured unless it had been strained through one of her garments. They would eat tallow-candles instead of cheese, and enact all manner of antics to exhibit their devotion.

Nash was not behindhand in these fantasies of affection. On one occasion some one bet him fifty guineas that, to prove his fidelity to his reigning lady-love, he would not stand at the great door of York Minster clad in a blanket while the people were coming out of church. It was a severe test, but impecuniosity rather than love tempted Nash to accept the ordeal. He had just lost all his money at the gaming-table, and glad to make it good as well as to offer a test of his devotion at the shrine of his lady, he took up the challenge. Arrayed accordingly in his blanket, this former "apostle of clothes" stood at the Cathedral door. Some say he held in his hand a bag for alms, while the people were coming out of church. The Dean recognised him.

"What!" he cried in astonishment, "Mr. Nash in masquerade!"

Nash demurely replied, pointing to his companions who were standing by enjoying the situation: "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company."

Another escapade, later on, he would hardly like to have remembered; but men's deeds will follow them. Some one laid him a heavy wager that he would not emulate the example of Lady Godiva, and ride for love's sake through a certain village on the back of a cow. But Nash, notwithstanding his fine exterior, being "out of cash" as usual, rose to the occasion and won the wager. Thus was it in the early days of the last century that the fast man of fashion now and again turned his "honest" penny.

Though by no means edifying or choice experiences, these details of Nash's early life are of value as pictures of the age in which he lived, and descriptive of the style of man who was about to prove such an influence in Bath. He was a rolling stone, it is true, rolling from the University to the Army, from the Army to the Law, without gathering either military or legal moss

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of any kind. But of other sort of moss he had an abundant store. He knew men and women, and had learnt one all-baffling secret—how to live and enjoy life without any visible means of subsistence. He was now arrived at the age of thirty, always maintaining a prosperous front to the world. By his agreeable manners he paid his footing at the tables of the rich and aristocratic, into whose social circle he had glided with an insinuosity, as irresistible as it was audacious. Thus far so much was secured.

It was about this time that Nash, with the rest of the fashionable world who were anxious to resume their game of cards after the close of the London season, migrated to Bath. Brawling, gambling Captain Webster, as we have seen, was of the company; and no doubt Nash, after showing to what lengths he could go at York and elsewhere, was quite equal to screwing up the watchmen in their boxes, and creating a disturbance in company with the young and rollicking bloods of the day.

But now (1704) Captain Webster was killed in a duel on Claverton Down. The only important social measure he had carried out was to take the balls from the booths on the Bowling-green, and hold them in the Town Hall—not the edifice now standing, which is the work of Baldwin, but a quaint building by Inigo Jones which faced the narrow High Street, opposite to the Christopher Inn.

As ladies of distinction began to frequent Bath, they could not tolerate these booths where ladies danced and men drank and gambled simultaneously. It has been already noted how the want of refinement in their social gatherings very nearly put an end to Bath becoming a fashionable resort at all. It was at this juncture that Nash stepped in to the rescue to charm away not only the "doctor's reptile," as Goldsmith terms the toad the doctor threatened to cast in to the Bath waters, but also the reptile of bad manners. He was full of assurance. He took a survey of the situation and saw what was needed: organization, and a strong hand to carry it through. He laid his scheme before the Municipal authorities, who saw with dismay the threatened loss of public favour to their city, and empowered Nash to use what means he pleased, so long as it could be restored and firmly established.

Orpheus-like, Nash's first measure was to call music to his aid. He started a band of instrumentalists, consisting of six performers,

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who played every morning, and proved such a powerful antidote to the poison of the "reptiles," that Nash was instantly extolled as the cleverest of men, and elected king over the social people *vice* Webster, deceased.

On ascending the throne of the Pump-room in Bath, the first task Nash set himself was to inaugurate a social reform. Being a gambler living on his gains, it became his object to make Bath the focus of a moneyed and fashionable gathering. When the votaries of the London Season migrated for their annual cleansing in salt or healing waters, they would naturally flock to that place where they would be best amused and most agreeably entertained. Nash, who had the ear of duchesses and great ladies, knew at once how and whom to please, in order to serve his own ends the more effectually. There was no disinterestedness about him, only a large amount of vanity, love of ease, and that dearest passion of all to the human heart, the love of power.

In one particular he was in advance of his age: he was a harbinger of co-operation. Having determined to concentrate all his fashionable forces, he allowed of no private parties, on pain of his public displeasure. No slight disadvantage this, as to be out of favour with the Master of the Ceremonies was to find oneself neglected at public entertainments. Private parties meant "cliques" and "sets," the sure destruction of social unity; for "sets," like "sects," belie their meaning. Lacking that cementing power of love by which they are supposed to be united, they are held together chiefly by antagonism to all outlying "sets" and "sects," and are supported by a spirit of pride and self-complacency, the opposite of all that is loving or lovely. Nash made it to be understood that when people came to Bath they must lay aside their distinctions in favour of mutually enjoying each other's society on the simple footing of good manners and fine breeding. Anything that was an infringement of this, the only social law, could not be tolerated.

When Nash entered the Assembly Rooms he knew the names and standing of all present. He might have served at Court as Lord Chamberlain, so well did he understand the mysteries of precedence—that sunken rock over which so many come to grief—from Mrs. County Somebody, who thinks herself entitled to take rank before Mrs. Town Somebody, to the youngest daughter of the fourth son of a duke's grandson, over some one whose social ramification is equally subtle and difficult to trace. But

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Nash was master of the science of ceremony. To style it so is not to misname it, since it needs the delicacy of decimals to point out its fine distinctions with perfect accuracy. In his hands persons of all degree found themselves appropriately considered. His courteous manners when he chose to be affable—for his politeness, as is often the case with men of his stamp, was, like his smart coat, for occasions—were agreeable and attractive. To keep well with the Master of the Ceremonies, who could bring your daughter into notice, and even make her a "toast" if she had pretensions to beauty, was the one ambition of mothers who sought in Bath a matrimonial market for their daughters. The power vested in such a man as Nash by common social consent can now be appreciated. It was absolute. To do him justice, he was the man for the occasion.

To establish his kingdom on a sound financial basis, he organized regular subscriptions to the Pump-room, the band, and the dances, to which every one was expected to subscribe. The much-complained of want of accommodation must seriously have interfered with Nash's views, as ladies and gentlemen of the class he wished to attract could not support being lodged like clowns. Houses, therefore, were built in various directions after the plan of the then fashionable mansions in Bloomsbury. Harrison had already built, at Nash's suggestion, fine Assembly Rooms overlooking the old Bowling-green, which last was now transformed, planted with trees, into "Harrison's Walks." Nash was energetic in soliciting subscriptions to carry out his reforms. His subjects responded so generously, that the roads around the city were repaired, the streets repaved, cleaned and lighted; chairmen were called to order, and placed under restrictions which prohibited their bullying their passengers under penalty of losing their licences; and Bath began to wear an unusual appearance of cleanliness, comfort, and order.

All this Nash accomplished in a very few years after he ascended his throne, but, like all successful monarchs, he owed much to his ministers. He was fortunate in his colleagues. By a happy concurrence of circumstances there lived in Bath at this time two men who, far more than Nash, have stamped the impress of their names, fortune and genius, on this interesting city. One was Ralph Allen, postmaster and philanthropist, a self-made man who rose to fortune and distinction. The other, John Wood the architect, who built Queen's Square, the Circus and the Hospital, besides many churches and mansions,

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notably Prior Park, all of which are lasting monuments of his genius.

To know Ralph Allen as he lived and moved in Bath at that time in conjunction with Wood and Nash, is to know a most interesting man, as unselfish and good-hearted as he was shrewd and enterprising; full of appreciation, too, for men of art and letters, who found in him at all times a kind and hospitable friend and liberal patron. Like Nash, he was a man of no particular family. He came to Bath originally as a clerk in the post office, and owed his rise in life to the discovery of a plot in favour of the Pretender, whereby some gentlemen of position in Bath were arrested. Marshal Wade was the officer in command at Bath at the time. To him Allen revealed the plot he had discovered; some say by tampering with the letters at the post office in his capacity of clerk; others, that he opened them by authority. Who is to judge at this distance of time? The whole character of the man is in favour of the latter opinion being the correct one.

Marshal Wade recognized Allen's discovery in a most grateful and graceful manner. He invited him to his house, and here Allen became so welcome that he finally married the Marshal's natural daughter, a Miss Earle. With such a powerful patron added to his own shrewd judgment and benevolent nature, Allen's fortunes were soon made. He reorganized the postal arrangements so well for Bath, that he was given the contract for several other towns, by which he made £16,000 a year. People did not grudge him his fortune, since he used it so liberally for the benefit of others and the city of Bath.

Nash and Allen became friends and allies. What Nash did for fashion Allen did for art and politics in the now thriving city. He became the proprietor of large quarries of the since famous Bath stone, and opened up the industry. The people of Bath were slow to believe in it as useful for building purposes; to prove its capabilities, therefore, Allen had a house built of his Combe Down Ashlar, or Freestone, as the stone was generally called. This house is now standing and known as the "Garrick's Head." It was originally occupied by Nash, a quaint Queen-Anne style of house which now adjoins the present theatre. Here Nash lived and held high state for some years, until he moved into the house next door, which he occupied until his death, and about which more will be said later on. As a further evidence of the capabilities of the depreciated stone, Wood, the architect,

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built Allen his splendid mansion at Prior Park, which established its claims.

But to return to Nash, whom we left busy with his reforms. His next step was to frame a code of social laws which he expected every one to observe. His great ambition to be thought a wit dictated the pleasantry of many of these Rules, which, however, were excellent in point of reminding people that the true laws of sociability are based on mutual respect and good-feeling, too often overlooked by society, "good" or otherwise. These Rules, which were hung up in the Pump-room for the instruction of visitors, were headed:—

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN BATH.

"1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming and another at going away are all that are expected or desired by ladies of quality or fashion —except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before ladies in gowns and caps show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play or breakfast and not theirs—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.

N.B.—Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlemen crowding before ladies at the ball show ill-manners, and that none do so for the future, except such as respect nobody but themselves.

7. That no gentlemen or lady takes it ill that another dances before them, except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection.

9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.

N.B.—This does not extend to the *Have at alls.*

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

11. That all such repeaters of lies and scandal be shunned by all company, except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B.—*Several men of no character, old women and young ones, of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.*"

Such are the laws which Goldsmith assures us were written by Mr. Nash, and for whose indifferent composition he thus

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apologises. "Poor Nash was not a born writer, for whatever humour he might have had in conversation, he used to call a pen his torpedo, whenever he grasped it, it numbed all his faculties."

But no one can cavil at the spirit of these laws, which were intended to promote kind feeling and good manners. Politeness is often the tribute vice pays to virtue. These rules are ethical in their injunctions, the repression of self being about the last virtue of fashionable life. But Nash was a diplomatist as well as a quiz, and it was a happy stroke of his to presuppose his subjects all he wanted them to be. In order to protect himself from being continually called upon to arbitrate between huffy fashionables he adds the rider to Rule 4, "except captious by nature;" as if any lady would come forward to merit such a distinction! And then again, what a happy hit is Rule 10, with its pendant 11! Why can these not be written wherever men and women socially congregate, in letters of gold if necessary after the manner of the modern advertisement, suspended between earth and heaven, over each city, town and village, to remind people that the scandal-monger is generally a person of soiled reputation!

Reading over these rules one can readily picture the manners and customs of the place:—the crowding among the footmen outside the doors, and quarrelling—possibly from impatience—while waiting to escort their ladies home; the rudeness of some of the gentlemen in pushing before the ladies into the tea or card-room to get the best of the tea and sally-luns, or the best seats at the card-tables; the pouting damsels who are fretting at having to "sit out;" the elderly ladies and children monopolizing the best seats, to the annoyance of the "toasts" and fine ladies who are in the zenith of their beauty; and last, but not least, the hint to young ladies to remember that all eyes are upon them, and not to imitate the bold *Have-at-alls*, which was the name for the flirts or fast girls of the period, whom Nash evidently thinks beyond correction, and is anxious his *débutantes* should not imitate; for one well-remembered trait in his character was his kindness to girls. He was at all times their champion in those libertine days, for pictures of which we have only to turn to the pages of Smollett or Fielding.

A touching story is told of a certain young lady which practically illustrates the Beau's endeavour to protect the young and impulsive. Goldsmith does not give her name—but tells us Miss Silvia S—— was at once a beauty, an heiress and a "toast."

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She was a fashionable beauty, moreover; witty and charming, yet simple and good withal. She had lost both parents, and having command of her fortune she was much sought after in marriage. Unfortunately, she fixed her affections upon a certain celebrated gentleman who was known everywhere by the sobriquet of "*The good-natured man*," owing to the sorry plight to which his very generosity of heart and feeling often exposed him. It is no doubt from this gentleman that Goldsmith drew the character in his play of that name. Unfortunately for Silvia, the "good-natured man" was not serious in his intentions; he was simply amusing himself in her society, while she was really in love with him. It is possible, however, that the state of his affairs may have prevented his being in earnest, and that he was too honourable to burden the girl with his debts, which were overwhelming, as Goldsmith describes him as "constitutionally virtuous," and no doubt he may have experienced some scruples in taking advantage of her affections to better his fortunes.

She, however, was not to be outdone in generosity of heart—if such were his motive—and when it came to her knowledge that he had been arrested for debt and sent to prison, she determined to sacrifice all her fortune to free him.

It was then that Nash tried to prevent her taking such a rash step. He pointed out that to sacrifice her own fortune to extricate her lover would ruin her reputation and do him no permanent good; adding, that in place of being grateful to her, her lover, good-natured man though he was, would feel the debt of obligation as an insupportable burden, and instead of loving her better, he would only try to avoid a creditor he could never repay; reminding her also of what he knew but too well from experience:—"that though small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship."

But Nash's exhortations were without effect, and Silvia gave up the greater part of her fortune to redeem her lover from prison and from debt; the result being exactly as Nash had predicted. The Beau, however, made her come to Bath, where he promised her his especial protection and an introduction into the best society. It was a proud night for Nash when he introduced Silvia at one of the Bath Assemblies. "Who was she?" was the universal enquiry among those to whom she was a stranger. "So beautiful, so distinguished!" Ladies of the highest rank asked to be introduced to her, and she was generally courted by all.

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But poor Silvia was love-sick and disappointed. She had sacrificed both heart and fortune without return, and had now no relish for the amusements of the gay world. She joined in them mechanically, in order to drown her sorrows in their distractions. Silvia ultimately fell into the hands of a woman called Dame Lindsey, a celebrated character at that time (1727) in Bath, remarkable for her wit, humour, and fine voice; the owner of the Assembly Rooms built near and in rivalry to Harrison's, and known for many years as Dame Lindsey's rooms. This Dame Lindsey was a gambler, and her card-room was one of the recognized gambling hells of Bath. She managed to gain an influence over simple, gentle, heart-stricken Silvia, and under the pretence of distracting her mind from her sorrows, she initiated her into the excitements of gambling, using her as a decoy duck to attract young men of wealth to her card-tables. Polite society seeing this, fought shy of Silvia, who, although innocent of all but a passion for gambling, soon lost not only her money but her reputation. For three years Nash strove to persuade her to break with her unworthy associate, whose friendship had done her so much injury; finding his endeavours fruitless, he did his best to advise and protect her against unfair treatment. Finally he succeeded in withdrawing her, but not before her little fortune was lost. Hitherto Silvia had occupied hired rooms in the house of Mr. Wood, the architect, in Queen's Square, where she lived with her maid. She was now reduced to giving her services as a governess to his children in exchange for a home. Not to prolong her sad story, which created a great sensation in Bath at the time, Silvia was found one morning dead, having committed suicide. Goldsmith's account of her closing day of life is well worth giving in full. Few pages of any romance will be found more pathetic.

Resolved to die by her own hand, "she sat down by her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window:—

> "'Oh Death, thou pleasing end of human woe!
> Thou cure for life! Thou greatest good below!
> Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,
> And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.'

"She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity; talked of indifferent subjects till supper . . . spending the remaining hours, preceding bed-time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber,

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she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in its cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she . . . burst into tears, hugging it in her arms. . . She then bid her old servant good-night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual. It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling-clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold-thread. . . ."

She then sat down, having prepared everything, and read the story of "Olympia" in the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto; nerved by what she read of the sorrows of woman in this world, she stood upon a stool . . . "and, flinging the girdle over a closet-door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended."

But now comes the extraordinary part:—

"Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell to the floor. . . Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room. . . She once more had recourse to a stronger girdle made of silver-thread, and this kept her suspended till she died."

"Hundreds," Goldsmith tells us, "lamented her fate when it was too late. In all her affairs Mr. Nash took a peculiar concern. He directed her when she played, advised her when she deviated from the rules of caution, and performed the last offices of friendship after her decease by raising the auction of her little effects."

This gives us a very good idea of the part Nash played towards the unprotected. He was equally generous, apparently, where he saw a young man trying to ruin himself by gambling. But this, no doubt, he felt was the only tribute he could pay to conscience for having established gambling-tables in Bath, and living on the proceeds. We cannot wholly credit him with disinterestedness in this, although on the surface he appears to have acted with generosity. But Nash knew only too well that to ruin a young man at play was to court exposure in high quarters. He could not afford to have his nefarious dealings with the keepers of these gambling hells—from whom he exacted a third or fourth of all their gains—to be brought to light, as

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gaming had recently been put down by the Government, and these tables were spread to carry on the spirit of gambling under another name. Hence his anxiety to protect the young fellows who might fall an easy prey to the "sharper." It was this which earned him the reputation of being the guardian of youth. Of course he was; it was his only policy.

The standing grievance of the "boots" and "white aprons," that gave so much offence at the Bath balls, he cured by an epigram. He could be witty on occasion, and with pardonable vanity never suffered a *bon mot* to which he had given birth to die for want of being circulated. Those who desired to stand well in his favour tossed the word from mouth to mouth, until Nash's "last" became the talk of the hour, and fed the vanity of its author, who wished to rank with the wits. How could he help it? At Ralph Allen's fine mansion at Prior Park was he not always meeting the first wits of the day, and could a man aspire to be less who was on familiar terms with my Lord Chesterfield?

There is something almost sublime in the conduct of this wily adventurer, whose character presented such a strange compound of propriety and profanity, and who for three generations constituted himself a social power, while supporting himself secretly on the gains that poured through the unsavoury drainage of the gambling hells. He reminds one of a splendid sepulchre on which children love to play their games and strew their flowers, because it is smarter than the other tombs and attracts their love of the seeming beautiful.

His epigram on the "boots" and "white aprons" runs thus—

FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY.

"Come, one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,
For there's the Assembly this night;
None but prude fools
Mind manners and rules,
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

"Come Trollops and Slatterns,
Cock't hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free
As *Hogs-Norton* 'Squires in boots."

To give point to the satire he got up a Punch and Judy show, in which Punch comes in dressed in character of a Hogs-Norton Squire—Hogs-Norton, it may be remembered, being the name

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given to the grant of land bestowed by Bladud on the Swineherd. The drama proceeds to show the Squire in boots and spurs making love to a lady whom he finally marries. To her disgust he never takes off his boots and spurs, even when he goes to sleep, telling her he would just as soon think of parting from his legs as his boots; that he lived in them—by day and by night, and under all circumstances—this being the height of fashion in Bath, "where," he says, "they always dance in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods." He goes on teasing, until Judy, grown impatient, kicks him off the stage.

He was a brave man who, after this, ever ventured to present himself before Nash at the assemblies booted and spurred. If by chance, through ignorance or impertinence, any one did so, Nash would go up to him and, surveying him from head to foot, would tell him that he must go back, as "he had forgotten to bring his horse!"

The ladies, as may be supposed, were more difficult to manage; but Nash was equal to the occasion. The white aprons were a remnant of a bygone fashion which had been relegated to the kitchen; but there are some so wedded to the garments they have once adopted that they have been known to remain as standing monuments of a fashion until the revolutions of time have brought it round to them again. The Duchess of Queensberry was one of these. Rather than part with her apron she refused to pay homage to her Sovereign at Court. Was it likely she was going to lay it aside at the bidding of the Master of the Ceremonies of a Bath ball? Accordingly she entered the room with the offending garment. But the autocrat Nash was not to be baffled. Going up to her with the suave air of a courtier, for he knew what was due to her rank as a duchess, he deplored his inability to make an exception in her favour; he reminded her that only Abigails now wore aprons, and that he had no alternative to offer her but to abandon her apron, or the ball.

It was a trying moment for both the Duchess and Nash. But Nash was in his kingdom, this was his court, and any one seeking admittance must conform to his laws. The Duchess hesitated. No doubt the Beau was insinuating, and by his good-humoured determination and tact turned the scale in his favour. The Duchess looked at him and smiled. Should she give in or not? Finally she yielded. It was *only* Nash! She would humour him. So she untied her apron and gave it to her attendant, while Nash, triumphant over Prior's "beautiful Kitty," scored.

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The Duchess of Queensberry here spoken of was one of the most remarkable ladies of the last century. Witty, beautiful and eccentric, she was frequently celebrated in prose and verse by the wits and poets of the day. Prior, in his poem 'The Female Phaeton,' wrote of her :—

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as a colt untamed."

Hence the sobriquet of "Prior's beautiful Kitty," by which she was, and is, familiarly distinguished.

To have vanquished such a redoubtable lady surrounded Nash with social glory ; but the spell this man cast over people must have been almost magnetic when he held not only duchesses but a Royal Princess in subjection. The Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., paid frequent visits to Bath. She was quite a character : a masculine type of woman, fond of her horses and of superintending their treatment in the stables. Fond, too, of riding and cards, and inordinately given to taking snuff. On two or three occasions she pleaded with Nash for "one more dance," or "one more game of cards," after the hour of eleven had struck, when Nash had ruled that the balls should cease.

"One more dance, Mr. Nash ; remember I am a Princess," she entreated at first when, as a girl of twenty-five, one would have supposed her request irresistible to a man who professed to be gallant.

But Nash was inexorable.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept."

Like the Duchess of Queensberry, the Princess had the magnanimity to acknowledge when she was beaten, and Nash was again triumphant.

(*To be continued.*)

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TOWARDS THE WILLANDRA BILLABONG.

IT was getting on towards the Australian winter, that is to say, it was nearly the end of May, 1879, when I first made the acquaintance of the Lachlan River. I had come almost direct from the Murray country and had crossed the Murrumbidgee at Buckingbong, afterwards travelling through the grey myall or boree country, where I picked up a mate or chum, a young Englishman who had once been a sailor. Although he was on foot and I on horseback, we travelled together, for I was in no hurry, having taken three months to do about four hundred miles.

The Australian rivers vary somewhat in character, but after they leave the hill country in which they rise, they generally assume the aspect of slow, deep streams within high banks on which grow such gum-trees as rise to a great altitude by rivers or a chain of water-holes. No one seeing the Lachlan in its later summer quietude could imagine that it ever became vigorous and energetic, and the evening Irwin and I made our camp upon its banks it was dumb and motionless. We stayed near a little "tin house," made of corrugated iron, which was occupied by a solitary man and surrounded by fairly good grass, and when I climbed down the steep river-bank to obtain water for tea-making I could hardly discern which way the river flowed. But as we smoked with the hut-dweller after supper, a horseman came along. He pulled up at the door.

"I hear," said he, "that the river is rising fast above Forbes. They say there is a good deal of water coming down."

I took but little notice of the ensuing conversation and soon after curled up in my blankets under a big gum, while my horse picked up a plentiful repast near the banks of the river

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When I woke in the morning very early, just as the dawn showed very faintly through the heavy sombre foliage, I became aware of a slight and unusual sound. It was rather a hiss than a roar, even though distant. I fancied it might be the light air stirring the top branches of the gums, but when I turned over towards the Lachlan, whose banks were but fifteen yards away, I saw a pool of water, which I knew had not been there the evening before, between me and the sloping edge of the stream. I recalled the words of last night's traveller, and knew that the mountain flood must have reached us on the plains. I rose and went towards it. The sight was a curious one.

In a long, grey, level country, like the greater portion of western New South Wales, a turbulent or eager river is a novelty. Last night the stream had moved on lazily and with reluctance, a leaf dropped on its still surface by an opossum in the boughs of an overhanging tree stayed in the same spot for many minutes, or if it did move it was with such a slight progression that it mocked one's powers of measurement and deceived the eye into believing the still waters in those deep banks were no more than a pool or long lagoon. But now the great gap between bank and bank was filled with a strong and energetic flood which rushed onward steadily and only stayed in those places where it flowed out upon the level. The river yesterday was pellucid, now it was as turbid as a street torrent. By an optical delusion the stream's centre seemed higher than the sides; in the middle was a wide streak of dirty foam, which half hid the leaves, sticks and branches the flood had collected from the sloping banks for hundreds of miles, as well as a few drowned sheep and here and there a bullock or horse, suddenly surprised in a place whence escape was impossible. The day before the river had been dead, now it was strong, alive, palpitating; it possessed being, and power, and faculties; it could do things, and speak; it had a soul and a voice; the mountains far away to the eastward, where Australia leaps at last from the level, had given it a mission and imparted to it some of the primæval strength that dwells in the regions of snow and tropical rain. It looked to me like an irruption of northerners into the realms of luxurious Rome, an invasion of a summer Sybaris, a warning and a wakening in a slothful land of the lotus, for as I stood and watched it, half in a dream, it seemed to send my own blood faster by a strong suggestion and sympathy.

In the middle of the following day we came to Forbes, the scene of the once famous Lachlan gold diggings. It was a town

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of dead gold-fields and dead tree-stumps. Though it seemed active enough from a business point of view in the heart of the town, in the outskirts an abomination of desolation reigned. The piles of white earth ejected and rejected from the silent pits of deserted mines, no longer thronged by eager men; the thousands of dead, stricken, and destroyed trees only evidenced by ghastly stumps, made me anxious to get away from the largest town I had seen since leaving Albury on the Murray. For here humanity was mainly manifest by the outrages it had committed on nature, the town itself seemed but a small, ugly parasite fattening on the carcase of the once flourishing forest, and seeing the evil works of civilized man, I preferred going farther into the wilderness. So, after vainly asking for letters at the post-office, we turned westward again, going down the Lachlan, which was now rapidly falling in volume and failing in energy. We camped in a silent, untouched forest of gum-trees.

By this time I had been on the road, looking for work (I was no rich traveller), for three months. I had asked a hundred times for something or for anything to do, along three hundred and fifty miles of country, and had asked in vain. I was without money, though that does not matter much in most parts of New South Wales, and was almost in despair as to getting work. Irwin and I had, indeed, come to the resolution to ask no more if we failed at the next place. We elaborated a gigantic scheme which included selling my horse and getting some kind of a boat in which to navigate the Lachlan or Darling right through New South Wales to Adelaide. But fate was kind, and did not send us to encounter the difficulties which would have awaited us at every turn of such a journey, for we came to Burrawang.

At this great "station" every one was in violent activity. Building was going on at a great rate and new foundations were being dug for an immense hut to shelter all the employés, while horses and carts and horsemen were as busy as though it were the headquarters of an army preparing for winter. The prospect seemed encouraging for men willing to work, and in ten minutes we were both engaged, for I tackled one "boss" after the other until finally I came to the owner of the place. He stared at me for half a moment and then said—

"Yes; you go out to the Deadman Plain, both of you. Be at the store at one o'clock and go with Ross."

We had not the least notion what we were to do, and it was only when we were in the wagon on our way to the plain so

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disagreeably named that we found that our destined task was "burr cutting." It required some further explanation to satisfy me, for I knew not what burrs were nor why they should be cut. There is, as it appeared, a kind of harmful plant which grows increasing on the plains of New South Wales. It is known as the Bathurst Burr and is a great nuisance to wool-growers, as the burrs get knotted in the sheep's coats, and by making the wool hard to comb render it much less valuable. By Act of the Legislature squatters are required to cut it down ere it sheds its seeds and burn it. We had come just in time for the burr-cutting season, and were soon hard at it with a hoe apiece.

Our camp was close to Deadman Plain, which was so named from a traveller dying there of thirst, and only divided from it by a thin belt of bull and she oaks and dry sombre-looking dwarf box-trees. Our tents were comfortable, we had a good cook and good rations, and we drew good water from a shallow lagoon enlarged artificially by a dam. To this lake came black swans and spoonbills, with smaller water-fowl. At night time what we called curlews flew overhead and made the melancholy plain ring with their fearful screams, which suggest hideous massacres of unarmed people. I know no more dreadful note in all nature. Every tree about us was plentifully provided with opossums, who stole at night into our tents; and every day we saw kangaroo, and their lesser relatives the nocturnal kangaroo-rats, which we disturbed in their sleep as we worked on the plain. They usually camp in little hollows of the ground, and carefully cover themselves with dry grass, in order to protect themselves from the fierce sun, or to hide from the eagles which forever flew round overhead looking for such game or a lamb or sick sheep. For these birds poison baits were specially laid, and we often came across a splendid dead specimen destroyed in this way. Not infrequently pigs which had run wild and multiplied in the bush were also poisoned. There was certainly plenty of animal life about our camp. We did not keep dogs, as it was necessary to have them closely muzzled on account of the baits which were lying everywhere about us.

During six weeks of the late summer Irwin and I worked hard at burr cutting for the regulation wages of a pound a week. We hoed them down, raked them together in heaps to dry, and finally made great bonfires of them under the burning Australian sun, which is always hot whenever it shines, even though it be

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only a cloudless interval of the rainy season. The heat was frequently intense, but I found, as is so often the case, that I endured it better than the native-born whites themselves, of whom we had several representative specimens in the camp.

Men born and reared in wild countries are rarely well educated in any sense of the word, but after a varied experience of all sorts and conditions of Texans, Californians, British Columbians, and many others, commend me to a bush-bred New South Wales man for sheer downright ignorance. I by no means attempted to set up as an authority or a dictator of debates, and yet I was continually getting into trouble by innocently introducing what my mates considered new and dangerous heresies.

For instance, I one day let fall a remark which implied that the world was round. If I remember rightly I said that England was nearly beneath us. This caused a most violent commotion in the circle seated round the camp-fire near our lagoon. The elder of two brothers—both very big men and hostile to me on account of other strange theories—was so righteously indignant with me that for a moment I feared I had said something which hurt his feelings. When he had discovered by questions that I was not joking, he looked at me solemnly and with great self-control quoted the Bible. I made some innocent remarks about Biblical and other early cosmogonies which the whole company considered impious and heretical. I began to feel like Galileo before the Inquisition. I wondered whether I was in a tribe of savages or whether my education had been conducted on a radically wrong basis. They plied me with questions, threw ridicule on me, used the rudest species of bush irony and back-woods sarcasm, and when I appealed in despair to Irwin to support my view of the universe, they begged me to leave him alone, as they felt certain he was not such a fool as to believe anything so absurdly, so ridiculously, so impiously and startlingly new as my theory. I grew angry and retorted, used all the well-known arguments, asked them questions in return, and at last hit on one which nobody could answer. Then Big Bill rose up in wrath, and, backed by his brother and the applause of the crowd, actually threatened to go for me then and there if I did not refrain from the promulgation of blatant atheism. As I saw no prospect of being able to fight the whole camp with any satisfactory result, I retired, like Achilles, to my tent and smoked in silent and solitary indignation.

If I had been a little older, I might have known better than

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expect intelligence from a gang whose sole talk was of horses, varied not infrequently with the vilest ribaldry. Should my evil destiny ever drive me again among Australians of that sort, I am prepared to acknowledge that the cutting of burrs is a necessary preliminary to the study of philosophy, and will without demur subscribe to the Cartesian theory of vortices or to the ancient cosmogony of Ptolemy. When I have grown so meek I shall never attempt to defend school astronomy, nor will I fight for any new-fangled geographical theory whatever.

Why it is I cannot say, but there is little or no reading done in the Australian bush. In America one may always find the best novels—of course in pirated editions—in every store. I have bought Thomas Hardy's 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and George Meredith's 'Diana of the Crossways,' on a counter covered with bear hides in a little British Columbian store by the Shushwap Lake, but I never found any literature in the New South Wales bush. A weekly newspaper is as far as one may go there.

As it was, I did not get away from Deadman Plain without a desperate fight, in which I got satisfactorily whipped after putting my thumb out of joint. The cause of the combat was neither evolution nor history, but language. And language of a kind which according to bush ethics left me with no peaceful alternative. I had been suffering from an ulcerated throat, and had eaten nothing solid for a week. When I recovered I restored the balance of power, and a week afterwards triumphantly fired the last dried heap of cut burrs and went back to the Home Station.

I had entertained some hope of employment for the whole of the winter, or rainy season, which was just setting in; but was disappointed. Apparently the great business of the year was over, and I received my cheque, or what is called in bush parlance my "walking papers." Fortunately, I had my horse, and so had a man with whom I made chums, who had just been sacked for fighting with his boss. Charlie McPhillamy was a young Victorian, a rather melancholy ne'er-do-well, who began at twenty-nine to regret having lost what opportunities Fate had afforded him, in the desolation of the grey-brown plains of New South Wales. Yet he was an amiable, well-dispositioned fellow, whom I liked much, and should have liked far better if it had not been for his ineradicable desire to get up early. All my life I have abhorred that most unnatural proceeding; in all my

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wanderings and strange tasks the necessity for getting up with the fanatical sun has been the most bitter of all bitternesses to me, and now I make up for it by remaining in bed, if I possibly can, while I reflect with satisfaction that no ranch bell rings, no saw-mill whistle blows, no watch on deck roar "Starbow lines ahoy!" no bo'sun sings out "Turn to!" and that no boss of any description whatever comes to threaten me with the sack if I don't mend my morning manners. I sometimes hated McPhillamy for rousing me, and once I chased him with a stirrup I snatched from my saddle. For early rising in Australia when travelling in the rainy season was wholly unnecessary.

We had turned our horses' heads towards the west and followed the Lachlan down for some miles. One night we camped opposite Condobolin, in a wretched ramshackle old hut, with a companion whom I seemed to know. After some conversation it turned out that I had met him a year before on the Murray River, more than three hundred miles to the southward, when he was in a state of prosperity—fat, well-dressed, with a good horse, having charge of a mob of travelling sheep. Now he was on foot, in rags, carrying his blankets and cooking a little flour, affording a good example of the sudden changes of condition so often witnessed in new countries and usually to be traced to drink or gambling.

That night our horses took a little stroll all on their own account, and in the morning were not to be seen. I took up their trail, as I thought, and followed it for about seven miles through thick bush, often getting thrown off the scent, but as often finding it again. I was sure that they were our horses, because Charlie's animal dragged his near forefoot the veriest trifle, making a peculiar mark, but when I at last came up with them I found, to my intense disgust, that they were not ours. I had been tracking from eight o'clock in the morning until two, and had to wearily retrace my steps. Charlie I found recumbent in the hut, smoking with melancholy satisfaction that it was not he who was in the bush, but he did not look so pleased when he saw me limp in, tired, disgusted and unsuccessful. After a rest I took the billy and went down to the river, which was about eighty yards away, and close to the banks I found the horses I had walked fourteen miles for. If I fancied my own wicked animal, Devilskin, leered with satisfaction and was fat with self-conceit, I may not have been far out, for he certainly knew a thing or two about travelling. In the next township I bought a bell for his neck.

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But he played me a different trick soon afterwards, which the bell did not serve to prevent.

That day was the last fine weather we had. In the evening it came on to rain heavily, and henceforward, for six weeks, there were few hours that the sky was not lowering. It is not pleasant work, riding along for a whole day, wet through, but when a day multiplies itself indefinitely, and a dry skin becomes a kind of legend or myth in one's personal history, the infliction has a tendency to depress the strongest traveller. We rarely came to a travellers' hut, the stations were thinly scattered, and to stay in the hotels at an occasional township which consisted of a general store, a drinking-house and a blacksmith's shop, was decidedly hard on one's purse. Ours were not very heavy, for though Charlie left Burrawang with ten pounds, I had only five. So we usually camped out in the open or under the gums, which are not a whit more satisfactory as shelter-trees than the straggling cedars of the Pacific slope in British Columbia. They do no more than concentrate the rain and pour it on you in spouts rather than in sprinkles. Yet there is a certain satisfaction in being under a big tree; one can make believe that he has something over him, and, trusting to his imagination, may pity the poor fellows who that night are forced to camp on the open plain.

For a week it rained, and then for another week, until the ground, which at no time was hard or rocky, became saturated, and so soft that the horses went in over the hoofs, and we wretched individuals woke up in the morning to find that we lay in pools of warm muddy water. During the whole journey Charlie was eager to rise betimes. It may seem that he was wise, seeing the state of affairs; but if so, I was foolish. The weather was not very cold, my blankets were new and heavy (they are the same I took all over Western America and I possess them now), and I was fond of sleep. I did not mind being wet so long as I was warm, and I used to refuse to rise on any pretext. Charlie would get up, go away and then come back and relate to me through the blankets which covered my head, that he believed our horses were lost. I replied sleepily that I was glad of it, and wished he would go and lose himself too. Yet it was in vain. I had to rise, sulkily, at last. Then, to add insult to injury, I could by no persuasion get him ready to leave camp. As long as I was up he didn't care, and would do nothing. It fell to me to seek the horses: often and often I saddled his as well as my own,

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and sometimes I rode off a mile, leaving him lazily contemplating his wet gear or hunting for a hot coal to light the fourth pipe he had smoked since rising. Certainly we did not work well together.

One night we came to a nice little bend in the river where there was plenty of grass and an immense quantity of fallen dead timber. The gum trees there were particularly large for that part of the country, some of them measuring fifteen feet or more in girth. We selected this place for a camp and turned our horses loose. We started a fire under a great trunk, determined, since it still rained and was comparatively cold, that we would for once have a real blaze. Charlie and I carried wood for an hour, and by nine o'clock the flames shot twenty feet into the air, roaring and hissing with the falling rain, while the leaves of the gum trees above turned brown with the parching heat. For once in a while we were dry. But in the morning my horse was gone, bell and all. Charlie's nag stared at us disconsolately when we found him, but he was decidedly alone. For three days my mate hunted the absentee, and when he was just on the point of giving up the search, he discovered him in a large mob of horses belonging to the station on which we were camped. He drove them all into the stockyard and I parted Devilskin from the rest with some trouble. When I saddled him he was nearly wild and bucked violently, so excited was he by his temporary intercourse with the half-wild strangers. Then in the morning my mate's horse was missing. This was a heavy blow to us, for we wanted to get on. It took three days to find him. When we finally did leave that unlucky bend we went into a wretched little township a few miles farther down the river and stayed at the hotel, where they charged us seven-and-sixpence apiece for the entertainment of our horses on what is known as "hay" in that part of the bush, that is, barley in the straw.

In the morning we started off, and came by night, in the rain, to the most wretched camping-ground we had had yet. It resembled a swamp; indeed, it was partly covered with a kind of reed or cane-brake, which only grows in damp situations. The added rain made the place terrible indeed. We tried to go on but with the falling darkness much more travel was out of the question. Besides, the farther we went the worse it got. At last we camped in despair, and chose the only sloping piece of ground we could see, which was by a big rain-pool. Suitable wood there was none, and all there was seemed proof against fire,

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for weeks of soaking had saturated it. Charlie, who had been much longer in the bush than I, was more hopeless of a blaze. He affirmed that we could not get one without an axe, or a tomahawk at the least, and we possessed neither. But I would not camp out without a fire. I took my knife, and going to the trees, peeled off the outside bark, which I rejected, but taking the under layer scraped it up and put it inside my shirt. I chose the most sheltered spot of ground I could find and turned over the leaves until I came to a layer of those which were less wet than the others. I put them with the bark. Going round in the gathering darkness, I rattled the bush about to find dead twigs, which I broke into small pieces and pouched as well. Then I returned to my mate, who was sitting on his saddle in a state of gloom, with the heavy rain pouring over him. I asked him for paper—a letter, an envelope, anything. He had none. I had none myself, so at last I was compelled to cut away part of the only match-box I had and shred it up fine. By this time I was very damp, and my fire materials, though they made me very uncomfortable, seemed dryer. I scraped a little spot clear, and making Charlie hold his hat over it, put my paper down. This I covered with a few leaves. Match after match went out, but each one that did so dried the materials a little, besides going on the pile, and at last I got a little blaze. By careful attention I preserved it so that it grew, adding leaf by leaf and twig by twig, until Charlie was able to put his hat on again. In an hour we had a fine fire, and were able to turn our attention to making the tea, without which every travelling Australian is a miserable rebellious animal against destiny.

Meantime the rain came down in torrents. We were, of course, saturated, our blankets were heavy, the ground squelched with every step we made and squirted liquid mud. I took Charlie's blankets with one of my own and spread them on the sloping ground, while I fixed some rude poles and a horizontal stick, upon which I placed my other blanket. With my hands I scraped a rough trench at the top and carried it round at the sides. The fire was at our feet, and we crawled in very carefully to avoid bringing down the canopy. The bed was at any rate soft, so much could be said for it, for I felt myself sinking as if I were on feathers. The fire being fairly hot and the two of us close together we managed to keep warm, finally going to sleep steaming in a kind of mingled mud and rain bath. For very soon the water came through the upper blanket.

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In the middle of the night I woke up feeling very cold and uncomfortable. Stretching out my hand I found that the trench above had so altered its configuration that it concentrated the water and delivered it on me in one volume. A little more and I should have slid out of the impromptu tent. I growled and plastered vainly at the trench with mud which was too liquid to dam the breach, and in my struggles I dislodged the sticks, letting the canopy and horizontal down on Charlie. He woke up and looked into matters. Finally we rejected the sticks, let the upper blanket remain where it was, rolled close together, and determined to take what fate sent. So I slept again in a running stream.

In the early morning we crawled out, looking two more wretched mortals than any Prometheus brought fire to. We were plastered with mud and running with water. Neither could have been moister if he had slept in the rising pool which hissed now in the lower embers of our sinking fire. I took hold of the blankets and ripped them from the ground, which then showed deep casts of our figures. As they could not be wetter, and might be cleaner, we washed them in the pool, wrung them out, and wore them as ponchos or cloaks. In sombre silence we looked to the fire, made tea, saddled up and departed. The next day we came to the Willandra Billabong.

So far as I am aware there is no similar feature to the true billabong in any country except Australia. Certainly there are rivers whose raised banks only restrain them from flooding the adjacent districts, such as the Po, and other streams of northern Italy; but to this end human labour has been employed during many centuries in heightening the natural barriers which grow less and less efficacious as the detritus and wash from the Alps fill their beds in the lower valleys and plains. In Australia the level of some of the rivers at flood time is decidedly above the level of the neighbouring districts, and the billabongs found in the Lachlan and other streams are natural aqueducts, like the lashers of some of our rivers, artificially raised by locks, which draw off the water when it rises to a certain level. On reaching the Willandra Charley McPhillamy, who was familiar with that part of New South Wales, pointed out to me what had all the appearance of a dry affluent to the river by which we had been journeying, and asked me what I thought of it. I said it was a "creek," or stream-bed then dry. It certainly seemed to be what I said, and yet, in spite of its look, no water ever ran

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from it into the river. On the contrary, as I soon found out, when the river rose as it had done when I was travelling with Irwin, the turbid waters poured out into the country by this gap and ran like an original stream through three hundred miles of plain which had otherwise been wholly dependent on rain and dug wells for its supply. We turned down the Willandra, making for Mossgiel, a large sheep station on which my mate had once been employed.

The country could hardly be described as interesting. On leaving the Lachlan we quitted the region of the big gums, while the box trees grew smaller and more dwarfed yet as we got into the heart of the plains in the Back-blocks. The billabong was then almost empty, save for a few pools here and there; its banks and beds were covered with dry wind-shaken reeds, around us everywhere was a boundless level only broken by a few stray clumps of dismal dwarf boxes that could be seen, though not larger in girth than nine inches, very many miles away. Fortunately for us, the weather changed a little: it no longer rained in ceaseless torrents; the sky, though sometimes overcast and rarely free from clouds, was not a dismal canopy of leaden hue; the sun often shone cheerfully and we were rarely quite wet to the skin. But we had a week's journey before us yet, and having started from the separation of the river and billabong with nothing but flour and some jam in our commissariat, we found at the only place we expected to get meat that the occupants of the hut were just then no better provided with flesh foods than ourselves.

There is such a thing as being hungry and not being able to eat certain foods. Once, in the pages of this magazine, I described how I absolutely starved for four days and a half. I found that existing five days on bread and jam while riding in the open plains, or while occupying oneself for a day or so in succession hunting up a strayed horse was almost as unpleasant. I loathed the bread made in thin cakes on the coals, known in the colonies as Johnny-cakes, and as for jam, I think I have not yet recovered my liking for it. We were both almost ready to steal a sheep, so keen grew our carnivorous desires. In the end we absolutely refused to touch what we had left and rode on fiercely, knowing that we could not be very far from the Mossgiel sheep-shed by which some Chinamen were living. We reached their huts at last, late in the evening.

I dismounted and walked up to the place. Peering into the

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dirty interior dimly lighted by the bush light called a slush-lamp, I spied four Chinamen playing euchre with a pack of almost indistinguishable cards. They looked up rather sulkily on being disturbed. I asked for meat, or rather demanded it, having previously made up my mind that if there was any to be had, I would obtain it at any cost, even by fighting. They denied they had any, but as I saw a dried piece of sheep ribs hanging on a hook, I seized hold of it without any circumlocution and asked how much they wanted. On payment of a shilling I departed with my prize, and we repaired to the shearers' hut, at that time of the year quite empty.

We were perfectly ravenous. It was dry salt meat, but to think of wasting time in boiling it was ludicrous. We found a rude gridiron made of fencing wire in the old hut's fireplace and began grilling. I ate fifteen small chops in rapid succession, and Charlie finished the remainder. Though the saltness of it was indescribable, I never enjoyed a meal more in all my life, and shall probably never do so again until I ride a hundred miles in keen bright air living on bread and jam. But during the whole night I was drinking water. In the morning the door of our sleeping hut was burst violently open and a big black-and-tan collie rushed in, who made instant overtures of affection to me and ended by leaping into my bunk, where he lay until the boundary rider who lived close by called to him. Oddly enough, two months later I owned that very dog, for when his master left Mossgiel, at which I worked so long as butcher and milkman. I was made a boundary rider myself, and bought him. Charlie, my mate, obtained employment as well, and was there yet when after six months I returned to Melbourne on my way home to England.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

UNCLE RICHARD.

MABEL'S awakening was almost as pleasant as though she were at home, and had besides the zest of novelty. The carolling of the birds outside, and the fresh young voices of the children, were her reveille; and, as soon as she opened the door, the three were pressing round her with their morning's greeting. Joining hands, they began the day with a merry dance round the room; the governess's heart as gay and joyous, and her laughter as free, as that of the youngest of her pupils.

The surprised look of the maid-servant, who entered in the midst of the fun, and the children's, "Isn't it lovely, Hannah!" reminded Mabel that she was the governess, and expected to keep up her dignity.

The few questions she put to the children, as they afterwards sat at breakfast, brought forth replies which showed her that the demands upon her stock of knowledge would be of the slightest. It was evident that patience would be more in demand than anything else; and, in the pleasant excitement of the moment, she had no misgivings as to being lacking in that. Algy was very little advanced beyond the alphabet stage; Mima labouring heavily through 'Pinnock'; and Sissy only just emerging from it.

Three pairs of eyes were bent with keen, anxious scrutiny upon her, as, with a grave, Minerva air, she took her seat at the table; a heap of books in the centre, Sissy and Mima on either side, and Algy opposite. She began with a solemn little speech, which she flattered herself had a proper, business-like tone, about

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hoping to find them obedient and industrious. It certainly had its effect so far as causing their faces to lengthen went.

But some obtuse remark from Mima, as, with a disconsolate face, she bent over her book, presently called forth a little smile and jest from Mabel, and this seemed to have so much better effect upon them than solemnity, that she imagined she had hit upon a very good method of lightening her own as well as her pupils' labours. Indeed, her amusement at their mistakes, their droll interpretations, and her diverting explanations, rendered it as the children delightedly affirmed, like a "play lesson." In her elation at her success, she did not see that she was instituting a rather dangerous precedent. The plan answered admirably the first day. Governess and pupils rose from their morning's work the best of friends.

In the afternoon there was a long pleasant ramble in the woods, from which they returned, not too tired for merry talk and laughter over tea. After an hour's preparation of the lessons for the morrow, there were games, ending up with an improvised narrative from Mabel, of a certain ill-conditioned spider, and the triumph of three small flies which laid their heads together to circumvent its cruel designs. But she had not calculated upon the literal interpretation that was at once given to her story.

"We are the three flies, and we know who old Spider is, don't we, Mima? don't we, Sissy?" ejaculated Algy, rolling off his stool in the ecstasy of his delight.

Mabel began presently to see what was in their minds, and did her best to convince them of the truth that she had intended nothing personal, and might as well have said four or five as three flies. Her attempts were regarded as only part of the jest.

"We are not going to say anything to old Spider about it, Miss Leith, dear; no, of course not. But we know—we know; and we mean to join together, too, and show her that three flies are a match for one spider, when they put their heads together!" said Algy, taking great pains to explain to Soames, when she entered the room with the information that it was their bed-time, that he was laughing about "nothing very 'tickler."

"You ought not to be allowed to laugh so much, Master Algy It is not good for you," crossly returned Soames.

"This is not the nursery," said Mabel, nettled at the woman's tone and manner. "Good-night, dears; we have had a happy day, have we not?"

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"Oh, yes, lovely; not a bit like lessons!" as one after the other put their arms round her for a parting hug.

"It will not be so very difficult after all, perhaps," thought Mabel, sitting down in a pleasant frame of mind to write to Dorothy. She was feeling really the better for the day's amusement, as it might be called. It did not occur to her that the amusement might be less, as the novelty wore off.

The following three days were spent in much the same way. It was fine July weather, and Mabel found it enjoyable enough to spend so many hours in the open air. Moreover, the children found some amusement for themselves in chasing each other about under the trees; which left her to enjoy the beautiful surroundings in her own fashion.

With the exception, perhaps, of Soames, the nurse—and she had not the power to interfere about anything that went on during school hours—none seemed likely to put any obstacles in Mabel's way. She had seen Mrs. Brandreth but once since their first interview, and then only for a few moments, when she paid a hurried visit to the school-room, on her way down to dinner.

With the same elaborate politeness of speech and languidly absent manner, Mabel had previously noticed, she again ran gracefully through the form of hoping Miss Leith found her room comfortable; had all she desired; that her pupils were not too shockingly backward; and so forth. She asked questions without waiting for replies; deploring her own multitudinous engagements which prevented her seeing her darlings as often as she would like to do; turning about her slender white hand to catch the light upon her diamond rings as she spoke. Then, giving Algy a tap on the cheek with her fan, a slight bend in Mabel's direction, and a mechanical smile at nothing, she swept out of the room again.

The fourth day found Mabel somewhat less appreciative of the constant companionship of the children; although she could still persuade herself that she would be able to get through the allotted six months "in some fashion," and return in triumph to spend Christmas at home.

As she sat with the children at their lessons in the morning, Soames brought word that Miss Leith might take her pupils down to luncheon in the dining-room, if she did not, in the meantime, receive another message to the contrary, which might happen if visitors arrived.

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"Oh, very well," replied Mabel, with the quiet smile which Soames found so irritating.

Soames would have been no way mollified could she have afterwards heard Mabel endeavouring to defend her to the children. They had been quick to note her antagonism to their governess, and were as quick to resent it. As she quitted the room, Algy shook his small fist, with the threat that, when he became an earl, he would speak to the Queen, and have Soames imprisoned the rest of her life, to punish her for being so rude to dear Miss Leith.

Mabel smilingly opined that it would be beneath an earl to punish people for not knowing how to behave themselves.

"But she knows some things are not right, and she does them all the same," sharply returned Algy. "When I'm being washed, and she's cross, she pushes the soap into my eyes, and she knows that hurts; though I won't cry out, and"—taking a sliding step backwards and forwards—"I mean to have her punished, when I grow up."

The thought of dining downstairs was not unwelcome to Mabel. The change of scene, and the opportunity for a little conversation with some one besides the children, although it were only Mrs. Brandreth, who did not appear to be very interesting, would be worth something. No message came to countermand the invitation; and, when the time arrived, she descended with the children, Algy and Mima taking possession each of a hand, and Sissy following.

Mabel entered the dining-room slightly flushed and smiling, having just received an offer of marriage from Algy; her gold brown hair becomingly ruffled by his energetic manner of sealing the compact, and her deep grey eyes radiant with fun. Her grey morning gown, with its soft frillings of lace and knots of pale, coral-coloured ribbon, matching the few beautiful carved ornaments, were all of the refined artistic kind which money can buy, and worn with such easy unconscious grace; not a stiff fold, nor hint of a fashion-book, about her.

An elderly woman, her daughter, and a young man had just entered the room with Mrs. Brandreth. "How stupid of me to forget!" she thought, with a momentary glance at Mabel, as she and the children came in. But she must make the best of it now, she said to herself, indicating the places Mabel and her pupils were to take at the table. After a few words to the children, they and their governess were for the time forgotten.

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and Mrs. Brandreth continued her conversation with her guests.

"I suppose this is the usual sort of thing," thought Mabel in some amusement, sitting back in her chair with her hands lightly folded in her lap. "It is to be hoped I shall conduct myself with the decorum proper to my station." Suddenly it occurred to her that she might find herself placed in an embarrassing position; and her eyes turned somewhat apprehensively, as well as curiously, towards the visitors. "What if one of them should have happened to meet her anywhere during the season and were to recognize her now?"

Their faces were strange to her, and as they did not evince any signs of recognition, she concluded that she must be equally strange to them, and breathed freely again.

Mrs. Severn, a woman of nearly sixty years of age, with a great deal of forehead, small beady eyes, and a high nose, was telling Mrs. Brandreth of a sad *mésalliance*. "Quite the best match of the season, you know, and she only a——" mumble, mumble, mumble, with a glance in the direction of Mabel.

Her daughter, upon whose small prettiness—of the kind which loses it attraction after sixteen—the experience of five or six unsuccessful seasons had told disadvantageously, was talking with girlish enthusiasm about the new tenor, who had made so successful a *début* the other night, in 'Faust,' to the young man by her side, whom the children had hailed as "Uncle Richard."

Richard Noel found it difficult to reply with the *empressement* to which she was accustomed in his manner, towards her; his eyes straying with not a little surprise and curiosity towards the beautiful young governess sitting opposite. "Who was she? Of whom did she remind him? What was her name?" he was asking himself. He had certainly seen her, or some one very like her not long before.

Her eyes were smiling, and she seemed quite unconscious or regardless of anything awkward or unpleasant in her position, eating her chicken in a graceful, dainty, but thoroughly enjoyable way.

"I feel quite sure I have seen her before; but where—where?" he again and again asked himself, cudgelling his brains for some clue as he looked at her with puzzled eyes, making, meanwhile, somewhat haphazard replies to Miss Severn's little rhapsodies. He could not presently resist the desire to say a few words, and enquired, putting as much deference as possible into

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his voice and manner to atone for being unable to address her by name, which had not been mentioned. "I am afraid you do not always find your pupils as quiet and well-behaved as they are now."

"We do not tell tales out of school, do we, Mima?" said Mabel, frankly meeting for a moment the dark eyes bent so respectfully upon her, and coming to the conclusion that he had a pleasant manner, and was—for a dark man—rather nice-looking.

"Not yet," replied literal Mima, turning her eyes gravely towards him. "But we are promised one, Uncle Richard, a story in the hollow, the first good day."

"Good? You mean fine, don't you, Mima?" he replied, hoping to lead up to the governess's name without having to ask for it, and thereby attract his sister's attention.

"No; I meant when we were all good together, you know, Uncle Richard."

"I think any one might be good for a story in the hollow."

"And so we should yesterday, if it hadn't been for Mima, uncle," said Algy. "Sissy and I were ever so good, and all for nothing."

"But I didn't know, Algy," pleaded Mima. "You never told me why you were going to, and I was only cross because——"

"Are they not talking too much, Miss Leith?" enquired Mrs. Brandreth; adding to her brother, "I wish you wouldn't encourage them, Richard."

Mabel was on the point of making some jesting reply as to the little encouragement required, but recollected in time, and demurely whispered a warning word to Mima. "I am getting on quite beautifully," she thought; "a real wooden doll couldn't behave better."

"Leith—Miss Leith!" Richard Noel had the greatest difficulty in abstaining from giving some expression to his astonishment, and only succeeded by keeping his eyes fixed upon his plate and endeavouring to appear absorbed in the process of dissecting the wing of chicken. He knew now. It had been only the seeing her there acting the part of a governess that, for the first few moments, threw him out. He had recognized her at first. After spending nearly the whole of one evening at the opera, with his glass fixed upon her, he was hardly likely to be mistaken. But he was as puzzled as ever upon another point. Why was she there, acting as a governess? Miss Leith, the most beautiful of the two richest heiresses of the season, who, but the other day, seemed as far from him as the stars.

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Richard Noel had not a very firm footing in society, the prestige of belonging to a good family, notwithstanding. Not only was he known to be deeply in debt, but there were rumours that he had more than once used crooked means to add to his almost infinitesimally small income, and the charges brought against him were none the less damaging to his reputation from the fact of their being couched in mysterious language.

He was four or five years younger than his sister, Mrs. Brandreth, with whom his handsome face atoned for a great many of his shortcomings—that, and her creed, that people were no better than circumstances allowed them to be. She was, just then, in the hope of bringing about a match between him and Miss Severn, whose income of a thousand a year would suffice to keep them out of difficulties, even if, as had been hinted by the "horrid old mother," it was to be securely settled on Flora, before marriage. His fortunes were at so low an ebb that he had caught eagerly at the suggestion, and had, so far, found little difficulty in making a favourable impression upon the young lady.

He glanced towards his sister, asking himself whether she was helping to keep up the governess fiction; and, if so, for what purpose? Surely Agatha would not allow him to commit himself by paying court to Miss Severn if she knew there was a much richer prize within his reach. He could detect nothing in her bearing to warrant the supposition that she regarded Miss Leith in any other way than as the governess to the children. Indeed, she just then seemed to find it somewhat difficult to be sufficiently courteous towards the young girl, to come up to her own standard of good-breeding.

Could it be that Miss Leith had in some way lost her fortune and suddenly found herself obliged to go out into the world to earn her bread? or— He recollected having heard that the sisters were considered a little eccentric—different from the general run of girls. Travers had said in the way of being high-flown and romantic in their ideas of life, and this presently suggested a new train of thought to him. What if she had taken it into her head to play at being poor for awhile, from some romantic notion of being wooed and won for herself alone? It seemed not altogether improbable, if she were the kind of girl Travers described her to be. Men had done such things, so, at least, said the poets, and why should not a romantic girl follow suit?

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His dark eyes were brilliant with hope, as they turned again towards the beautiful face opposite him. Should his supposition only prove correct, what a chance there would be for him—a chance such as in his wildest dreams he had not dared to hope for! But it would be necessary to be extremely cautious, it would never do to act upon impulse. Although he felt more and more convinced that he was not mistaken, there was just the bare possibility that he might be. It was possible, for instance, she might be only some poor relation of the Miss Leith, whom she so marvellously resembled, and in that case he could not afford to be romantic, however she might be inclined. The first step to be taken was to establish her identity, and the facts as to her fortune, and, meantime, he must be on his guard, and not allow her to know that he recognized her.

Miss Severn was complacently putting forth her powers of attraction, pattering out pretty speeches more expressive of amiability than wisdom, protesting, in reference to Mrs. Brandreth's rebuke to the children, that, "indeed, indeed, she liked to hear the darlings talk! She positively doted on children, and thought it must be quite too delightful to be with them always;" adding to Mabel, "Do you not find it so, Miss Leith?"

Mabel calmly replied she did not know. She had not been always with them, her experience dating only a few days back. She was not inclined to expand to Miss Severn, and not, as yet, accustomed to do anything to which she was disinclined.

But Miss Severn was not exacting as to reply. Feeling that she had done all that could be expected of her in the way of being gracious to the governess, she addressed her conversation to Richard Noel again. She found him more silent and absorbed than was quite complimentary to her powers of conversation. He forced himself to abstain from looking too much at Mabel, lest his sister's keen eyes should take note of it, but he found it impossible to marshal his thoughts to Miss Severn's order.

Mrs. Brandreth found herself obliged to talk to either Mrs. Severn or Sissy, both of whom bored her; the former with her long stories, and the latter with her too palpable delight at being noticed by her mother. She brought luncheon to an end as quickly as might be, and told the children they might go.

Mabel, who was just putting a question to Richard Noel, continued the subject, oblivious of the fact that the children stood waiting for her, and that it was her duty to go out of the room with them. Exulting in the discovery he believed that he had made,

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yet afraid of allowing what was in his mind to be seen, Richard Noel was in as matter of course a tone as he could assume, doing his best to give her the gist of a paper, attracting some notice just then in one of the monthlies, she had asked him about. "Not so clear as Gerard would put it," she was thinking. "But who would—who would get at the heart of things, as he does?" She smiled her thanks, and was adding a word or two upon the subject, when Sissy softly put in, slipping her hand in Mabel's:

"Mamma says we may go now, Miss Leith, dear."

"Go!" ejaculated Mabel, turning upon the child with dilating eyes. She recollected again; broke into a little laugh at herself, demurely rose from her seat, and, with a graceful little bend of acknowledgment of Richard Noel's low bow—the ladies were too much engaged to notice her—she went out of the room with the children.

"Who in the world is she, my dear? Where does she come from?" ejaculated Mrs. Severn, turning towards Mrs. Brandreth, as soon as Mabel had passed out of the room. "She might be the daughter of a duke!"

"In her own estimation," said Miss Severn, who felt that her graciousness had not been sufficiently appreciated by Mabel.

"Too many airs and graces for her position, certainly," said Mrs. Brandreth. "I trusted to an agent, and did not see Miss Leith before she came." It was not necessary to add, that Mabel's principal recommendation had been her readiness to accept the very low salary Mrs. Brandreth offered.

"Her style of dress too,—the very latest; did you notice the pale coral, Flora? Everything *en suite*, to the very ring!" said her mother.

Yes: Flora had noticed, none the more approvingly that she herself was wearing a carved set she had just purchased, only not so good.

"Brought up extravagantly, I expect; and suddenly found herself possessed of nothing but fashionable clothes to begin the world with," said Mrs. Brandreth. "She will learn wisdom, as they wear out, perhaps."

Her brother listened silently, twisting the ends of his moustache. All that he heard, seemed so much additional proof that his supposition was a correct one. The governessing was a freak. He was too much dazzled by the light that had suddenly burst upon him to be able to take his share in the conversation that followed with anything like his usual spirit;

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although, with the consciousness that he could not afford to offend Miss Severn, until there was something more than the bare chance of securing a greater prize, he did his best to appear as usual.

Mrs. Brandreth was quicker than Miss Severn, who was not very observant, nor inclined to think she might possibly be outshone, to notice that he was absent, and unlike himself. Moreover, she had seen the expression of his eyes fixed upon the governess as she knew they would never be on Flora Severn, and feared that, for some folly of the moment, he might risk losing what seemed a last chance for him.

"I do hope you will not be so imprudent as to neglect making the most of your opportunities with Flora, after all the trouble I have taken to help you, Richard," his sister began, as he rejoined her, after seeing Mrs. and Miss Severn to their carriage.

"If I did, it would be only to make the most of a better opportunity; I can promise you that much, Agatha."

"I do not think it is at all probable that you will find a better; you must know that; and now that matters have gone so far with Flora——"

"They have not gone far. At any rate, not far enough to give her reason for complaining, if they go no farther."

"You have something in your mind, Richard?" enquiringly.

He was silent a few moments, his eyes downcast, asking himself whether it would be better to take her into his confidence or not, then replied: "If anything comes of it, I promise you shall be first to hear. At present, you must excuse my keeping my own counsel."

"Meanwhile, I would advise you not to let the bird in the hand escape!" eyeing him anxiously, as she went on: "You know that Reginald does not like you idling—as he calls it—so much of your time away here, and you know how decided he can be if things do not please him."

"Yes; I know that well enough, confound him!" abruptly adding: "What makes you think I am inclined to play fast and loose with Flora?"

"I,—to tell the truth, I did not like to see you looking so much at Miss Leith, Richard. Had Flora noticed it, she might have been offended, you know, and I feel sure the sharp old mother saw."

He cast another speculative side-look at his sister. "Who is she, Agatha?"

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"She? Miss Leith? Who are her people, do you mean?"

He nodded.

"I do not know any more than that her parents are both dead, and that she has had every advantage of education, the best masters, and so forth. This I heard from a Mrs. Harcourt, of Kensington, to whom she referred me, and it seemed sufficient. From my own observation, I should judge Miss Leith has imbibed some very extravagant notions. But what can all this matter to you, Richard? You could not possibly marry a poor governess, with nothing but her pretty face for her fortune."

"No; I certainly could not marry a poor governess;" with a little laugh.

"Then you must not allow her to suppose that you would, or, worse still, give Flora grounds for supposing it."

"Do not fear. I think I can promise to look after my own interest sufficiently for that, Agatha," he lightly replied. She did not know, then! If Miss Leith were acting a part, she had evidently not taken Agatha into her confidence. Should he take her into his, and tell her what he suspected? No; he decided the risk would be too great. If his sister knew the truth, she might, out of the very desire to help him, allow it to be seen that she knew it, and then all chance of his being able to play the part of a disinterested lover would be gone. Everything depended upon his appearing to believe that Miss Leith was the poor governess she wished it to be thought she was.

Fortunately, he reflected, it happened that he was in favour with the children; and this might do him service with the governess. When idling about Beechwoods, he had seen a great deal of them; and as he amused himself with, and took no trouble to check them, in any way—he indeed regarded their little failings as matters of course, and rather encouraged them, than otherwise—they had come to think him as good-natured as he was indulgent.

"No one, not even Uncle Reggie, is so good and kind to us as Uncle Richard," said Algy and Mima to Mabel. "He invents new games, and has all sorts of fun with us, Miss Leith, and never, never gets out of temper."

"Uncle Reggie is just as kind. He's only vexed with us when we do not try to be good, and do not tell the truth!" put in Sissy.

"Oh, yes, and he plays with us, too! But you've got to take

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care, with Uncle Reggie, and you havn't got to with Uncle Richard. When you don't behave well, he only laughs."

It was through the children that Mabel heard Mrs. Brandreth had left home for a week or two, having joined a yachting party. If there had been any leave-taking with her children, Mabel had not seen it; and the idea of seeking an interview with the governess before her departure had apparently not suggested itself to her. Having once engaged a governess for her children, her conscience was at rest. Reginald would no longer be able to preach to her about neglecting her duty. If the children were neglected in any way, the blame would, of course, rest with the governess.

Mrs. Brandreth's mind was also at rest upon another point. She had extracted a promise from her brother that he would not go to the house during her absence. He was obliged to yield so far, lest her suspicions should be aroused; contenting himself with the reflection that while keeping his promise to the letter, he might still be able to see something of Miss Leith. He might meet her without going to the house—in the park, for instance, when taking the children for their daily walk.

The talk amongst the servants—that of the housemaid, whose duty it was to attend to careless Mabel's room, and others who had chanced to render her some small service—added to what had come under her own observation, was having its effect upon Soames. She was, too, in spite of herself, beginning to be brought under the influence at work in the school-room; hence more inclined to be upon friendly terms with the governess, and not a little offended at finding her advances coldly received. Had Mabel been more diplomatic, had she made some effort to conciliate the other, she would not only have found that there was a better side to Soames' character, but her own path easier. As it was, Soames displayed her resentment in her own fashion, Mrs. Brandreth's absence affording her the opportunity for so doing.

Soames was indeed mistress of the situation. She knew a great deal more about her mistress's wishes respecting the children than did the governess, and it was in her power to put a great many obstacles in Mabel's way as to what ought or ought not to be done out of school hours. She was continually interfering, hinting that her mistress objected to this, and would never sanction that, until Mabel was made to feel that she was not allowed to use her own judgment about anything. Soames,

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as the exponent of Mrs. Brandreth's wishes, which Mabel knew nothing about, decided the direction and duration of their daily walks, and what not; even to the amount of play that was good for them.

They must not run about too much, lest they should get overheated. They must keep in the shady walks, lest they should spoil their complexions. They must not go down to the sea, lest some accident should happen to Master Algy, who was always so venturesome. In fine, according to Soames, they could go nowhere but up and down the avenue, within view of the nursery window; a walk that would soon be as monotonous to Mabel as that to and from the Grove.

She regretted now that Mrs. Brandreth had not been a little more explicit about her wishes, and so spared her the annoyance of having to listen to them second-hand. As it was, she could do nothing. Soames always quoted her mistress, and since Mabel could not dispute Mrs. Brandreth's rules with her servant, there was no course left but to obey. Soames believed that when Miss Leith was rendered sufficiently uncomfortable to recognize the desirability of being what she termed "mutual," they would be the best of friends. But certain signs and symptoms were beginning to manifest themselves, which, had she been able to understand them, might have warned her that it was possible to go too far.

Now that the first novelty had worn off, Mabel was beginning to feel wearied and bored instead of amused by the children's peculiarities. Mima's intelligence matched her commonplace, pudgy little face, her mind being more concentrated upon the question of the daily pudding than was amusing to contemplate after the first few times. Algy's small philosophy took more the complexion of mere selfishness upon closer acquaintance, and they had both acquired unchildlike ideas—from Soames, Mabel suspected—as to the advantages to be derived from wealth and position. Moreover, they both so inconveniently attached themselves to her, as to prevent her drawing out the best in the more interesting Sissy, who shyly gave place to them.

Conscious of her increasing weariness of them, and her consequent loss of patience and sharp replies becoming so frequent now, she was surprised to find that her influence over them did not seem to diminish. Her contempt for every kind of meanness, and sharp rebuke at the slightest deviation from truth, were, in fact, having their legitimate effect in winning her pupil's respect,

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as had her ready recognition of the good in them, her strict, impartial justice, and keen sense of fun and frolic, in winning their hearts.

One thing was becoming daily more evident to her, and this was, that it required a certain amount of training to impart knowledge, even to them. She contrived to drag them through the daily lessons, but they were a great deal less like "play lessons" than at first, although the children, not understanding why there should be any difference, still strove to introduce an element of fun into the proceedings, and gave her credit for wishing to do the same.

When after some *bêtise* of Mima's, Mabel suddenly lost patience and sent "Pinnock" skimming across the table, with a shriek of delight Algy and Mima immediately followed suit, sending their books flying in all directions, obliging her to explain she had been wrong, and rendering it difficult to complain of their having done the same. But apologies all round were becoming a not infrequent necessity. Mabel's ejaculation, "I had no idea that any child could be so ridiculously obtuse!" and her immediate apology; "I beg your pardon, Mima, you cannot help that, of course," might have not a little surprised a trained governess.

(*To be continued.*)

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE WESLEY CENTENARY—NOTES FROM PARIS—"THE IDLER" AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—THE BACH CHOIR.

THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

THE centenary of John Wesley's death, which occurred on March 2nd, is an event of sufficient importance to demand a few words of comment. For not only was Wesley a man of remarkable personality—the author of the 'History of Civilisation' regarded him as "the first of theological statesmen," while Macaulay has said of him that his "genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu"—but the moral revolution which he brought about in his lifetime, so far from collapsing at his death, has resulted in the most successful, if judged by members and organisation, of the many non-conforming communities which have separated themselves from the Church of England.

The first impulse given to the Methodist movement, must be ascribed to the work of a High-church mystic, William Law. "William Law," wrote Bishop Warburton, "begot Methodism." His 'Serious Call to a Holy Life,'—a treatise of which Southey said that "few books have made more religious enthusiasts," and which deeply influenced such different men as Dr. Johnson, and Scott the Commentator, and John Henry Newman—made a profound impression on the mind of John Wesley. He was then at Oxford; and gathering around him a small society of devout students, including his brother Charles, and the future orator of Methodism, George Whitefield, they determined to frame their lives according to a fixed rule or method. They communicated weekly: they fasted regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays; they held aloof from the amusements of college life; they visited the poor, and the prisoners in the gaol; they spent much time in the study of the Bible, and of such books of devotion as the 'Imitatio Christi,' the 'Holy Living and Dying,' of Jeremy Taylor, and the 'Serious Call' of William Law. They were, in short, what would be called now-a-days, "good churchmen"; indeed they were the Ritualists of the eighteenth century. The undergraduates nicknamed them "Methodists," and the word which originally denoted an enthusiastic devotion to the system of the church, came, by a strange irony of fate, to be the name of a party which eventually discarded the yoke of that church altogether.

The next step in the history of Methodism begins with Wesley's voyage to America, and his consequent connection with the Moravians.

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His father had earnestly entreated him to come to Epworth as his curate, but young Wesley steadily refused. "The question," he characteristically said, "is not whether I could do more good to others there than here; but whether I could do more good to myself, seeing wherever I can be most holy myself, there I can most promote holiness in others." A few months later he sailed with Mr. Oglethorpe for Georgia, with the twofold purpose of evangelising the Red Indians, and of ministering to the spiritual wants of the Colonists. "My chief motive," he wrote on starting, "is the hope of saving my own soul. I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen." His ministry in Georgia, for reasons on which it is needless to enter, proved a failure, and after three years he returned to England. But during his absence he had come in contact with the Moravians, the tranquil confidence of whose faith contrasted strangely with his own disquietude. On settling in London he became a regular member of this society, and fell under the baneful teaching of one Peter Böhler. From this enthusiast he learnt the preposterous opinion that, without a sudden and sensible conversion, a man, no matter how moral, how good, how benevolent, how sincere, is under the wrath of God, and in a state of damnation. It was on Sunday, March 5th 1738, that Böhler finally convinced him of this fundamental "truth." Wesley was stunned at the overwhelming discovery. He wished to abstain from preaching, at any rate for awhile, but Böhler dissuaded him, saying, "Preach faith till you have it, and then because you have faith you will preach faith." He followed his teacher's advice, and while firmly believing that he was in a "state of damnation," he yet passionately preached the new doctrine wherever he could gain an audience. At length, after ten or eleven weeks of intense mental excitement, the crisis came. It was on the evening of Wednesday, May 24th. He was present at a "Society's" meeting in Aldersgate Street, when one of the assembly was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. What followed had best be told in Wesley's own words. "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart."

That moment, as Mr. Lecky has said, marks an epoch in English history. For from the evening of May 24th, 1738, dates the beginning of the Methodist revival. It is true that Wesley almost immediately after his conversion paid a visit to the head-quarters of the Moravian Brotherhood at Herrnhutt in Saxony. He there met Count Zinzendorf, and entered with enthusiasm into the doctrines and discipline of that curious community. It is evident, however, that he returned home somewhat shaken in his allegiance to their system. He disapproved of

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the absolute supremacy exercised by Count Zinzendorf. He could not altogether agree with some of their ultra-spiritual opinions. Part of their discipline seemed strange to him. As time went on this feeling of disapproval grew stronger. He became disgusted with their cavillings and disputings; his soul grew sick of their "sublime divinity," and, some months after his return from Herrnhutt, he finally separated from the Moravian Brotherhood and formed a new society of his own.

We have already quoted Mr. Lecky's opinion, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at the humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. It marks the source of the movement which was to revolutionise religion throughout the country. The instantaneous conversion which Wesley then believed himself to have experienced confirmed him in his adhesion to that extravagant opinion. So convinced was he of its absolute reality that he openly declared shortly afterwards that he had "*never been a Christain till within the last five days.*" His brother Charles had already passed through a similar crisis; and so this doctrine of "*a sudden and sensible conversion*" became the cardinal doctrine of the new movement. The leaders of that movement were never tired of impressing upon their hearers, with all the vehemence of which they were capable, that unless they had experienced this startling change, they were children of wrath, and doomed to everlasting flames.

Field-preaching, which was one of the main characteristics of the revival, was begun by Whitefield in the neighbourhood of Bristol. This wonderful man—"the first of theological orators," as Wesley was "the first of theological statesmen,"—who attracted by his preaching not only the ignorant and unlearned, but such men as David Hume and Lord Chesterfield, must share with the two Wesleys the honour of inaugurating the Methodist movement. Many stories are told of the dramatic effect of his oratory, of which this one, related by Hume, may serve as an illustration:—"After a solemn pause he thus addressed the audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude reclaimed from the error of his way?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' This address," adds Hume, "was accompanied by such animated yet natural action that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

At first Wesley could not bring himself to follow his friend's example with regard to field-preaching. It seemed to him to go beyond the boundary of church order and regulation. "I could scarce reconcile myself," he says, "to this strange way, having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I

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should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in church." His brother Charles shared his feelings, and so they determined to seek guidance from the superstitious practice—to which, strange to say, they were both addicted—of opening their Bibles at random, and accepting as a message from the Almighty the very first text on which their eyes alighted. The texts were singularly unpropitious, and so they had recourse to the equally superstitious practice of sortilege. They cast lots, and the lot decided that John Wesley should join Whitefield at Bristol. He went, reflecting that, after all, our Lord's Sermon on the Mount was a pretty strong precedent of field-preaching.

The movement was now fairly launched, and extraordinary results quickly followed. Crowds of people flocked to the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield, which was often accompanied by the strangest phenomena. Beneath the vehement appeals of the new evangelists, who painted in vivid colours the terrors of the Judgment and the endless agonies of hell, men and women and even children would fall down suddenly as dead, or writhe in hideous convulsions on the ground. Shrieks of hysterical laughter and howls as of demons from the pit would be heard on every side. At times the preacher's voice could scarce be heard for the groaning of the multitude. The agony of awakened sinners passing through the paroxysms of sensible conversion was piteous to behold. Wesley's journal contains numerous instances of such cases, especially during the earlier period of the movement. When he preached to the criminals at Newgate, "they dropped on every side as thunderstruck." At Bristol a woman "lay on the ground furiously gnashing her teeth, and after awhile roared aloud." On another occasion, "while I was speaking, one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second and a third. Five others sank down in half an hour, most of them in frightful agonies." Again, a young woman nineteen or twenty years old was taken. "I found her on the bed," says Wesley, "two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight! Anguish, horror, and despair above all description appeared on her pale face. The thousand contortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing at her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarcely to be endured; but her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as words could find their way, 'I am damned, damned—lost for ever!'" And similar instances may be found in abundance in the pages of Wesley's journal.

Want of space prevents us from discussing at any length the nature of these strange phenomena. Suffice it to say that they probably belong to a species of religious hysteria which has appeared over and over again among over-wrought and weak-minded enthusiasts. We see indications of the same disease in the frantic gestures of the dervishes, and in the self-mutilations of Eastern fanatics. It was known—or something very like it—in Germany in the middle ages as St. Vitus' Dance, and in Italy in the sixteenth century as the Dancing-mania or Tarantism. It appeared

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among the early Quakers, and among the Romanists at Port Royal. It was specially prevalent among the French refugees—commonly known as the French Prophets—some of whom had settled at Bristol shortly before the commencement of the Methodist movement. At first, there can be no doubt that Wesley regarded these startling phenomena as indications of the "New Birth" which formed the chief subject of his preaching. But as time went on he learnt to attach less importance to these extravagances, which all friends of Methodism cannot but regard as most unfortunate.

In forming his "societies" there can be little doubt that Wesley had no intention whatever of creating a schism. His object was distinctly to revive religion within the English Church. On every side he saw callousness and indifference; the lower orders seemed sunk in animalism and infidelity; and the church, with all her infinite possibilities, slumbered and slept. And the work on which Wesley entered, and to which he consecrated his life, was the disinterested and wholly unselfish work of awakening into fresh life and vigour his beloved Church of England. Over and over again he warns his followers against the evil of secession. "I dare not," he says, "like Mr. Venn, leave the parish church, and go to an Independent meeting. I advise all over whom I have any influence to keep to the Church." And again, "If ever the Methodists in general leave the Church, I must leave the Methodists." Towards the end of his career, in charging his preachers, he solemnly said, "In God's name, stop there! Be Church of England men still! Do not cast away the peculiar glory which God hath put upon you, and frustrate the design of Providence." And not long before his death he wrote these words, "I declare that I live and die a member of the Church of England; *and none who regard my opinion or advice will ever separate from it.*" And such was the wonderful power of this great ruler of men that during his life-time no secession from the Church took place. He ruled the vast organisation which he had called into existence with absolute authority. His word, as it has been said, was literally law, and that law extended not only to strictly religious matters, but to the minutest details of daily life. But though Wesley trusted otherwise, it was evident to all observers that the movement tended towards separation. Indeed, Wesley himself, some years before his death, had taken a step, which, however unconsciously to himself, could hardly fail to bring about the very end which he deprecated. We allude to his ordination of "elders." His brother Charles recognised this, and consequently regretted it. But John saw the matter in a different light, and could not understand his brother's scruples. Within four years, however, of the old man's death the rupture came. Utterly forgetful of the wishes and commands of their founder, at the annual conference held at Manchester in 1795, the Methodists severed the last tie which bound them to the Church of England. From that time the Wesleyans as a

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body must be considered to have a history of their own apart from the church of their forefathers. And that history records more than one subsequent secession. Within two years of the separation from the Establishment a rupture took place within the Methodist body, and the Methodist New Connexion was formed. Shortly afterwards another squabble occurred, and the Primitive Methodists seceded. Then the Bible Christians formed themselves into a separate body. Later on the Wesleyan Methodist Associations came into existence. And again, in 1849, a further split took place, which resulted in the formation of yet another denomination, the Wesleyan Methodist Reformers. But for all this subsequent dissension the founder of Methodism must not be held responsible. He was beyond doubt sincere when almost with his dying breath he reasserted the principle he had so often impressed upon his followers—to live and die members of the Church of England.

In looking back on the life of Wesley, and on the religious revival of which he was the main author, it is impossible not to feel the deepest regard for his memory. The movement which is associated with his name, after every allowance has been made for its extravagances and defects, is yet one which reflects the very highest honour on its originator. It is impossible here to estimate with any fulness the results of that movement, so great and so varied have been its consequences. That many of those consequences were such as cannot commend themselves to persons of healthy minds is evident. But on the other hand it is equally certain that the main results of the movement were altogether on the side of righteousness. To the Methodist movement was due the Evangelical revival; and to the Evangelical revival was due, in no small measure, the abolition of the slave-trade, the promotion of Sunday schools, the formation of the Religious Tract Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other kindred associations, whose one object was the spiritual enlightenment of mankind. Moreover, the moral good which Methodism affected among the lower and middle orders of our countrymen must be allowed by even the most sceptical. It has been described without exaggeration as a great moral revolution. And all this was due, humanly speaking, to the energy and holiness and self-sacrifice of the Founder of Methodism. In saying this, we are in no sense blinding ourselves to the defects of Wesley's character. That he was credulous to a degree, and amazingly superstitious we at once allow. We see this peculiar weakness in his undoubting belief in apparitions and witchcraft and demoniacal possession, and in his habitual practice of bibliomancy and sortilege. We can see it in the way he regarded the hysterical outbursts which followed his early preaching, and in the opinion, which at one time he seems firmly to have held, that he could heal diseases and cast out devils; while his system of Biblical interpretation may be gathered from his well-known assertion, that "the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."

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But these weaknesses, if they detract from the greatness, detract nothing from the goodness of John Wesley. "He stands pre-eminent," says Canon Overton, "among the worthies who originated and conducted the revival of practical religion which took place in the last century. In particular points he was surpassed by one or other of his fellow-workers. In preaching power he was not equal to Whitefield; in saintliness of character he was surpassed by Fletcher; in poetical talent he was inferior to his brother; in solid learning he was perhaps not equal to his friend and disciple Adam Clarke. But no one man combined *all* these characteristics in so remarkable a degree as John Wesley; and he possessed others besides these which were all his own. He was a born ruler of men; the powers which under different conditions would have made him 'a heaven-born statesman' he dedicated to still nobler and more useful purposes. The good which he did among the poor, whom he loved, is simply incalculable; and his long life, which was almost commensurate with the century, enabled him to see the fruits of his labours."

JOHN VAUGHAN.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The season has been unusually dull this winter. The extreme cold, the remembrance of last year's influenza and the fear of a return of the epidemic have caused a general flight southwards, so that few leaders of fashion are now in Paris. With the exception of one or two *bals blancs*, as they are called, where the dancers are very young people, scarcely "out," there have been no festivities beyond the official balls at the Elysée and Hôtel de Ville, where what is called "society" does not go, unless forced to do so by a military or diplomatic position. Yet the Elysée balls are splendid, and all the present arrangements are on a liberal scale, contrasting with the previous careful economy practised by the Grévy family. Madame Carnot—always beautifully dressed, in the best taste—acquits herself of the duties of her position both graciously and gracefully. Monsieur Carnot, with the most amiable intentions, is "distinguished" to such a degree that the ease of manner which usually completes the deportment of a gentleman would seem derogatory to his dignity; and as Parisians must laugh, when they can get an excuse for doing so, the President's sable attire and stiff sweetness have drawn down upon him the qualification of, "Bâton de réglisse," or "stick of liquorice." Poor Monsieur Carnot! It is a hard trial to have to play the prince without being one, and without any line of demarcation to show exactly where to stop. He has no wish to be more than "presidential," but, in a country where the lead has always been taken by Royalty, how ought a President to behave? And a mild, estimable President in a black coat, without any military glory or military uniform —chosen for his civic virtues—what can he do, but look amiable and "distinguished"?

Excess of "distinguished" manners is not what characterizes the

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balls of the Hôtel de Ville; splendid, as regards rooms and decoration, but more than mixed as regards society. Anyone who chooses can get an invitation, and the crowd is fearful. From 16,000 to 17,000 cards were issued for the last ball. The scenes at the "Buffet" of refreshments would be ludicrous were they not repulsive; it is literally pillaged. There is some talk of requiring payment of a few francs on entrance for the benefit of the Paris poor in future, as a means of thinning the crowds of plebeian citizens, who greatly enjoy gratuitous amusement, and especially gratuitous feasting.

The Carnival in Paris is a thing of the past, and nothing now is seen on the Boulevards but a few children in fancy dresses. The most important day is, now, that of the "Mi-Carême" or Mid Lent; a festival by no means recognized or authorized by the clergy, but greatly favoured by the people. It is especially the festival of the "Blanchisseuses" or laundresses, of which there are in Paris 93,000, with 11,000 men, employed in the laundries or wash-houses. The principal "lavoirs," or laundries, choose each a king and queen, and have a car decorated with flags; there is a general queen, also elected, called "La Reine des Reines," who is, of course, the principal personage in the pageant, although she has a sort of king-consort with her. Following the "Blanchisseuses," but not of them, are a number of cars intended for advertisements, from which showers of small printed papers are thrown. Prizes are given to the best decorated cars when the procession reaches the Place de la République, where the judges are seated on a raised stand. It is unnecessary to explain that the women who figure in these festivities are not the most respectable of the "Blanchisseuses." Those who follow in the other cars, and who do not necessarily belong to the trade, are hired for the purpose, and chosen amongst young women who, also, are not over particular.

A number of Meissonier's friends and admirers intend to prepare for the spring a general exhibition of his works. An appeal will be addressed to all owners of his paintings to obtain the loan of them for the occasion. The drawings and studies which he used for the composition of his pictures will be included. At the close of the exhibition, two of his masterpieces, now in the possession of his family—"L'Attente" and "Le Graveur à l'eau forte,"—will be presented to the Louvre Gallery, in accordance with the well known intention of the artist.

The great present subject of discussion in the literary world is the question of the successor to Octave Feuillet's vacant seat among the "forty Immortals" of the "Académie Française." Young writers may laugh at the venerable "Académie," but all end by striving to obtain this crowning honour of a literary career—the highest position to

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which they can aspire—so that affected disdain has some flavour of "sour grapes."

"Will Zola be elected or not?" is the great controversy of the present hour. From all we have heard we should think not. A strong party in the Académie considers that the presence of Zola would be a disgrace, and that opinion is likely to carry the day; but, sooner or later, it is feared that the classical Académie will be overpowered by modern influences, and that Zola will force the sacred precincts. And yet there are many reasons why the presence of such a writer should be inappropriate and unwelcome.

It is very doubtful who the successor of Octave Feuillet will be, as there is no name among the candidates of sufficient weight to carry all before it, so as to obtain necessarily the required majority of votes; but the candidate who seems to have the best chance is Henri de Bornier, the author of "La Fille de Roland," one of Sarah Bernhardt's most exquisite impersonations in her best days.

The late experiments as to the possible cure of consumption by the transfusion of goat's blood seem to justify the hope of a discovery equalling in importance that of Pasteur, and exempt from the dangers of Koch's system of inoculation. Goats are said to be absolutely refractory to consumptive influences, and their blood is considered to be a most valuable antidote. The operation of transfusion, which lasts only a few seconds without pain or inconvenience of any kind, is performed by means of an india-rubber pipe, having tubes at each end. One is inserted into the jugular vein of the animal, and the other into the arm of the patient, where the blood is propelled direct without the possibility of the introduction of air. The upper tube (the one inserted into the neck of the animal) is partially split downwards, and is distended by the flow of blood so as to completely fill the orifice. There is such an immediate alleviation in the symptoms after this trifling operation as to justify the hope of a complete cure—at least, in the first stage of the malady—by repeating it. But the discoverer, Dr. Bernheim, is confident that the same system might be beneficially applied to other diseases, especially those attributed to malarious influences. He had previously tried sub-cutaneous injections of goat's blood, but the results were slow and not fully satisfactory. He was consequently induced to try transfusion, which attempt seems fully successful in consumptive cases when the disease is taken in time; but, alas! how often it is not recognized till too late!

We can recommend among recent novels: 'Le Marquis de Villarneuil,' by William Marcelly; 'Un Manuscrit,' by Pierre Mael; 'Dernieres Illusions,' by La Princesse Olga de Cantacuzené-Altieri; 'Sacrifice,' by La Comtesse André de Beaumont.

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"The Idler" at St. James's Theatre.

The opening of the St. James's Theatre, with all its many improvements as to lighting and warmth, passed without quite so much attention as it would otherwise have received, owing to a play being taken thither from the Avenue which had already had a long run. This has now been replaced by "The Idler," by Mr. Haddon Chambers. We need not discuss here whether Mr. Chambers has greatly added to his reputation as a dramatist in "The Idler." Plays, like other things, are matters of taste, and a fixed standard of excellence seems hard to arrive at in them. Those of us who liked the simplicity and idyllic beauty of "Sunlight and Shadow," need not look for those particular virtues in "The Idler," which at the same time is no doubt a stronger and more important play than Mr. Carton's. However, there is one point about which there has been no two opinions, namely that some of the best *ensemble* acting on the English stage is to be seen at the St. James's; for finish, for refinement and delicacy in handling the various situations nothing better is to be found in the metropolis. Mr. Alexander's portrayal of "The Idler" is an excellent character study of a man in whom an unfortunate life has developed the poorer side of a nature by no means wholly bad. Miss Marion Terry, in her impersonation of Lady Harding, has a very difficult part to play, and plays it as only an accomplished emotional actress of the first rank could do. Her great scene with Cross (Mr. Alexander) in the third Act, is for strength and even for refinement a great advance upon anything she has already done. The smaller parts are admirably sustained by Lady Monckton, Miss Maud Millett and Mr. John Mason, an excellent American actor who made his first appearance in England in this play.

The Bach Choir.

The Bach Choir has by degrees become a very important feature in the winter music of London. It has high aims, and has been, so far, very successful in accomplishing them. First and foremost among its objects is the production every season of one or more of Bach's masterpieces, the two splendid Church cantatas, given at the second concert of the present season, showing in their performance the real love and enthusiasm of the Choir for the works of the great master whose name it bears. But, taking Bach for its broad and grand foundation stone, this Choir combines with it the production of works both new and old, which are seldom, if ever, heard elsewhere. As most London Choral Societies restrict their efforts to works that "pay," or in other words draw the largest audiences, much of the world's most beautiful music is left untouched by them, to their and the public's loss. The Bach Choir makes the opposite practice its particular care, and has

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introduced to London many works, which would otherwise have remained neglected and unheard. Among new works none is more worthy of note than the "Mass in C. minor," given at the Choir's last concert on March the 10th, by Arthur Somervell. It is seldom that the first work (of any size) by a young composer exhibits such great beauty and breadth of choral writing, or such ease in learned device and contra-puntal elaboration, or indeed, it may be added, such spontaneous and rich melody. Mr. Somervell evidently belongs to no modern school; the mass seems to take us back into the grand old Italian music of the past. Space will not allow us to do it justice, but we must specially call attention to the very beautiful passage for the solo quartette, interrupted by the Tenor Chorus on the words *miserere nobis* with a pathetic fall of a minor seventh. Regarding the other object of the Bach Choir, the production of ancient and somewhat neglected music, we find that its next performance on May 12th will contain Motets by Palestrina, Cherubini's 8-part *Credo*, and examples of the old English Madrigals.

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OUR LIBRARY LIST.

THE EARL OF MAYO. By Sir William Wilson Hunter. (*Clarendon Press.*) Sir William Wilson Hunter's second contribution to the 'Rulers of India' series is an abridgment of his larger 'Life of Lord Mayo,' but it is written with a life and spirit which would make the reader suppose it to be a fresh piece of work. The picture which it gives of Lord Mayo's gentle evangelical home, his introduction to English society, his winning manner and popularity in the hunting field, his love for his native Ireland, and indefatigable industry in the thrice-held office of Chief Secretary, is one of the most charming which this series has produced. In his three years' Viceroyalty of India he established the system of educating the young native princes under English guardians; whilst securing the local independence of the native States, he went far to create a cordon of friendly States around India which should be our safeguard against Russian aggression; he remodelled the finances so as to replace a constant deficit by a constant surplus, and he brought about innumerable reforms in both civil and military administration. Few could show such a record, and it is no wonder that his tragic death should have called forth "a passionate outburst of grief and wrath which shook India." The story of that death is here told with a simple pathos and a true eloquence, which will win for this little volume a high place in the literature of India.

JOHN WESLEY. By J. H. Overton, M.A. (*Methuen & Co.*) There is a special appropriateness in the appearance in the year of the Wesley Centenary of a Life of the great "leader of religion" by the present incumbent of his father's parish. Mr. Overton writes with a full knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of the eighteenth century, and with unusual discernment does justice at once to the enthusiastic founder of Methodism, and to the Bishops and clergy in whom a remembrance of Puritan excesses roused a fear of enthusiasm and a distrust of all who, like Wesley, thought lightly of regular methods and the parochial system. This little volume makes it clear that but for the unfortunate episode of the ordinations which at the end of his life Wesley was persuaded to perform, he was at heart in accord with much

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which the nineteenth century has been accustomed to associate with a very different school of thought. Like Cardinal Newman, John Wesley took his stand upon the Primitive Church. He upheld the frequent celebration of the Eucharist, the observance of fasts and vigils, and was at one with Ritualistic practice in such minor points as the freedom of sittings and the separation of the sexes in Church. Of his personal life Mr. Overton tells us many interesting details, showing his love for his mother, his susceptibility to the influence of friends, his bodily vigour and untiring industry, and his delight when, on visiting the Isle of Man, he finds "No Papists, no Dissenters of any kind, no Calvinists and no disputers."

HISTORIC TOWNS; NEW YORK. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) The history of New York is an epitome of the history of the United States. That is the impression left upon the reader of this record of the struggle of races for the supremacy in this capital of the New World, and of that later struggle of parties for the control of its politics. The Dutch drive out the Indians, the English the Dutch, and 1776 sees the revolt of the naturalized English against the Government at home, and the foundation of the American nation. But this early mixture of races, together with the slave population and the ceaseless influx of Europeans, especially from Germany and Ireland, has produced a hybrid people in which lies a danger to the city of New York. To Americanize a population four-fifths of which is of foreign extraction, so that universal suffrage shall lead to no results fraught with evil to the Commonwealth—that is the problem which confronts the New York of to-day. Mr. Roosevelt is hopeful for the future, and those who would share his hope will do well to read the admirable volume in which he has traced the course of events which have led to the present position.

HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By EDOUARD DE AMICIS. Translated from Italian by CAROLINE TILTON. (Vandyke Edition. *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* London and New York.) It is a common fallacy to assume that what lies nearest to us is least worth knowing. In the matter of foreign countries we take what is furthest off *pro mirabili*, and fail to see the wonders near home. We consider an Easter or Whitsuntide holiday sufficient time to devote to the sights of Holland, if indeed we bestow any of our "travelling days" upon that neighbouring land. After reading Signor de Amicis' interesting book (in its present admirable English form) we realize all that we have missed in the past, and all that lies before us in a future tour. Signor de Amicis has the two-fold gift of receiving impressions vividly and reproducing them graphically. He seizes the salient points in a scene, and presents them in strong colours, and he knows exactly when to

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omit and when to elaborate details. He is a most sympathetic sight-seer and a very interesting *raconteur*. The picturesque side of travel appeals to him, and he deals mercifully with his readers in the matter of statistics and numbers. He touches on the heroic history of Holland with genuine appreciation, his biographical sketches being especially vivid and forcible. There are some pages of interesting and discriminating art criticism, with notices of the lives of the Painters. We cannot all travel, but we may all receive true and delightful impressions of foreign countries from Signor de Amicis' books.

RACING REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF THE TURF. By SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, Bart. (*Longmans & Co.*) The two volumes of which this work is composed contain a number of more or less interesting stories in connection with the author's own life as a racing man. It may be doubted, however, whether any very general interest will be excited by Sir George Chetwynd's experiences, especially as the literary qualities of his work are not especially conspicuous, and the range of his knowledge is not very large. Nor can it be said that the second volume is in any sense an improvement on the first. Besides a few stories of race-course rogues and some hints on the training of horses, it repeats again the whole of the Chetwynd-Durham trial, which perhaps could have been omitted without any disadvantage to the general structure of the work. On the whole the book is decidedly disappointing even to those who would naturally feel a considerable amount of interest in the subjects with which Sir George Chetwynd deals.

THE LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN. By J. W. BURGON, B.D., late Dean of Chichester. (New Edition. With Portraits of the Author and of the Twelve. 1 vol. 8vo. *Murray*.) Dean Burgon's 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' which appeared within a few weeks of the author's death, surprised and delighted the reading public, for it revealed to them a new and original form of biography. The twelve good men, with their complement of minor celebrities, were linked together by their common participation in that great religious revival of which Dean Church's account has just been published, and by their common bond of relationship with or friendship to their biographer; moreover the lives, sparkling with anecdote and personal incident, are not expanded or contracted to an uniform length, as is the fashion in many a "series" of the present day, but are treated unconventionally, each one in accordance with the material available. Such a book demanded a series of portraits, and those with which the present edition is adorned will lend a new interest not only to Dean Burgon's 'Lives,' but to every book dealing with the Oxford Movement.

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GIPSY SORCERY AND FORTUNE-TELLING. By C. G LELAND. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) The author of this curious and interesting book, who writes from a position of great authority on the subject in which he deals, gives us a number of striking facts in connection with the gipsy race and their various usages and ceremonies. So long as he confines himself to the mere exposition of fortune-telling and other Romany lore, Mr. Godfrey Leland is very happy both in style and treatment; when, however, he connects his account with a certain psychological theory, it is more difficult to follow him. An age which besides other interests is certainly addicted to superstition will welcome this book, while even scientific students will be glad to have so many materials for their ethnographical pursuits as Mr. Leland furnishes in his new and important work.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE TRADERS: A SKETCH OF THE RAILWAY RATES QUESTION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By W. M. ACWORTH, M.A. Oxon., and of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, Author of 'The Railways of England.' (Crown 8vo. *Murray.*) Mr. Acworth's name is well known to readers of this Magazine from the articles which he has contributed to its pages on the Railways of England and Scotland, and which have since been published in two volumes. In the book which is now before us he has approached his subject from a different side. The carrying trade of our Railways is one of the most colossal and complicated organizations in existence: for some time past the Board of Trade has been busily engaged with the various Railway Companies, endeavouring to arrive at a new and uniform scale of charges and classification of goods. All this may appear on the face of it to be a matter of mere statistics and dry technicalities, but any one who takes up Mr. Acworth's book will very soon abandon this prejudice. Like all organisms, the carrying trade of the Railways has been the subject of gradual evolution, and the history of its growth is a record of surprising interest. To compare small things with great, we may say that what Hallam and Stubbs have done for the English Constitution, Mr. Acworth has done for our Railways; and he has a power of marshalling his facts, and illustrating them by incident, anecdote, and analogy that many an historian might envy.

HEURES DE LECTURE D'UN CRITIQUE. By EMILE MONTÉGUT. (*Hachette et Cie.*) It is always interesting to hear what the critics of other nations have to say of our literature, and M. Emile Montégut's essays on John Aubrey, Pope, William Collins, and Sir John Maundeville are well worth reading, both for this reason and for their own intrinsic merit. The Frenchman, is an enthusiastic admirer of Pope, whom he regards as a bold and original thinker, the precursor of Rousseau and Voltaire, and in such poems as the 'Epistle of Heloïse to

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Abelard' and the 'Elegy on the death of an unfortunate Lady,' the father the Romantic movement of his century. His humour he compares to that of Dickens, and his perfection of workmanship to the art of a Watteau. Sir John Maundeville, according to M. Montégut, is an apostle of free-thought, a believer in natural as opposed to revealed religion, a doctrine which he insinuates in his accounts of the wonderful purity of Mohammedan and other religions, and their affinity to the teaching of Christianity. It is an original view and worked out with much ingenuity. We commend it to students of the Evolution of Religion.

ESSAYS IN LITTLE. By ANDREW LANG. (*Henry & Co.*) This is a delightful volume, in Mr. Lang's happiest vein. The contents are too various for enumeration here; but whether it be Dumas, Dickens, or Thackeray, Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is the subject of his pen, Mr. Lang seems equally ready to take us into his confidence. Of Sir Walter Scott's ballad-poetry he writes *con amore*, but we fear that he had not verified his reference when he quoted—

> "'Are these the links of Forth?' she said,
> 'Are these the *bends* o' Dee?'"

Surely Sir Walter wrote "crooks"? It is a long time since we found anything which more recalled Calverley at his best, than the modern and pedantic version of "Gaily the Troubador" in the essay on Bayley. He is certainly a little hard on the poor verse-maker, whose "success lay in knowing exactly how little sense in poetry composers will endure and singers will accept;" but we feel that Mr. Lang is flattering his readers when he says of his wonderful mixture of notation and parody that "anybody could do it."

STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By JOHN MORLEY. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We do not find very much that is of special interest in Mr. Morley's reproduction of various magazine articles; but the volume is an excellent illustration of his own doctrine, that though it is not given to every one to "command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech," the virtue "of cultivating direct and precise expression" is within the reach of all. There is a saneness and a sincerity about Mr. Morley's literary criticisms which command respect; and though the general reader may wish that the even tenor of his way were a little more diversified, an absence of all straining after effect is a thing to be thankful for. The contents of the volume are various; but perhaps the two articles at the end, in which Mr. Morley writes as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* of many bygone contributors, will prove the most generally interesting. Of the purely critical papers we prefer the first and temperate estimate of Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

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PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. (*Richard Bentley & Son.*) This is a very clever novel; in school-boy phraseology it might be described as "too clever by half," as it certainly seems to us one of those instances where the half would have been better than the whole. We do not complain that it drags, nor is it over-burdened with superfluous padding, but its very excellences are overdone. The sustained subtlety of the conversation is apt to fatigue, the preternatural self-restraint of the characters to bewilder. We long for some one to be thoroughly commonplace, to speak and act like an ordinary blundering mortal, if only as a background to the very uncommon people, and the enigmatically clever conversations of this novel. The mind of the reader is too often on the strain, trying to make out the subtle innuendoes, and the half-revealed allusions of the style. Perhaps a too frequent sense of defeat makes us hypercritical of a novel of which we recognize the originality of the plot, the skilful handling of the characters, the frequent brilliancy of the dialogue and the depth of the reflections. The descriptive writing is masterly, notably the opening scene of the derelict ship in the Tropics, and the closing scenes of the "Prisoners" wandering among Siberian snows. We regret the touch of almost brutal realism in the necessary murder of the mad Russian woman. There is a horror about it which strikes a jarring note in a scene powerful from the restraint of the description. This criticism is true in a still greater measure of the scene in the theatre when the fire breaks out.

A DRAUGHT OF LETHE. By ROY TELLET. (*Smith, Elder & Co.*) This is a novel of a decidedly melodramatic structure. It commences admirably with a scene in a dead-house in a German town, and we are prepared to feel the deepest interest in the narrator who finds amongst such lugubrious surroundings the lady of his choice. But our sympathies become less when we make the discovery that the hero whose adventures are narrated in the novel is so remarkably devoid of common sense that he is a prey to most of his acquaintances and friends. A German doctor, a certain Dr. Falck, very nearly succeeds in depriving him of his life, while a lady of somewhat dubious instincts, who has apparently marked him for her own, manages to entirely beguile this curiously innocent hero. It all comes right in the end, it is true; but the Honourable Mr. Fitzalan Lindley has every one to thank but himself for the success which ultimately waits on his career. There is a good character sketch in an unconventional artist called Vaux, but the story is not very well constructed, and would perhaps be better if it had been kept within smaller dimensions.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1891.

MEMOIR OF JOHN MURRAY.

THE Memoirs of Mr. Murray, very recently published, have already had so favourable a reception from the public, that their place among the successful publications of the year must before this time have been fully assured. But they deserve much more than a momentary good fortune. For they form not only the biographical record of a very able man, and of a most interesting personality; but a chapter of great importance in the history of literature, especially but not exclusively on its industrial side.

Books are, after all, a product of manufacturing industry; but, among manufactures, theirs is surely the most interesting, and the most peculiar, because it is based upon the reduction of a mental product to a material form, and what was originally intangible and ethereal, in this way, without losing its earlier character, comes to be embraced within the same category as a yard of calico, or a bushel of wheat.

But while these goods have no value except what is exhibited by their outward form, so that the independent producers of other bushels of wheat or yards of calico meet them in the market upon equal terms, the producer of the book exhibits to the world a double entity, one material, the other mental; and the author pleads that, as the material thing which we call a book is protected by the law against abstraction, so the thoughts contained in it, and wrought by him into a structure more or less elaborate, should in like manner be protected from reproduction. For reproduction, from his point of view, is theft. It is offering to the world, for such price as the world may be willing to give, not only the paper and print which the producer has to buy and pay for, but the composition contained in them, which represents the time and labour, and therefore the food, and raiment, and lodging, and

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all the lawful needs of the author. These he gets for nothing, and sells for something.

On this basis has been erected that curious formation which we call the law of copyright. The conditions of its birth and history have been chequered and abnormal; but the reasonableness of the proposition that mental toil, on taking literary form, should not be deprived of the remuneration enjoyed by bodily labour, has brought it out into the light of day, and so secured its acceptance. And it appears in this century of ours to take an increasing hold on the intelligence of societies, and the assent of states. It has a train of satellites, such as the protection of pictures from copying in the sphere of sight, and of music in the sphere of sound, and again in the prohibition to convert the contents of private letters into public property without the consent of the writer.

But the author, when he has obtained an acknowledgment of his right to protection, has not yet surmounted all his difficulties. The grower of wheat, and the manufacturer of calico, produce articles complete in themselves, and only requiring certain manipulations before reaching the ultimate consumer. These processes are capable of being performed by a multitude of persons; and the function of the intermediate distributors, being simple, is performed by many, not by few. But the author has given birth to a commodity which is entirely unavailable for the purpose of yielding him support, until he has contracted, as it were, a marriage with some capitalist who will agree to become joint partner of the book, giving it a body where the author has supplied the soul, and thus at length constituting it a marketable and productive commodity. The author cannot himself as a rule be the publisher, and publishers are extremely few; so few that, until a very recent date, they might be counted on the fingers. Practically, and as a general rule, the author in relation to his customer is nobody, until his initial performance has been capped by the accession of the publisher. Better would be the position of a man who should offer for sale the stock and lock of a rifle, without the barrel to complete it.

The publisher, then, stands in an immovable position between the author and the public; and it largely depends upon his choice whether he shall starve or feed both the one and the other. His office faces both ways. As to that side of it which regards the author, I know of no reason to doubt that it has now reached, in the main, its mature and final development. In these volumes

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of Dr. Smiles, we find set before us for the first time a full and systematic account of the manner in which this office, as towards the author, was understood and discharged by a great London publisher. Great, not in the limited beginnings of the business inherited from his father, but in the qualities by which he enlarged and converted it into a wide and complicated scale of transactions. These were marked throughout by a treatment of authors so full of enterprise, of liberality, and of considerateness, as to entitle him not only to the acknowledgments of individuals, but to the grateful recollections of the class. The fortune he acquired was not, I believe, in full proportion to the magnitude and apparent success of his undertakings. Undoubtedly the perusal of these volumes tends to create an impression that it would have been larger, had he been somewhat more stinted in the terms which he offered or allowed to the writers of books. His large, genial, sympathetic spirit sometimes permitted feeling for the individual with whom he dealt, if not to colour his expectation of a market, yet certainly to enter into and to swell the price he was to allow for the commodity. It is even probable that by his individual action he either permanently raised, or at least accelerated the rise, of the standard of literary remuneration.

The process, by which the great profession of letters has advanced to its present position, has been a slow one. It can in my belief only become wholly satisfactory when the law of copyright shall have been placed upon such a footing as to allow the public, its true patron, earlier and more effective access to the perusal of new and high-class works, than for the most part it at present enjoys. But the progress actually effected has been immense. Let us go back to the time when, in this country, Milton accepted from a bookseller £5, with contingent payments of £10 more, for the privilege of issuing 'Paradise Lost.' We are accustomed tacitly to commiserate the poet, and to hold his publisher in small account for liberality. But there is a word to be said on the publisher's behalf. Fifteen pounds, even if we multiply it (say) by three, with reference to the altered relation of value between cash and commodities, may be but a small sum. Still it is a sum, and passes into the pocket; and the question arises whether there had ever before been given among us, by any publisher, for any work, any payment at all. Such cases may have existed, but I have never been able to discover them. Take another instance. Fifty years ago, America, as a very young country, probably represented a much earlier stage

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of development in the literary question than England, or than the America of to-day with its huge and rapid development. At any rate, we have before us in the revised 'Life of Mr. Dana,' but just published, a curious account of his transactions with one of the first publishers of New York respecting his peculiarly interesting work, 'Two Years before the Mast.'* As he was not a rich man, considerable pains were taken to get the best possible price for it. But this proved to be only 250 dollars, or £50. It was reprinted in England by Mr. Moxon without the protection of copyright, and a larger sum was voluntarily remitted to the author than he had obtained in America by parting with his legal property in the work. Compare with these cases the state of things in which 'Woodstock,' only in part composed, had already, in 1826, been set down by the House of Constable as an asset at £7500; while another novel, not yet begun, but to be written during the year, at £7500 more.† Of the immense advance thus effected on behalf of literary livelihood, the reader of these volumes may be led to surmise that an appreciable share is due to Mr. Murray.

Let me illustrate this general statement from the Biography, by instances which shall not be associated with names so famous as those of Scott and Byron. In 1820, for the 'Memoirs of Lord Waldegrave,' together with Horace Walpole's 'Last Nine Years of George II.,' he agreed to pay £2500, a price which no other publisher would give, and which he did not recover from the public. He gave Washington Irving 3000 guineas for the 'Voyages of Columbus;' 2000 for the 'Conquest of Granada,' losing on the two works £2250. He gave 1000 guineas for the first volume of Napier's 'Peninsular War;' £1200 for 'Franklin's Second Expedition;' £3000 for the copyright of 'Crabbe's Poems;' 500 guineas for Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem;' for the 'Martyr of Antioch' and 'Belshazzar' the same sum in each case. He gave Miss F. Kemble 400 guineas for 'Francis the First.'‡ In most of these cases (but not the last), he went against or beyond the judgment of his own literary advisers; no inconsiderable persons, for they were such as Gifford, Croker, Lockhart, and Sharon Turner.

He showed an enlightened judgment in preferring a system of sharing profits to that of purchasing outright. But the largeness

* 'R. H. Dana; a Biography,' vol. i. pp. 25–7.
† 'A. Constable and his Literary Correspondents,' chap. vi. p. 405.
‡ 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. pp. 89, 104, 106, 257, 258, 260, 283, 290, 385.

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of these prices was not the only form in which he exhibited his pecuniary disinterestedness. To Scott, by whose genius he had profited, he presented his fourth share of the copyright of 'Marmion' "as an act of grateful acknowledgment;" * and when it was desired to withhold from publication the Memoirs Byron had written, on account of their contents, he warmly concurred in promoting the suppression, though he held the property; and, in order to secure this end, he was willing to sacrifice 2000 guineas which he had paid for them. An arrangement was, however, eventually made by which the money was repaid to him.† Indeed the liberality of his mind habitually went beyond pecuniary forms; and we repeatedly find him lending to authors without any security for repayment; or labouring to bring about accommodations among his rivals in trade, which by withdrawing business from himself went directly to the diminution of his gains.

In one instance only perhaps did he offer a niggardly remuneration for literary work. It was in the case of the poet Coleridge. This extraordinary man, though not in the full enjoyment of his fame, had at the time of the transaction executed his great translation of 'Wallenstein,' which has all the character of an original, and which some, it is believed, have preferred to the work of Schiller himself.‡ In 1814 it was proposed to Coleridge that he should translate 'Faust.' But the price offered him by Mr. Murray for the Translation, together with a preliminary Analysis, was no more than £100, payable within two months after the work should have been placed complete in the hands of the publisher.§ The explanation of what seems a marked deviation from his ordinary scale may have lain in his suspicions of Coleridge as a man of business, and in a consequent lukewarmness as to the formation of any relations with him. Poor Coleridge, probably under pressure of circumstances, sent what was meant to be an acceptance of the terms. But, very unfortunately, the matter did not proceed, and the world lost in this instance what is in literature a rare and very interesting phenomenon, the rendering by a great poet, in a tongue foreign to the original, of the thoughts of a poet greater still.

Mr. Murray exhibited his self-reliance and decision of character, when his years were still few, and his resources slender, by his peremptory dissolution of partnership ‖ with

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 275. † Vol. i. p. 441–50.
‡ Vol. i. p. 300. § Vol. i. p. 297. ‖ Vol. i. p. 31.

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Mr. Highley, a sort of inherited partner whom he felt to be an incumbrance. His proposal he says he knows to be a fair one, and "I declare it to be the last with which I intend to trouble you." These qualities marked his whole career; and were shown in the promptitude of his offers, in his disposition to constant multiplication of engagements, and in the large share of work properly literary which he habitually took upon himself. He did not follow the practice common among publishers of employing a salaried reader, but obtained *pro re natâ* the friendly aid of eminent men, who valued their relations with him, and gladly lent it. His private judgment could not but be considerably exercised in the choice of this or that adviser as occasion arose, and it has been seen that he withheld from them any servile deference, even to the increase of his own costs and charges. From their letters it is evident that they respected his judgment, and those letters of his, with which the volumes are thickly, but not too thickly strown, bear witness to his real literary capacity.

And this is perhaps the proper place to notice his concern in the foundation of the 'Quarterly Review.'

Along with that Review, Mr. Murray seems to have rather hardened in his Toryism with the lapse of years; but it was, in its inception, a literary undertaking. It followed the 'Edinburgh,' founded in 1802, which has the honour of originality, and with which Murray came to be connected, as part agent, and then as sole agent in London, about three years later. First in the field, "it appeared at the right time, and, as the first quarterly organ of the higher criticism, evidently hit the mark at which it aimed." *

Differences with the 'Edinburgh' publisher soon arose, we are told, out of his practice of drawing accommodation bills, that is to say bills not represented by values. Accordingly, before 1808 had expired, the agency was withdrawn from Mr. Murray. He was then left free to prosecute a plan for the establishment of a Review in the southern capital, anticipated in this matter by the northern.

This plan seems to have been eminently and exclusively his own. The inception of the 'Quarterly' was a matter far more arduous and complicated than had been that of the 'Edinburgh.' In the case of the elder sister, a body of distinguished men appear to have framed their own literary scheme, and then to

* 'Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 91.

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have found a publisher ready to undertake its mercantile counterpart, each party having its own province, and its own responsibility. There was not, in the case of the 'Quarterly,' any such compact combination of writers, formed beforehand under an editorial head. The Editor was appointed, the writers one by one attracted, the literary arrangements constantly considered, by Mr. Murray, who is evidently and exclusively entitled to the honours of a founder. Next to him comes Sir Walter Scott; and in the third place stands Gifford, whose office in docking, trimming, adapting, and almost rewriting articles appears to have been one of great labour and anxiety, peremptorily and strongly, but ably and conscientiously performed. Although the 'Review' had the aid of Scott from the first, although Southey, Croker, and other notable men came in, although it enjoyed in a few cases the brilliant superintendence of Canning, yet the want of a regular staff, and of undivided responsibilities, resulted during the early years of the 'Review,' from 1809 to 1817 or near it, in an unfavourable balance-sheet. But neither difficulty nor loss exhausted the courage, persistence, and assiduity of the publisher. It was rewarded, after a costly and toilsome apprenticeship, by a career of marked and enduring success. Under the powerful direction of Gifford, and, after a short interval, of Lockhart, it equalled or surpassed the large circulation of some 12,000 copies, to which the northern rival had more rapidly attained. It became in the hands of its publisher, an estate; and no estate was ever more honourably acquired by integrity, discernment, and munificent appreciation of literary service. Even when each number was a loss, every article supplied by the pen of Southey was paid for at the rate of a hundred pounds.

Mr. Murray had indeed something like a passion for periodical literature. He repeatedly entertained the idea of widening the market for this class of supplies by the establishment of a magazine of smaller price and more frequent appearance than those of the 'Quarterly.' This propensity reached its climax at the juncture when he undertook to face single-handed, in addition to all his other engagements, the immense labour and responsibility of a daily newspaper.

There is not to be found a more curious or attractive chapter in the biography before us, than that which recounts the origin, foundation, and catastrophe of the *Representative*, that having been the title of the ill-omened and all but ruinous journal. It can, I think, hardly be denied that in this matter

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Mr. Murray conspicuously lost the balance of his judgment. It cannot be considered prudent for a great publisher to found, own, and manage a daily newspaper. For in the deed or memorandum of partnership * we read, "the paper to be published by, and to be under the management of, Mr. Murray." He had already been partner with Mr. Croker in the *Guardian* newspaper, published at Windsor, and it had failed. He was led into the adoption of this larger scheme, says Dr. Smiles, through the influence of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli.† Does the history of commerce, or of letters, offer to us a more curious picture than that of the sagacious veteran of the book trade, drawn into a wild and impossible undertaking by the eloquence of a youth of twenty? He had been at his work for thirty years; but this was the year 1825, the year of 'Prosperity Robinson,' the year of dupes and dreams. It was also the time when Mr. Canning "called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the old." If Mr. Canning, when he made the boast, was perhaps a little influenced by the intoxication of the time, we may be the less surprised that its fumes found their way into the well-chambered brain of Mr. Murray. Then it is to be borne in mind that Disraeli the elder was a close personal friend, and was one of the advisers employed about the 'Quarterly.' Intimacy had long been established between the families. But, after every allowance, our amazement can be but little abated when we contemplate the fascination exercised by the young magician. Nor was the publisher the only captive. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who had already communicated with a financing house in the City, and obtained the adhesion of a certain Powles (afterwards shown, in Carlyle's phrase, to be a windbag), twice undertook a journey to Scotland. He was confident in the solidity of the arguments he had to use. Lockhart, he writes,‡ "must see that, through Powles, all America and the commercial interest is at our beck," and that he is to be "the Director-General of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen, and of important interests." Mr. Isaac comments § on the letters of his son. "His views are vast, but they are founded on good sense." "Never did the finest season of blossoms promise a richer gathering." The youth reported ‖ that, though Lockhart eventually declined any personal share in the undertaking, yet both he and Sir Walter

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 186. † P. 182. ‡ P. 191.
§ Pp. 193-5. ‖ P. 191.

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Scott viewed it with approval. Seeking to win a correspondent in Germany, he represented* that—the paper would surely become "the focus of the information of the whole world." The phrase carries internal evidence of its originality. But it is borrowed, in a letter to another foreign gentleman, by the great publisher himself. "I wish to make this journal the focus of the information of the whole world." A costly plagiarism! Mr. Murray, by the agreement, was to supply half the capital, Mr. Powles and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli were to furnish one quarter each. At last the *Representative* came to the birth. After a hard fight for existence, it succumbed. The financial history will be best read in the narrative of Dr. Smiles.† Suffice it to say that the Chapter containing it is one of those in which fact beats fiction; and that Mr. Murray lost £26,000 by the ill-starred adventure.

An impartial reader will, I think, conclude from the perusal, that Mr. Murray's miscarriage was by no means due to mere pecuniary greed: that a spirit of enterprise, true though pushed into exaggeration, had more to do with it; and that strong personal sympathy, perhaps even affection, was a main factor in the undertaking. He comes out of it smaller, perhaps, as a calculator, but more than ever a man. And it is in truth the strong and genuinely human element, marking and following the whole course of his career, which heightened its interest, but from time to time endangered its success; and which has impressed much of the stamp of chivalry on a trading career.

Many of the side-lights of this Biography open subjects of great interest; for instance, the origin and character of Gifford. But there is one of them which cannot be passed by, by reason of its probable bearing on Mr. Murray's commercial education. Constable, whose large and enterprising business came to a disastrous end in 1826, and made place for that great epic presented to us in the heroic close of the life of Scott, was, if not the tutor, yet certainly the foreshadower of Murray. He had something of the same boldness of conception, and largeness of liberality towards authors: with the disadvantage of a less central position, and a narrower market at his doors. Their relations were close for a considerable time, and their sentiments of reciprocal regard were warm. The tie was weakened by Murray's distrust of his friend's finance, which he thought dangerously mixed up with reliance on accommodation bills. In 1807 the junior entered on

* 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. pp. 202-3. † Vol. ii. chap. xxvi.

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a course of remonstrance with the senior trader. But the bond between them was not then broken, and Mr. Murray most warmly acknowledges the value of pecuniary support received from him in 1810,* when his own resources may have been seriously strained by the heavy charges attending the first establishment of the 'Quarterly Review.' This is related in the memoir of Constable by his son; a work which is unduly swollen with much padding, but which contains no small amount of valuable information, and forms a portion of what may be called the Scott literature. Controversy arose upon Lockhart's treatment of Constable in his great Biography. However, in a letter of the year 1827, Lockhart says† all literary men know the debt they owe to him personally "for having thrown so much of of new life and vigour into the conduct of the profession." And he seems to be entitled to some share of the praise which has been earned by Murray on a larger scale, and through a surer sagacity, and a closer adherence to sound principles of business.

In the grand enterprise of cheapening literature, and making it accessible to the public at large, Mr. Murray, Mr. Charles Knight, and Mr. Constable, had their respective shares.‡ The 'Family Library' and 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge' began in 1829. But Constable had been beforehand with them, and had brought out his 'Miscellany' in the beginning of 1827.§ Mr. Murray had long been pondering his own scheme, which he at length brought into beneficial operation. And it seems no improbable conjecture that this delay was owing to the pre-occupation, first of his mind by the fascinations of the *Representative*, and then of his resources by the disastrous liquidation.

I must not close these remarks without referring to the literary Court of Mr. Murray.‖ His hospitality was large and constant. It was not confined to authors of standing and repute, for I myself, without the smallest pretension to such a character, shared it half a century ago. His drawing-room, open from day to day, had the attractions of a most refined literary club, *minus* the subscription. His relations with the distinguished circle did not merely represent what Carlyle calls "the cash-*nexus* between man and man." The company which so freely went in and out

* 'Archibald Constable,' vol. i. p. 384.
† Ibid. vol. iii. p. 439.
‡ 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. pp. 295–6.
§ 'Archibald Constable,' chap. vii. p. 440.
‖ Vol. ii. p. 83.

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had no limit of nationality, and was of no sect in politics or letters. In another development of his munificent spirit, he coveted and contrived the formation of a gallery of portraits. The hand of Lawrence was to be traced there; and, when he had not long passed the middle of his career, it already included Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Hallam, Irving, Campbell, Lockhart, Crabbe, among men of letters, besides the chief voyagers to the North Pole and to Africa.*

The scope of human life is indeed wide, and its aspects multitudinous. On some, and the very highest, of them I have not presumed to touch. But Murray raised the tone of his profession; and every man, who does that, is among the benefactors of his race. I have therefore sought to mark the work, as a literary life which is entitled to the rare and solid distinction of a permanent place in the history of letters. My own title so to mark it is to be found simply in the fact that, though two distinguished ladies † still survive, one of whom preceded me, I am the only man now living, who has had Mr. Murray, second of his race, for his publisher. *His saltem accumulem donis.* And may that race long continue.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* Vol. ii. p. 317.
† Mrs. Butler and Lady Eastlake.

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ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was a thorough search made round the two parlours and on the stairs, but no paper was to be found. It was decided that the Dean must have dropped it between St. James' Street and Bury Street, and the party settled down as before, with the exception of Esther. When the search had proved in vain, she remembered seeing a folded piece of paper lying by the altar rails in church, close by where the Dean stood. Sending welcome injunctions to Patrick, the Dean's footman, to join the revels below stairs, she ran up for her hood and gloves and left the house as quickly and as quietly as she could. The dusty streets were beginning to be shady and were comparatively quiet, for it was not much past five o'clock, and the fashionable world had not yet left its after-dinner wine for the coffee-house, the tavern or the Mall. Yet had they been noisier they would have seemed a haven of peace to Esther, a fugitive from the crowded stage of conventional merriment in which she had been playing her part for so many hours. She turned down by St. James's Palace into the Mall, where a certain number of people were already walking, and so past the milk fair at the corner to Spring Gardens. Thence she took a hackney coach to the Rectory, near the quiet church the Stones had chosen for the wedding. The Rector, whose dinner had been large, if not luxurious, sat over his empty bottle of Florence wine smoking a pipe of tobacco, and though he wondered much what Miss Vanhomrigh might want with the church key, he sent it down by the maid without exerting himself to formulate a question. So she went on to the church. The flower-seller had gone from the steps, and the costermonger's cart from below them. Some grimy children

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were playing at marbles by the door, and interrupted in their game by the unexpected arrival gathered round to stare at her, as she painfully turned the big key in the lock, with a faint exclamation of annoyance as she split the palm of her glove in the process. She had no sooner entered than a pale, inquisitive, snub-nosed little face, about on a level with the lock, was thrust in after her. She hastily withdrew the key and closed the door behind her. There was something strange and unnatural about the emptiness of the place, with the long rays of the afternoon sun streaming above its untenanted pews and bulging hassocks and cushions. The church smelt of dust, for it was not sufficiently fashionable to be open for those daily prayers which were wont to offer a convenient *rendezvous* for the beau and the fine lady. It had none of the dim impressiveness of a mediæval church, that seems reared with a view to Heaven rather than Earth, and whose arches, massive or soaring, neither gain nor lose by the accidental presence of ephemeral human creatures below them. No—the building seemed to cry out for a congregation, and the mind's eye involuntarily peopled it with its Sunday complement of substantial citizens and their families.

Esther walked quickly up to the altar rails and looked over. There lay the folded paper, just as she remembered it. She fell on her knees on the long stool placed there for the convenience of communicants, not with any idea of reverence, for Esther was a philosopher after the fashion of the day, but merely in order to reach the paper with greater ease. She snatched it up and glanced at it. Yes, it was undoubtedly the lost key. Tossing her head with a little "Ah!" of triumph and satisfaction, she put it away safely in her pocket. The prize was secured; yet she lingered, ungloved her left hand, and touched a spot of ground just within the rails, pressing her warm palm and shapely fingers down upon the cold stone. Just there Swift had stood, so close to where she knelt that if he stood there now his robes would brush her as he moved. She hid her face on the arm that lay on the communion-rails, and with a thrill of passionate adoration saw once more the impressive figure that she had seen that morning, and heard again the grave tones of his voice. The sensation of bustle attendant on a wedding, the near presence of the little crowd of relations, had robbed the scene of its emotional quality at the time, but now she was fully sensible of its significance. She was kneeling just where the bride had knelt, and for her the recollection of the

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stupid, vulgar girl, who had been round to St. James' so often lately with tiresome questions about millinery, faded before the realization of the woman's heart that she had seen beating a few hours ago, on the spot where her own beat now—not more full, surely not so full of love and pride in the man beloved, but blest in a completed joy that was not Esther's yet. Might it not one day be hers also? A minute or two only she continued kneeling, and then passed down the aisle and out on to the steps like a somnambulist, pale, with wide eyes and close-pressed brooding lips. Another person so rapt might have forgotten to lock the door, or else to return the church key to its owner; but Esther's methodicalness, a natural quality cultivated in response to Swift's approval, never forsook her, and quite mechanically she struggled with the massive lock and left the key at the clergyman's house with a message of thanks.

As she called a coach she asked herself with a start whether she had done these things; then smiled and blushed at her own self-absorption. Up till now she had had no definite purpose beyond that of finding the lost paper, and having accomplished this, she was going home again. But now, smiling, she thought: "Patrick will be drunk by this time—at least, if he is not yet drunk he will not, in justice to himself, leave such a feast until he is. I had better take it myself."

It seemed a simple and natural thing to do, but though Swift received the Vanhomrighs at his lodgings as often as any other friends, that did not mean very often; and she knew he hated to be unexpectedly invaded by any one, most of all by ladies. Yet to lose this opportunity of finding out the truth about this sudden departure would be too tantalising. It must be only one of those foolish mystifications by which he loved to throw dust in the eyes of his acquaintance, and to which she had become almost resigned. As she drove on the desire to see him, to ask him a thousand questions such as he would not answer before others, and to extract from him a promise to write, grew till it became a necessity. So she got down at the corner of Bury Street, and flew on to the well-known door. She did not observe Mr. Erasmus Lewis, who was passing through the street on the other side, but he observed her and her destination. On the door-step she paused, struck with sudden terror at finding herself entering uninvited that presence which could sometimes be so awe-inspiring. Then, with a touch of scorn at her own unreasoning vacillation, she resolutely raised the knocker. No

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one came in answer to her rap, but she found that the door was on the latch, and went in. The doors of most of the rooms stood wide open, and there was a feeling of loneliness about the dull little house. She went upstairs and knocked timidly at Swift's parlour, but here too no one answered. The bedroom beside was obviously empty, and with an inconsequent sensation of relief she said to herself he must be gone out, and peeped carelessly into the parlour. It was a dreary room at the best of times, and now it bore all those marks of disorder and discomfort that attend a move, even from lodgings. A large wooden case half full of books stood near the door, the floor and the chairs were strewn with volumes and those shabby odds and ends which seem never to appear except on such occasions ; while the hearthstone and empty grate were piled with an immense heap of papers, mostly torn up very small. The cloth had fallen off the heavy old oak table, which filled the middle of the room and was generally completely covered with books and pamphlets. It was quite bare now, except that the man who sat at one end on a high stool, had bowed his body on it and lay face downwards on its polished surface, with arms and tightly-clenched hands stretched out before him. He was wrapped in a loose gown, and wore neither peruke nor cap, but his head, which must have been left unshaven for some time, was covered with a short thick growth of blue-black hair dashed with glittering silver at the temples. As Esther stood by the door, amazed and undecided, a sound broke from him ; a groan, ending in a long, low, sighing wail. It was a heart-broken sound ; the cry of one worn out with some intolerable misery of mind or body. In an instant all hesitation disappeared, all fear or desire for herself ; everything vanished except the consciousness of her adored friend's anguish. She moved forward quickly and silently, and falling on her knees by the table laid her hand on his arm. He made no sign, but again that muffled wail broke forth, like the lamentation of a damned spirit. Trembling excessively, she pulled him by the sleeve, and said in a voice so broken it was scarcely more than a whisper :

"Oh, sir! For pity's sake—for God's sake—!"

With an impatient movement he folded his arms round his head so as more completely to shield his face, and spoke hoarsely from beneath them : "You confounded rascal, I thought you knew better! Go—go—go, I say!"

The last words were spoken with increasing vehemence. But

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Esther, who had often been awe-struck before him, did not fear him now. He was suffering, how or why she knew not, and without her reverence for him being in any way impaired, he awoke her instinctive feeling of responsibility towards all suffering creatures. The first shock over, she was comparatively calm again, only thinking with painful intensity what she had better do. So for a minute or two they both remained in the same position, till he burst out again with greater violence than before:

"Knave! Beast! Idiot! Go, go!"

Then she touched his hand. "It is Hess," she said.

He lifted his head slowly and turned his face towards her, as though with reluctance. It was pale with the livid pallor of a dark skin no longer young, and the firm lines of mouth and cheek were slackened and hollowed. He looked a ghost, but hardly the ghost of himself. In a minute, as he realized Esther's presence, the life and individuality began to return to his face, but in no amiable form.

"So, madam," he said after a pause, with a grimace that did duty for a smile, "*You* are here! Ha! Charming! Pray, to what am I indebted, *et cætera?*"

Esther was too much shocked at his appearance to consider how he received her.

"I have brought the paper you lost," she returned hastily. "'Tis here. But no matter—you are ill. You must let me find your drops for you and send for Dr. Arbuthnot."

He sat upright, and clutching the edge of the stool on which he sat, with both hands, "I am not ill," he said with harsh impatience. "Leave me."

"You are either ill or in some great trouble," she replied, "in either case not fit to be alone. If you will not have my company, you must let me send you some other friend—though a truer one it cannot be. Patrick will only come home to sleep off his wine."

"Friend!" he cried, "Friend!"

And with a shriek of laughter he rocked himself to and fro on the stool. Esther was standing up now; she looked at him steadily, with a severity born rather of amazement than of any conscious criticism of his conduct, and he was calm again so instantaneously that she almost doubted whether it was he who had laughed. They were silent for a minute or two, looking at each other. He was apparently calm, but the singular blueness of his eyes had disappeared; they glittered under the heavy

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black eyebrows, each with a curious spark in it, not at all like the azure eyes so familiar to his friends. The change in them made his whole face look different; from having been pale, it had now flushed a dark red.

"You talk to me of friends, child," he resumed hoarsely, but in a more normal tone, leaning forward and smiling at her bitterly, both his hands still clutching the stool, "as though you expected *me* to believe in 'em, or to fancy *you* believed in 'em. No, no, Governor Huff has too much wit for that. Friends! Fellows that suck your brains, suck 'em dry, dry, and pay you with their damned promises; that when you've slaved and slaved and made a million enemies, and when they think you're done with, fling you out an Irish Deanery, as you might fling a stick into the sea for your dog—'Hi! Swim for it, sir!'" He paused a moment, moistened his dry lips, and drawing in his breath let it out again in a low fierce exclamation. "But 'tis not I, 'tis they who are done with—Oxford, Bolingbroke. Puppets! Pawns on the board! O when I am gone, they'll know themselves and whistle me back, when 'tis too late. And I shall come, ay, blundering fool that I am, I shall come. The moths—do you remember at Kensington, Hess?—they come back to frizzle where they frizzled before, don't they?"

He laughed again the same sudden shrieking laugh. The perpendicular line was defining itself on Esther's white brow; a line which looked severe, but really indicated only anxiety or bewilderment.

"I esteem your political friends as little as you do," she replied, mentioning them disdainfully, "and thought I esteemed 'em less. But you have others—better ones—Mr. Gay, Mr. Pope——"

"Mr. Addison—Mr. Steele,"—he broke in with a mincing accent meant to imitate her feminine voice. "Was that what you was going to say, miss? Ha, ha, ha! Warm-hearted, generous Joseph! Steele, true as—thyself! Gay now, Gay's a charming fellow when one feels charmingly. As to Pope"—at that name he dropped his sneer and spoke with sombre earnestness—"as to Pope—never talk of him, Hesskin. He's a thing I believe in, I *will* believe in, I tell you, Brat—so don't let's think of him for fear—for fear—— Ah! Did you say he was crooked?"

"I said nothing, sir," she replied with dignity; "I would aim at no man's defects of person, least of all at Mr. Pope's. But if I cannot name a man friend but you'll mock at him, I'll bring

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your women friends to your mind—the truest, the most attached of 'em." And she held her head higher. "There's Lady Betty Germayne, my mother, Molly and—myself. That's four."

"Women's friendship! Women's friendship! By the powers, she talks as though it were a thing to be calculated—four female friendships to one male. Pshaw! Weigh froth! Weigh moonshine! They're more weighable than the parcel of vanity and caprice called female friendship. Don't I know why Madam Van and you was all anxiety to know Mr. Gay before I left? Why, to be sure, she must have a poet in her ante-chamber like other women of quality; for Madam Van is as mad as old Newcastle and thinks herself a duchess. And when that poor Dean that's been so useful is gone, why he's gone, and Hess must get another fellow to teach her how to talk and make the wits in love with her. Ay, I know what your female friendship's worth."

Esther stood upright beside him. She made no visible motion while he spoke, but she held her head higher, the frown on her brow deepened, and she looked down at him with eyes, in which an angry light began to burn, and cheeks flushing with an indignant red. He tried to meet her gaze indifferently as he finished speaking, but his own sank beneath it, and before she made any answer he hung his head as one rebuked.

"You dare to say so!" she said at last sternly. "And to me!" Then after a pause—"Unworthy! Most unworthy!" she ejaculated.

Her words did not exactly represent her feeling. She was more moved by horror and surprise that he should speak in a way so unlike and so degrading to himself than at his preposterous reflections on herself and Mrs. Vanhomrigh. But whatever the precise proportion in which her emotions were mingled, she stood there the very image of intense yet self-contained indignation, fixing upon him a steady look of stern reproof. She who had so often trembled before his least frown did not fear his fury now, in this feverish sickness of his soul. He was silent, looking at the table and drumming on it like a boy, halt sullen, half ashamed. Then on a sudden, putting both hands to his head with a contortion of pain, "O my head! my head!" he cried. "O God—O God!"

And he rolled on the table in a paroxysm of anguish, moaning inarticulately either prayers or curses. Every physical pang that he endured created its mental counterpart in her, and her

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whole soul was concentrated in a passionate prayer, if a spiritual cry so vague in its direction could be called a prayer, for help for the body and mind of him, laid there in anguish and disarray.

At length the paroxysm subsided, almost as suddenly as it had come, but for a time he seemed unable to speak. Shading his brow with his hand, he looked at her from time to time with a faint, pleading, almost timid smile. This piteous smile, so unlike any look she had ever seen or fancied on those haughty features, was more than Esther could bear. Her breath came quick, a strangling sob rose in her throat, and the hot tears blinded her eyes. But he had too often, quite mistakenly, praised her as above the female weakness of tears, and she had too often blushed to think of those tears of hers by the river at Windsor, and those in the Sluttery, to weep again in his company. No, she would rather choke than do it. So she could not answer that pleading look with a kind one, but faced him with drooped eyelids, lips severely close, flushed cheeks and heaving bosom. He spoke at last in a languid hesitating voice, but calm and like his own; no longer with the confused articulation or the fierce grinding tones which had shocked Esther when he was talking to her before.

"I beg your pardon, Essie, very humbly, yours and good Madam Van's as well. You'd grant me grace if you only knew what a bad head I have. O such a racking head, Hess! 'The pains of hell gat hold upon me' last night when I came home from Parson's Green, and all because of the least bit of fruit from his glass-house the mad Peterborough would have me to eat. No, I'll not do it again—fruit always did give me a bad head. You've forgiven me, Brat, ha'n't you?"

But Esther could not yet answer or meet that anxious, humble look of his.

"Essie!" he cried pleadingly, "Essie!" and stretched out his hand towards hers as though to touch it, yet without doing so.

"Hess!" he cried again. "What! You can't forgive your poor friend that hardly knows what he says when he cries aloud in his misery? Can't you forgive me, little Hesskin? Do—do now forgive me."

Esther was still kneeling like one in prayer with her cheek leaned on her clasped hands, but now the colour had ebbed from it and left her very pale, and the resolute lines of her lips had softened. She lifted to his her great eyes, luminous with tears repressed and an irrepressible fire of passion, and he started as he met them,

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"Forgive you?" she cried in a voice whose deep vibrating music thrilled him in spite of himself; and then the same words again, but set to some new harmony—"Forgive you? Why, I love you!"

The mental shock was sufficient to have thrust him back again into that Inferno from which he had just escaped, but it had the opposite effect. The weak, helpless feeling in the brain, that usually remained with him for long after such an attack, passed suddenly almost entirely away. Yes, it was a shock. For weeks a dim troubling something, to which he obstinately refused to give the shape of an idea, had been stirring in the depths of his mind; and he had kept it down there by main force. Now it sprang up before him, full-armed, like Minerva.

"I am obliged to you, Essie," he said. "I should have been sorry if I had offended you past your forgiveness. But now you talk as wildly as I did. Had we not been friends so long, I might misunderstand your meaning."

"Ah!" she cried, leaping to her feet, and tossing back her hood with a fierce impatient gesture, "you wish to misunderstand it! You that have plagued me, tortured me with your questions, now you would fain not hear the answer to 'em all. You that have told me a thousand times to show you my heart, now you will not see it. But you know, you know what you are to me"—and a tearless sob strangled her voice.

"Your friend, Essie," he said gravely, flinching before this outburst of a passion it had been beyond his power to imagine.

"Friend!" she cried, "Friend!" and laughed, not bitterly, but with a kind of wild tenderness. "Could Adam call the God that shaped him out of dust his 'friend'? No, he must worship, he must adore Him. You shaped me. I was nothing, nothing, before you taught me how to think, how to feel, to love what you loved and despise what you despise. I am the creature of your hands—you made me and I am yours. You may be sorry for't, but 'tis too late now to help it."

Swift made an attempt to assume that awful air with which he was wont to cow the boldest of his friends or foes, but he felt the attempt to be a failure.

"Hush, Essie!" he cried. "What you are saying is very wrong; 'tis rank blasphemy, and I will not hear it."

Esther turned from him and paced the room for a minute or two in a silence which Swift did not break, with her head thrown back, and biting her under-lip, as was her wont·

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Looking on the ground, not at him, who had once more shaded his face with one hand, she began again:

"We are neither of us enthusiasts, and I cannot pick my words. O that I could find one sharp enough to cut right through my breast and show you my heart! Once you said I should cease to be your friend on the day when I was afraid to pin my heart to my sleeve-ruffles. Yes, those were your very words—'pin it to my sleeve-ruffles,' for your inspection. You forget, but I remember. Now you don't love to see it, but 'tis too late to go back. If I said I worshipped you as one worships God, I spoke wrongly. God is a long way off, and we have never seen Him, but we know He cannot need us. But you"—she paused before him with clasped hands, like a worshipper before a shrine—"you are far indeed above other men, yet you are a man, and here among us, and you have often—— Ah! do not try to deny it—little, nothing as I am compared to you, you have often, often needed me! How can I choose but worship, adore,—love you?"

And as she ended, she fell on her knees once more, and bending over his hand, that still lay stretched out on the table, touched it with a swift hot kiss, and bowed her forehead on her folded arms.

There was a sharp tap at the door. Some one must have mounted the stairs unheard by either of them. Quick as lightning Esther sprang up and pulled her hood over her face. Swift made a dash for his peruke, which lay on a neighbouring chair, but he had not got his head well into it, when the door was flung open, and loudly announced by an invisible some one, Mr. Erasmus Lewis walked in.

Chapter X.

The new Deanery at St. Patrick's was a spacious house altogether and had a spacious kitchen, proportioned to the lavish hospitality of the ex-Dean Sterne who had built it. Now the handful of fire penned up in a corner of the big grate seemed to blink ruefully at the very scanty supply of pots and pans that was stretched out in attenuated rows on the big dresser opposite. Time had been when the ruddy glow of a long bank of red coals was reflected from a whole battalion of copper vessels, jostling and mounting on each other for want of space, whilst great

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gaudy porcelain tureens standing beneath them, had suggested more immediate visions of company and good cheer. But the new arrangements were Mrs. Johnson's own, and their very scantiness made them her pride. The Dean would have to allow that not a superfluous penny had been spent. Yet the bills were plaguey deep for all that, and he who was so particular about his expenditure would expect a very exact account to be kept, and the correct balance to be handed over. Now Mrs. Johnson, being born of poor and careful parents and also in every respect the Dean's faithful pupil, was a severe economist, but cyphering was to her a very serious matter. So now while she was mixing a certain favourite cake in preparation for his expected return, she kept studying with an anxious brow a little pocket-account-book and occasionally the contents of a purse. For the balance was not right, and though a portion of her income came from the Dean, and she would willingly have sacrificed her last sixpence to him as a gift, she would not have defrauded herself of a penny in a matter of business, to gain him any earthly advantage; an idiosyncrasy of which he had no right to complain, as it was due to his own training, though in himself a stronger reasoning faculty often intervened to traverse and control such follies. She had just received a letter from Swift written at Chester, and Dingley had gone round to the owners of the craft on board which his passage was taken, to know when it might be expected.

There was a sound of pattens in the passage, for though it was June the weather was rainy. Esther Johnson lifted her doughy hands out of the cake and hoped she would have time to run round to Ormond's Quay and change her dress before P. D. F. R. should arrive.

"Lud, my dear, 'tis terrible stormy weather!" cried Dingley, coming in without her pattens, but with the wreck of a big oilskin umbrella in her hand. "'Tis a wonder I an't blown away. For pity's sake look at your umbrella."

"Well, Dingley, well?"

"Sure, Hetty, I'm vastly concerned about it. But a scurvy puff of wind caught it as I came round the corner of Bride Street, and there it was turned round and staring me in the face as you might say."

"For God's sake never mind the umbrella, D.! When will he be here?

"Oh, immediately almost, to-morrow evening at latest."

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"*Immediately*, i' faith! Why, how comes the plaguey ship to be so behind?"

"Mr. Kinahan says on account of the foul weather, and the *Royal Anne* being so deep in the water with her cargo aboard. Lud! I wish we may get him back safe and sound. Mr. Kinahan says there have been more ships cast away this year than he ever remembers at this season."

Evidently Mrs. Dingley and Mr. Kinahan had enjoyed a grand shaking of heads over the possible, if not probable, fate of the *Royal Anne* and her passengers. Mrs. Johnson was too cool-headed a woman to enjoy this sort of excitement under any circumstances.

"You're a fool, Dingley, with your Mr. Kinahan. P. D. F. R. is all prudence, and will not cross if there's danger. But 'tis mighty provoking we should have put that beef-pudding into the oven."

And she ran to take it out. There ensued a wrangle, for Mrs. Dingley, who had an excellent appetite, was in favour of leaving the pudding where it was. Having been worsted in the fray, she had time to say she had found a letter for Mrs. Johnson at Mr. Kinahan's, from London, but not addressed in Swift's handwriting. Who could it be from? Hetty, up to her elbows in dough, and full of her disappointment, bade Dingley take it away. It could be of no consequence, and she would read it some other time.

When the cake was made and put into the oven, and Mrs. Johnson was at the scullery pump washing those strong workaday hands and arms, which seemed out of harmony with her delicately beautiful face, there came a great knocking at the front door. It was the Stoytes and the Walls, with a crowd of little Stoytes and Walls behind them, all come to see Mrs. Johnson's new arrangements at the Dean's lodgings, and to ask when he was expected. Mr. Stoyte was a merchant of the City and Dr. Walls an Archdeacon. They were old Dublin acquaintances of Swift's, and with their wives and his predecessor, Dean Sterne, had been Mrs. Johnson's principal associates in his absence. For in spite of her beauty and other uncommon attractions, her social circle was small. The cause of this was twofold. People belonging to the upper classes grow up at the centre of such a web of acquaintanceships, that wherever they go, at least within the limits of their own country, they are sure to find some scattered threads of it still about them. But

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Esther was of too humble origin for this to be the case, at least in any way that could advantage her. Swift's sister, Mrs. Fenton, who had some connection with the Temples, either to revenge herself on her brother for the disgust he had evinced at her own marriage with a tradesman, or because she guessed what became of some of his income, had spread exaggerated reports of the menial position occupied by Mrs. Johnson in the Moor Park household. Besides the disadvantage of birth, graver in those days than these, there was undoubtedly an equivocalness about her relations to Swift that all the hampering precautions with which he surrounded their intercourse, could not entirely dissipate. She had followed him to Ireland, really at his own suggestion, but according to the common gossip of acquaintances to force herself upon him in marriage; and for eleven years she had been his constant companion, never staying under his roof, but always lodging in his neighbourhood, whether at Dublin or at Laracor. It was true that their party was invariably three-cornered; Mrs. Dingley was always there. But it was not necessary for the scandal-mongers to believe that. The world's boasted sagacity even yet means chiefly a dull conviction that every one is like every one else, or if they are not, then they ought to be; that the average human being has low standards, and that one who is not average should be regarded with peculiar suspicion. The common standard was lower in most respects under the last of the Stuarts than it is to-day, and there was a proportionately greater difficulty in believing that a higher one could exist. So all things considered, it reflected credit on the discretion and general character of the Dean and Mrs. Johnson that, so long as they were alive, the voice of censure, though not silent, spoke only in whispers.

The empty-sounding house now echoed to loud hearty voices with speech not innocent of brogue. Its walls, papered above the wainscotes, were bare except for the marks of Dean Sterne's pictures. Only a few rooms were furnished, and those scantily, with such furniture as could be immediately spared from the little vicarage at Laracor, and sundry plain second-hand articles. Mrs. Johnson was scrupulously clean and neat in her household ways, and could by incessant harrying make even an Irish servant so while under her supervision, but she had little taste, either natural or acquired, and even to the eye of a formal generation there was a dryness and primness, a want of homelike grace, about her domestic arrangements. However, the

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visitors, belonging as they did to the more good-natured side of St. George's Channel, found plenty of pleasant things to say about the big dreary house; reserving such unpleasant things as could not but occur to them, since they had known it under a much more comfortable aspect, for their supper-party at the Archdeacon's.

The sky was dark with clouds and it was almost dusk, when, the inspection completed from garret to cellar, they all stood in the flagged hall, as those stand who "often take leave but seem loth to depart;" and never in Dr. Sterne's most hospitable days had the sounds of merriment been heartier there. Mrs. Johnson, quite recovered from her disappointment, was the most animated of all, and would pay no attention to Dingley's ostentatious gloom and hints of the disappointment which might befall those who reckoned too much on the new Dean's arrival. She put them down to the poor woman's chagrin at being unable to impress her with a due sense of P. D. F. R.'s perils by sea. Mrs. Johnson was a capital mimic; she had just been reproducing for them Archbishop King, as he appeared coming to ask her if Dean Swift was home yet, and if not, why not. "Then pray, Madam, am I to understand that *you* are in occupation of this Deanery?"—she had just asked herself in a voice of pompous horror, rolling her eyes severely and sucking her lips in a so droll caricature of the Archiepiscopal manner, that a roar of laughter drowned the noise of a modest knock at the front door. The performance was proceeding when the knock came again, this time the least bit louder. Mr. Stoyte opened the great mahogany door a little way, prepared to dismiss some importunate enquirer for the Dean. Then with an exclamation, he threw it wide. A tall figure in a great drugget overcoat and a large clerical hat, stood there dripping with rain and black against the outer twilight. It was the friend they were all expecting, one of them eagerly expecting, to see in the course of a few hours; but for a minute they stood awkwardly silent, like riotous boys when the school-master appears. Swift too, crossing the threshold of his future home for the first time, wet and weary from a toilsome journey, paused in surprise and some annoyance at finding himself in the midst of a large party; some old friends whom he could have spared at that moment, others children and young people grown out of knowledge. But he was the first to recover himself.

"Why, Goody," he said to Mrs. Stoyte who stood nearest to

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him, "where's your civility? You stare at me as though I were Banquo's ghost."

"Welcome, Mr. Dean, welcome home," cried the lady thus addressed, taking his proffered hand and offering her cheek for a friendly salute. "Sure, sir, you were something of a ghost in your manner of appearing, which must excuse us, but you're welcome indeed back to old Dublin."

Then followed immediately a great shaking of hands and some decorous kissing, as manners then permitted or enjoined among friends, and a chorus of welcome back to his old friends and the new Deanery and congratulations on his at length taking possession of his own.

The person whom his eyes had first sought when he stood on the threshold was among the last whom he greeted. Mrs. Johnson, by nature calm and long accustomed to prudence in her relations with Swift, had no thought of rushing forward to greet him. After a few minutes, which seemed a long time, he came to her, took her hand and kissed her cheek in a manner studiously the same as that in which he had saluted the other ladies, though his smile brightened perceptibly. The moment had arrived of which she had dreamed every night before falling asleep for three years, and although she did not analyse her feelings she felt strangely blank and cold, and really vexed because she had not had time to change her dress before he saw her. She had dreamed of meeting in so many ways. Sometimes of waiting on the quay and watching the sail of his homeward-bound ship for a long while before he landed. Sometimes of waiting in her own parlour, or latterly at the Deanery, till he should come in and take both her hands and hold them tight in his, and begin at once to say a thousand silly tender things in their own "little language." In her dreams even the eternal Dingley had somehow been got rid of for the moment. But in the reality, not only Dingley but a little crowd of more irksome spectators were present. The Stoytes and Walls, however, soon considerately left the tired, rain-soaked traveller to Mrs. Johnson's and Mrs. Dingley's kind care, and they and Bridget had enough to do to find dry clothes and prepare the supper.

Swift too was depressed and disappointed. He was conscious that his long absence in London had slackened the ties of tender intimacy that bound him to Hetty Johnson, but he honestly believed that he had but to meet her for all to be as before. Already a few days earlier he had gone forth in spirit

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to meet her, and had made his heart beat to the old tune, as he read her last letter alone on the walls of Chester. When P. P. T. had begun to exchange journals with P. D. F. R. she had done a foolish thing, for not only was the life she had to record monotonous and already familiar to him, but also, though thanks to him she could write better than many much finer ladies, her epistolary style was disappointing. The excitement of his approaching return had given freshness and feeling to her last letter. The place in which it had been read too had been favourable to it. As he paced the peaceful city walls which men yet living remembered as the scene of grim battle and bloodshed—behind him the grey towers of the Cathedral, silent except for the chiming bells, before him the wide green lowlands through which the river flows broadening to the sea—he realized for the first time that London was already far away, and that to-morrow England too would be left behind. Then with graver purpose he repeated to himself what he had cried out before to the Vanhomrighs; that when once he got to Ireland he meant to forget everything in England. He had sent off a lively letter from Chester to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, playfully directed, "At the sign of the Three Widows, St. James' Street," and studiously addressed to all three ladies. But a shorter, more personal note had found its way to Essie from St. Alban's. His indisposition had prevented his leaving London at the time he had intended, and his interview with Essie in Bury Street had not been the last.

Up to the time when he became aware that Esther loved him, he could not be reckoned very blameworthy in his conduct to her. He had always been something of a flirt, but a divine of five-and-forty seemed most unlikely to make a dangerous impression on the heart of a girl accustomed to see some of the finest society in London. It was as yet but early in that eighteenth century which afterwards so successfully cultivated the valuable Art of Friendship between men and women. Abroad indeed, where women enjoyed greater consideration, a Descartes and a Leibnitz had already given excellent examples of such friendships, and Swift himself had in early life owed much to his frank and pleasant intimacy with the daughters of Lord Berkeley. But born in an age of idle gallantry and intrigue, he may be pardoned for not having always realized when he was sinning against the unwritten rules of friendship; as he certainly did in his relations with

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Esther Vanhomrigh, both by the flatteries he constantly mingled with his apparent rough sincerity, and by his general want of openness. These faults, patent enough in his letters, became yet more so in his rhyming story of Cadenus and Vanessa. It is all flattery, vanity, want of candour. In it he professes to give the history of his relations with Esther. But Cadenus, the "venerable sire," whose heart has been too engrossed by books and public affairs ever to admit "Love, a guest"—who has never in his life taken a woman seriously, but has sighed and languished, vowed and writ,

"For pastime or to show his wit——"

this personage is not Jonathan Swift, the hasty foolish wooer of Miss Waring, the writer of the immortal 'Journal to Stella;' not the lover who has recorded how he woke with his pillow wet with his tears, because he had dreamed that P. P. T. was ill. Nor is Vanessa, the coldly forward prig in petticoats, one with that warm, imperious Esther Vanhomrigh, the embers of whose passion, for all the grey disguise of time, seem yet to burn with a sullen scorching heat, where they lie scattered among the musty pages of old books. So with the persons is the whole drama transformed, seen through the cold distorting medium of Swift's self-conscious fancy. Yet there may be found something of the matter, if not the manner, of his parting interview with his pupil, and a fairly truthful account of his own feelings during the two days following Esther's avowal, which he spent confined to his lodgings. Shame, disappointment, grief, he felt most truly for himself and her. Political chagrins became for a time matters of minor importance, and he thought of little else but Esther and her strange unhappy passion. He did not confess to himself that there had been a moment some two months back, when it had pleased him to make sure that no other man occupied a higher place in her heart than himself. He did confess that he could, if he would, have suspected his place there to be too high for her happiness. But no. He had refused to be a coxcomb, and his approaching departure had seemed a natural solution of the problem, if it existed. He was fond of saying to her that if ever she became the victim of love, she had only to apply to him for a cure, a certain cure in the case of one like herself possessed of a will and a reason. Now must he keep his promise; but, alas! the surgeon had a trembling hand. He who could so savagely carve his adversaries

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in public, could not bear to inflict the smallest wound in private, even on an indifferent person, much less on a friend. The good and the evil in him were alike to be fatal to Esther. Vanity was for the moment silenced, but he who disbelieved in romantic passion had become the object of such a passion. He was like a man who, having always scoffed at the supernatural, at length has seen a ghost; behind his amazement and fear of the thing, there is a strange reluctant fascinated desire to see it again. The apparition could not have been real; he would like to touch it, to make sure it was a delusion. So on the third day Swift went round to St. James' Street, to convince Esther Vanhomrigh and himself that her passion for him was a delusion.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly were out. Esther appeared alone, cold, haughty, pale; as different as possible from the flushed eloquent Esther of three days ago. Swift thought to put them both more at ease by chatting of his health and his journey, but she answered him with sombre monosyllables. He went on to tell her that his bad head had put everything out of his mind, and most of all any nonsense she might have talked last Saturday, which indeed he had never taken seriously. But she brushed his pretence of misunderstanding and forgetfulness on one side, and with a strange unnatural calmness told him that if she had forfeited his esteem, she would prefer at whatever cost to part from him finally then and there. Yet if that were so, she could not but regard him as less perfectly just and reasonable than she had always believed, as in confessing to him the real state of her feelings she had only obeyed his own oft-repeated maxims. She had never pretended to agree with him in his contempt for love; a man to whom life was prodigal of interests might easily spare that, but she, confined in a miserable narrow feminine existence, could not afford to despise the one good thing it offered. Being a woman she must love, and being his pupil she could only love what he had taught her to prefer. Youth, fine clothes, rank, wealth, he had taught her to hold cheap, and to value nothing but wit and worth. Where had she found these more than—so much as—in himself? And then she went on to speak of him as he had seemed to her, not as some women might have done, adorning him with a miscellany of gifts and virtues not his own, but painting a portrait so like, and yet so subtly flattered by the rich colouring of love, that Swift must have been devoid of

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human vanity had he not looked on it with pleasure. This was what in his happiest moments, he himself hoped he was. So from the confused protestations of inalterable esteem and affection with which at first he had interrupted her, he went on to tell her in a hundred different forms, what by some sophistry, he persuaded himself was true—that he had never been in love; and to add what was reasonable—that he was too old now to begin. And the magnetism of a character stronger and more decided in some directions than his own, and the old habit of sympathy and tenderness for Essie, and also flattered vanity, drew him on into protestations of a warm pre-eminent friendship for her, not far removed from love. Yet when Mrs. Vanhomrigh had returned, and he had bidden them all good-bye, was it in sober earnest or in irony that he cried out just before he closed the door behind him?—

"You'll forget me, madams, in spite of your fine speeches. No matter, for I purpose to forget you every one—statesmen, Churchmen, women, wits, I'll forget every one of you, when once I'm safe across the Channel!"

And now he was across the Channel, but a thousand bitter thoughts bred in England pursued him still, and made his head and heart ache together. How empty and poverty-stricken looked the big house he must now call his home! His lodgings in London had been simple enough, but for three years he had been accustomed to frequent great houses sumptuously appointed; and a certain smaller hou se, how home-like it had been!

Yes, it was a pity P. P. T. had not had time to make her toilette, for she was really not looking her best in her holland working dress and plain cap. So it appeared to him that she had lost some of her beauty in these three years, which was not really the case. But it was not the common spell of beauty that had drawn and bound him to Hetty Johnson, and he would not much have minded its diminution, if he had not been conscious too of a certain mental estrangement between them.

But P. P. T. must not know how joyless was his home-coming. Arm in arm, though followed by the inevitable Dingley, they walked from room to room, Mrs. Hetty proudly pointing out her clever devices for saving expense, which she knew P. D. F. R. did not love, though sure no one was so generous to his friends. At every room they entered the chill of the large empty house, where he must live alone, struck deeper into his soul. But Hetty did not guess that for all her quick wit; he would not

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for the world have let her guess it. No; she was "dea' char' P. P. T.," and "fifty thousand times dear li' dallah," and "diverting witch," and all the sweet familiar names; and as he acted bravely the old part, he hated himself for not being in truth the old Poor-Dear-Fond-Rogue. By the time they had left the small supper-table in the big dining-parlour, Mrs. Hetty had quite got over her first disappointment in her friend's home-coming, and sat knitting and chatting in the great elbow-chair, as happy and pretty as possible. It was the old chair she had always sat in at Laracor, and she had a long story to tell of how she had made that lazy impudent rascal Parvisol, the bailiff, see that all the geese's down was kept the whole time the Doctor was away, and how in consequence there had been no new feather-beds to buy for the Deanery; and besides she had fresh stuffed the cushions of this chair, and covered it all with her old chintz gown, the one with pink and red flowers on it, that P. D. F. R. used to like so much, did he remember?

"Faith, do I, P. T. On my conscience 'twas so smart it might have made Miss there pass for a handsome woman—in a small church or at a country fair, might it not, D. D.?"

Here was an opportunity for Dingley, who had been trying all this while to make him see she was offended with him.

"Sure, Mr. Dean," she replied, pinching up her features, "there's many persons in Dublin, not to speak of the country, that still think Mrs. Johnson extreme handsome. I have heard our late excellent Dean protest in this very room, that there was ladies made toasts of in London that could not hold a candle to her, and Dr. Tisdale, who knows the world, frequently protested that Mrs. Johnson was the most elegant woman of his acquaintance."

"Tisdale know the world!" exclaimed Swift snappishly. "Ay, Tisdale's world. I'd rather know my own back-yard."

"Pray now, you silly D. D.," cried Hetty, laughing and blushing with pleasure at being complimented so before P. D. F. R., "when was it you was seen kissing the Blarney stone? As to you, Sir, you shall henceforth spare the poor Tisdale creature, who has not very long to live; I hear he has fallen into a yaller-green sickness since he heard the news of your Deanship's promotion."

"What, doth he envy me?" asked Swift. "Tell me that again, little P. T. There's one that envies me! This is mighty diverting, and Lord knows I want diverting."

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"To be sure he does, Dear Rogue, and there's plenty of others that thought no great things of the Vicar of Laracor, fit to burst with envy at seeing the grand place he's got. The Archbishop too must be mightily disappointed, for he was so positive the Queen would never give you aught worth your taking."

"Who was it learned you to knit, Pretty Pet?" asked Swift, making no reply to her observation.

"Mrs. Walls," returned Hetty; "and now I can knit stockings without looking at 'em and talking all the while, as you may see."

"Confound Goody Walls!" he cried. "In London, you know, my dear, the ladies would think it uncivil to be knitting stockings when their gallants was courting 'em. Your click-clacking needles drive me distracted—or would, did they not remind the Poor Fond Rogue that his dearest, sweetest friend, who has never been absent from his mind, never, so help him, all this while, sits beside him again in the flesh—and may she never let him go away from her again, to fall into Lord knows what follies and miseries!"

"Indeed, Dearest Rogue, if you was to settle in England, Dingley and I would not remain behind. Yet though I cannot help fancying you do not love to come back to poor Ireland, I believe in the end you will be best satisfied to stay there. Yes, P. D. F. R. will end by loving Ireland better than England, like P. P. T. 'Tis a freer place for man—which is you, and beast—which is me."

So the evening passed in affectionate trifling talk, in which ir Hetty Johnson and her friend were often at cross-purposes, he alone was aware of it. And this was not owing to any dulness of perception on her part, but to his own self-control and careful tenderness. He would sooner have died than have returned after three long years only to wound a kind and faithful heart.

It was past ten o'clock when Patrick lighted the lantern to escort the ladies back to those new lodgings on Ormond's Quay, which certainly P. D. F. R. must visit to-morrow. Mrs. Johnson still full of exhilaration, must needs go on laughing at and talking to Patrick, as he headed the procession of three which came out of the garden door of the Deanery. It had left off raining now, and up beyond the dark Cathedral tower, the thin clouds showed a pale blur of light where the moon was trying to appear. From the moment the Deanery door closed behind them, Mrs. Dingley, who walked last, had been endeavouring to

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attract her friend's attention. As they reached the narrow entrance of St. Patrick Street, the moon burst out, lighting up on one side a long row of huddled gables nodding to their fall, and on the other showing the points and pinnacles of similar antique houses, mingled with the straight lines of some brand-new ones, in black relief against the sky.

"Now, my good Patrick," said Mrs. Dingley, "'tis plainly light enough for us to see the puddles on this side of the street, and as I have somewhat to say to Mrs. Johnson, I beg you will walk on the other."

"Lord, Dingley," laughed Mrs. Johnson, "what can you have to say to me? Nothing so pleasant, I'll be bound, as Patrick here, who has been playing a very great part in the world since we saw him last. He tells me his master was looked on as the greatest wit in London above stairs, but below stairs where Pat was, it seems they knew of a better. Come now, Patrick, continue the story of your laced hat, which I can tell you I am in a prodigious hurry to see."

Mrs. Dingley, however, was in earnest, and Patrick diplomatically retired. She had now got a letter out of the big pocket that hung beneath her skirt. It had been burning a hole there for hours.

"Hetty child," she said solemnly, "I believe you have forgotten this letter. 'Tis from your mother, and alas! she has very ill news for you."

"I am concerned to hear it," replied Hetty. "The Dean had heard nothing on't before he left."

"The Dean had heard nothing on't!" snorted Mrs. Dingley, her wrath beginning to overflow; "no, no, why should any one tell him, since he would be the first to know the truth on't? Now prepare yourself, my poor child, for something very surprising."

"Plague take you, D. D.," returned Hetty, not able to think of anything that would incurably distress her on this happiest of evenings. "Be plain. You have always fifty words to one meaning."

"O 'tis indeed a cruel, false, perfidious conduct! I never could have believed it of him."

Hetty snatched the open letter from Dingley's hand with an impatient exclamation.

"Indeed, Hetty, you need be in no such haste. But if you must know what your mother says, 'tis this. She hath it from

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a sure hand that the new Dean of St. Patrick is shortly to be married, the lady young and a fortin."

Mrs. Johnson laughed a loud, somewhat startled, but incredulous laugh.

"Good God, Dingley!" she cried, "what silly stuff is this you talk? I thought my mother had more sense than to write me these paltry inventions the Temples ever love to spread about Doctor Swift."

"You're wrong there, Esther. 'Tis no invention at all, but your mother had it from Mr. Erasmus Lewis, who met her walking in the Park, and very right she did to tell you of it."

"Pooh! Mr. Lewis must be in his dotage. And let me tell you, D. D., you take a great liberty in opening my letters. If you was let read P. D. F. R.'s, why, there were reasons for that. But now, madam, you will please leave the rest alone."

"Highty tighty, miss!" cried Dingley, and was silent a minute or so in indignation; then she resumed, "I always knew no good would come of these strange ways of his and yours. I was sure you had better have taken Tisdale, if Dr. Swift would not come forward honestly, and be married like any other woman. What right had he to get between a pretty young miss and her lover, and yet never to talk of marrying her himself? I have bade Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte take notice fifty times that I have said there was something odd and slippery about him, and harm would come of it, and now see how it's all fallen out, just as I foretold. O, the false villain!"

"Dingley," said Hetty with cold severity, "I will not hear you speak so unseemly of our great, our generous benefactor. If you cannot constrain yourself to be silent before me alone, I will call Patrick. You will scarce, I believe, vilify him before his own footman."

But Dingley, whose terror of Swift had alone enabled her to keep silence for so long, was now not to be controlled. So Mrs. Johnson, thrusting the unlucky letter deep into her pocket to read by herself, left her and crossed the road and walked home with Patrick. When she was retiring to rest she again addressed Mrs. Dingley, but only to say in a voice full of haughty firmness, that on no pretext whatever was she to hear any more of this nonsense about the Dean; who would be horribly angry with D. D., if it should come to his ears.

But the grey dawn, that surprises the June night before it has well hushed the world, found a candle still burning in a certain

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upper room on Ormond's Quay, and a woman, very pale between the blackness of her loosened hair and the whiteness of her pillow, writing, writing in bed. The two letters she wrote were both short, and one, that to her mother, simple; the other, to Mr. Erasmus Lewis, was diplomatic and took a great deal of thought. The ingenuous Mr. Ford had talked to her about these Vanhomrighs the last time that he was in Dublin, and in consequence she had asked about them next time she wrote to P. D. F. R.; but though it was plain her friend was constantly at their house, he had said nothing in reply, except that they moved in the best society. Now, under pretence of rebuking Mr. Lewis for putting materials for gossip about the Dean into the hands of any one, especially one like her mother, connected with the Temple family, she managed very cleverly to draw him on the subject of the Vanhomrighs. She had finished before it was broad daylight, but she could not sleep. She lay staring wide-awake, reflecting how frightfully she would look to-morrow after her unwonted vigil, and how foolish it was to think twice of this nonsense about her poor dearest fondest Rogue. Yet still she thought not twice, but many times about it.

And the same dawn, creeping in at the tall windows of the Deanery, found the large bed so carefully stuffed for the Dean with the feathers of those Laracor geese, empty and undisturbed. But as the grey light filtered through the thin curtains of the dining-parlour, and a dying candle flared up for a moment as though to meet it, there was visible the form of a man seated in the large chintz-covered elbow-chair. His face was hidden, for he sat huddled up and bowed across the arm of the chair; and whether he slept, or merely lay quiescent in a dull stupor of misery, following on some more active suffering or despair, no one could have said. But the next morning, when the neighbours hastened to pay their respects to the new Dean, the Dean was sick and would see no one, absolutely no one.

Chapter XI.

All the high red-cushioned pews in St. Patrick's were well occupied on the day when Dr. Swift was to be installed. It was principally harmless curiosity and love of assisting at whatever was going forward in the town that drew together this crowd of respectable people; but the curiosity of all could

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not be considered harmless. For Swift, whom Dublin was hereafter to deify, was at this time unpopular. The fact was accounted for partly by his secession from the Whig party which predominated there, partly by his marked individuality. It is said that some very humble and remote connections of ours all wag their tails the same way, and that if one appears who wags it in another direction, he is immediately torn to pieces by his fellows. Certainly Swift, figuratively speaking, wagged his tail in quite the opposite way to most of his fellows. Besides, as plain Vicar of Laracor he had wrung from the Government by his personal influence a concession for the Irish Church which several of the bishops had failed to obtain. This naturally made him an object of suspicion to his superiors, nor did the lower clergy love him better.

Not only was the Cathedral full, but a group of idlers had assembled in the porch. Those who sat at the lower end of the church became aware that there was something of unusual interest passing out there. Every one seemed pressing round the large board on which parish notices usually figured; there was a muttering, as of something being deciphered more or less slowly by various readers, and a hum of subdued talk and laughter. The crowd increased, and several gentlemen from within went to add themselves to it. A large sheet of manuscript had been pinned up to the board; it was verse, and written in a somewhat crabbed hand, so that it could not easily be read. But a man jumping up on a bench just below began to read fluently, in a voice more loud than decorous:

"To-day this temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame uncommon;
Used both to pray and to profane,
To serve both God and Mammon.

"This place he got by wit and rhime
And many ways most odd;
And might a bishop be in time,
Did he believe in God.

"For High-Churchmen and policy,
He swears, he prays most hearty;
But would pray back again to be
A Dean of any party."

At about this point there was a flutter among the people at his back, who became aware that the new Dean, preceded by his vergers, had arrived unobserved, and was waiting for a

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passage to be made through them. The crowd shrunk back on each side as quickly as their number and the narrow space permitted, but the reader continued with some yet more scurrilous lines, though several pulled the skirts of his coat. Then one of the vergers touched him with his mace, enjoining silence.

"Nay, nay, we'll hear the last verse," he cried impudently, and turning round repeated full in Swift's face:

> "Look down, St. Patrick, look, we pray
> On thine own church and steeple;
> Convert thy Dean on this great day,
> Or else God help the people!"

But as he ended his voice faltered, for Swift's eye caught his.

"Reach down yonder paper," said the new Dean, in a subdued but imperious tone, pointing to the notice-board. The man slowly removed the intrusive document.

"Tear it up," said the Dean. It was done.

"Smaller," he commanded. The man quailed and obeyed. When it was strewn on the ground in fragments:

"Go!" thundered the Dean. He passed on, while the reader of the lampoon, jumping hastily down, took to his heels and fled away down St. Patrick Street faster than the hunted hare.

The Dean afterwards wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh: "I thought I should have died of discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me." But this profound disgust and depression were not visible on his calm and dignified countenance as he walked up the aisle; though Mrs. Johnson, who saw him now for the first time since the evening of his arrival, was distressed to observe that it bore only too strong witness to the genuineness of the illness which had confined him to his room for some days. To her the position he was to fill was far from appearing so contemptible as it did to his London friends, and it was with a thrill of pride that she watched his stately figure pass up the aisle, and finally take possession of the official stall. Swift too, looking down on the confused crowd of faces, which he believed more definitely hostile than for the most part they were, was glad to catch sight of a certain familiar pair of velvet-brown eyes, shining there as kind and true as ever.

No sooner was the Dean installed than he began to fee again the enmity of Archbishop King, who had already threatened to have him deprived for his delay in taking possession of his office. His predecessor, who had been his friend, but was

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like most people, easily affected by the popular likes and dislikes, took no trouble to smooth his way with his subordinates; nor did he assist Swift with the pecuniary burden of the new house, that he did not want, and the large debt upon it which he must pay out of a scanty income. His Chapter made no secret of their intention to put themselves in opposition to him. Such a state of things has been successfully faced by many men, and was so later by Swift himself, but in that summer of 1713 he had no heart for it, and literally fled. Early in July he wrote to Essie from Laracor: "I staid but a fortnight in Dublin, very sick, and returned not one visit of a hundred that were made me; but all to the Dean and none to the Doctor. I am riding here for life, and I think I am somewhat better. I hate the thoughts of Dublin, and prefer a field-bed and an earthen floor before the great house there, which they say is mine." Yes, he was very sick—sick not merely of disappointed ambition and friendship, but sick of the frustration of nobler, wider hopes. He had ideals of patriotism and incorruptibility, which though commonplace enough to a later generation, seemed Utopian to his contemporaries. When he joined the Tory party, he, the keen dissector of human nature, was deceived by his own hopes and the mouthings of a Bolingbroke, into mistaking that intriguing mountebank and his colleagues for statesmen and patriots. The awakening had been bitter; yet he had remained personally loyal to them. Even his disappointment at the unwillingness or inability of his friends to promote him in the Church was justifiable. He had slaved for them as a journalist and as an unrecognized member of the Government, and as he had declined money-gifts and all that savoured of corruption and dependence, he had received nothing for his services. His character was high, his piety was sincere, and if it was somewhat cold, why, the Christianity of the day was everywhere aspiring to transform itself from a religion into a philosophy: so that there was no reasonable objection to giving him the sort of promotion he desired. Yet he had got nothing but exile. All these things had been a severe strain upon his health, and first at Dublin and afterwards at Laracor he suffered from repeated attacks of his usual illness—"a bad head." At such times he would see no one, not even P. P. T. But in spite of the gloom that overshadowed him, the whole cause of which was known only to himself, he made touching efforts to be cheerful in her company, and to treat her with the old tenderness. Nor

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did he ever rebuke her now, in the tremendous way she had been accustomed to from her childhood. She flitted between Trim and Dublin, where she superintended the practical details of his affairs. Hetty Johnson had a quick intelligence, but the very malleability of her mind, which had enabled it to take the stamp of Swift's, had made her also susceptible to the influences of the last few years, which had been spent with companions of a very different calibre. She had never followed the course of politics, having been brought up by Swift in his less political days, and having perhaps taken too seriously his theoretical dislike to political ladies. So the harassed politician, devouring his London budgets, could not turn to her for the intelligent sympathy and discussion to which another had accustomed him. But this division, which time had made, time could have remedied and that quickly, had it not been for a deeper cause of estrangement between them. Hetty had too much penetration to be wholly deceived by his studied tenderness. If she was all to him that she had once been, he could not be so inconsolable on returning to her society, under whatever circumstances. Was Ambition her only rival? Swift was, as she well knew, more than cautious, he was secretive about his correspondence, but once on riding over unusually early from Trim to Laracor, she had found his library empty and a letter slipped from his writing-desk onto the floor. It was a long letter in a bold hand that she had not supposed a woman's, but as she replaced it on the desk, she could not help seeing the large clear signature: *Esther Vanhomrigh, Junr.* For a moment she felt a temptation to read it—but no; if she could not have his heart she could at any rate be worthy of it. She blushed to find herself on the verge of really acting that part of the jealous woman that Swift had years ago most unjustly accused her of acting. After this she made a timid and vain attempt to extract some statement about the Vanhomrighs from him. Mr. Erasmus Lewis delayed awhile to answer her letter. The lawyer and the friend of Swift strove in his bosom with the loyal and chivalrous admirer of Mrs. Johnson. At length he wrote in a somewhat vague and unsatisfactory style, admitting that he had informed her mother of a certain report about the Dean of St. Patrick's, the truth of which he was far from vouching for, and that he personally knew the good Dean to be on terms of great intimacy with the lady mentioned, but—then followed a great many buts. Finally he adjured Mrs. Johnson

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on her honour not to mention the matter to her friend. It was to be hoped that next year, when his circumstances were easier, the enviable Dean would lead a certain fair lady of Dublin to the altar, and then these foolish little scandals would be forgotten. Strange to say, Hetty felt no inclination to mention it to the Dean. She was excessively reserved and not at all impulsive, and her affection for Swift did not preclude a certain awe of him. It would have been an effort to her alike to express her feelings and to face his anger. She had long ago given him her word to leave him absolutely unannoyed by claims of hers to marriage, or to any control over his actions and associates; and her word, as he had often pleased her by observing, was inviolable. Yet for all that she did not meekly accept his conduct towards her. At best he had been guilty of deception, for while professing to take her frankly behind the scenes of his London life, he had kept secret from her an important passage in it. She read over several of his journals, and replaced them in her desk with a bitter smile. She who was over-quick to criticise others, had never before criticised her Great Man, whom she was used to honour before the world had recognized him as such. So while she said nothing, the iron was entering into her soul, and she became less and less responsive to Swift's playful or melancholy tenderness. In the state of dull melancholia into which he had fallen, it was an effort to him to show a personal interest in any human creature, and he felt naturally aggrieved when his efforts did not seem appreciated. It never occurred to him to suppose that Hetty knew or suspected his intimacy with Esther Vanhomrigh. He would have said that to be angry and say nothing, especially on such a subject, was not within the power of a female. He did not doubt her love, but he blamed the coldness of her disposition. And sometimes alone in the evening, when his melancholy deepened with the shadows, when he roamed among his willows in a weary emptiness of thought, while the moon's silver sickle or ruddy sphere floated up through the purple of the summer twilight,—sometimes he seemed to hear the passionate music of a rich young voice, crying again and again, "I worship, I adore, I love you," and to feel as it were the warmth of a kiss flitting over his hand. Who else had ever loved him like that?

All this time his political friends in England were clamouring for his return. They might be a little weary of his predominance when he was there, but now he was gone they were

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scattered before their enemies as sheep having no shepherd. The internal quarrels of the Ministry had passed all bounds. One morning early in October, at least half-a-dozen letters arrived by the same post, adjuring him by every tie of patriotism, honour, friendship, to take ship immediately for England. Most important among them was a letter from Bolingbroke, in which he distinctly promised to break the Ministry, unless Swift returned at once to chain up the Dragon, as they called Lord Oxford.

By five o'clock that evening he was on board the old *Royal Anne*, and alive again after months of suspended animation. "The Archbishop will burst with rage when he hears on't," he thought, and smiled grimly. Only a few more days, and he would be in the thick of the fight again, more powerful, more feared, more sought after than ever, the champion of his friends, the terror of his foes. What a change from standing on the moral pillory of Dublin, where any one was free to throw a rotten egg at him, because his position forbade retaliation! The last time he had sailed from that shore he had felt as though his heart-strings were fastened to it, to one spot on it, where a beautiful woman stood smiling bravely and waving a handkerchief; and as the ship dropped out with the tide, they had seemed to strain almost to breaking-point. Now, when he had leisure to think of her it would be with a mingled pang of remorse and injured affection; but for the moment he could only watch with feelings of unmixed joy, the twinkling lights and mountain shores of Ireland fading against the fading sunset, and delight to feel the first bound of the ship, that announced she had slipped into the Channel out of the quiet waters of the Bay.

(*To be continued.*)

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SPRING THOUGHTS.

My England, island England, such leagues and leagues away,
It's years since I was with thee, when April wanes to May:—

Years since I saw the primrose, and watched the brown hillside
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush like April's bride;

Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught the throbbing note
Which all the soul of springtide sends through the blackbird's throat.

Oh England, island England, if it has been my lot
To live long years in alien lands, with men who love thee not,

I do but love thee better who know each wind that blows,
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind that buds the rose,

The wind that shakes the knotty mast and keeps the topsail furled,
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle with the world:

I love thy moss-deep grasses, thy great untortured trees,
The cliffs that wall thy havens, the weed-scents of thy seas,

The dreamy river reaches, the quiet English homes,
The milky path of sorel down which the springtide comes.

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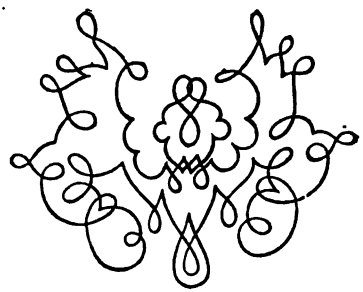
Oh land so loved through length of years, so tended and caressed,
The land that never stranger wronged nor foeman dared to waste,

Remember those thou speedest forth round all the world, to be,
Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on the sea!

And keep for those who leave thee and find no better place,
The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged mother-face!

RENNELL RODD.

ATHENS, 1890.



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THE FIGHTING POWER OF THE NAVY.

THE Naval Exhibition, to be opened on May 2, will form an admirable object-lesson of our position among the great nations. The power of Great Britain, like that of Tyre and Carthage of old, depends upon her maritime supremacy, which enables her to secure the safe transport of the great sea-borne wealth, including the food and raw material supplies, that have been aptly termed by Admiral Lord Alcester the life-blood of this country. The strength and influence of the Empire mainly rest upon the *personnel* and *matériel* of the Navy, which should not only be of the highest degree of excellence in every detail, but should also be sufficient in quantity to efficiently protect our invaluable commerce, and to safeguard every portion of Her Majesty's widely-extended dominions. The comparisons which are often made with the naval preparations of other nations would be very misleading, were we not to bear in mind that the war fleets of France, Russia, and some other countries can scarcely be considered—as Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Thomas Symonds, pointed out—a necessity in their case, but in ours the very existence of this Empire depends upon the power and efficiency of its fleet.

When recently addressing the meeting of Naval Architects over which he presided, the Earl of Ravensworth dwelt upon the value of independent criticism outside the Legislature, and the importance of discussion "on the vital question of our naval supremacy," and said that "it would be an evil day for England when she ceased to rely upon her own resources to carry on her trade" and depended upon neutrals. Lord Brassey followed the President's sensible address with a comprehensive paper on "The Future Policy of Warship Building," in which he stated that, "the twofold duty of the navy was, defence against invasion and protection of commerce, which would be best secured by placing

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British squadrons in face of the enemy. . . . By this offensive defence we barred the only possible line of attack in the most effective way." This perfectly agrees with what General Collinson, R.E., said in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, that her navy was England's right arm, and should be used to strike an enemy so hard as to beat him down by the power of our "attack."

Besides the strength necessary in *personnel* and *matériel* to take immediate action on the first indication of hostilities, it is essential to the security of our shores and commerce that every preparation should be made for the prompt mobilization of our fleet, in order to bring the whole power of our navy into movement, and with such effect, as to strike heavily even in the most distant portions of our Empire. Speaking on this point in regard to our Australasian Colonies, General Sir Bevan Edwards said at the Royal Colonial Institute, that the "only true defence" of our vast Empire lay in "offensive warfare," which was the power to attack the enemy, capture and destroy his ships, seizing his naval bases and coaling stations. To perform these duties, our officers and seamen, although excellent in quality, are numerically insufficient to meet the requirements of a great war, and their comparative paucity renders the navy unequal to the vast expansion which is so important on a sudden outbreak of hostilities. At such a time, the quick manning of many warships and immediate protection to our widely-spread mercantile vessels would be of the highest consequence.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, who has already vigorously pushed forward the much-needed increase in the number of warships, has, in his statement on the Naval Estimates for 1891–2, expressed his earnest desire to steadily increase also, the *personnel* of the navy, which stood at 62,600 in March 1889. It has now, he said, "reached 68,800; and I propose to raise it to 71,000 this year, and gradually to work up in subsequent years to a total of 75,000." In view of the war preparations, large reserves, and the unsettled state of some countries, it seems very desirable not to delay raising the naval *personnel* to the full strength of 75,000; nor are recent events, or the speech of the late Italian Premier, "on the possibility of war coming as a surprise this year," without significance.

The important position which in the event of hostilities is intended to be occupied by the Naval Reserve, has been brought into prominence by the First Lord's further statement, that the

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"armament for fifty merchant cruisers is provided in our dock-yards at home and abroad, and the complements of these ships must mainly be provided from the Mercantile Marine. The Royal Naval Reserve therefore constitutes a larger portion of our system of naval defence than at first sight is apparent."

The captains, officers, seamen, and stokers, of this reserve, if properly drilled to their guns—*which are not yet mounted*—would be valuable in drawing the Royal more closely to the Mercantile Marine, which would greatly facilitate the interchange of information and the conveyance of necessary supplies to our war fleets. This reserve would also be of great value in rendering towing and other assistance to our warships, when either temporarily or entirely disabled.

The trained seamen-gunners, who would be needed to complete the war complements of the fifty subsidized steamers—intended to be converted into cruisers on the declaration of war—could not be withdrawn from the Royal Navy without injury to its rapid mobilization; nor could the necessary skilled men be obtained from the slow steamers and sailing ships which might be laid up, as such men would, with very few exceptions, be unaccustomed to handle guns. Even the officers and men of the fifty steamers have been hitherto deprived of the means of instruction, owing to their armaments being left on shore; but to safely load and discharge the new guns, and to manipulate their delicate breech-closing appliances under fire, would require a considerable amount of previous practice.

Russia, with her comparatively small naval advantages, has in this matter given us an excellent example, both in the instruction she has given to the officers and crews, and in the arming of the merchant vessels she has prepared for warfare. England, in addition to placing their armaments on board the fifty strengthened steamers on the Admiralty list, and training their reserve men, might supply similar quick-firing guns and ammunition to firms of high standing having fast ocean steamers under their control, and which, like the late Sir W. Pearce, the founder of the Cape line, and the management of the Union Steam Fleet of New Zealand, are desirous of securing their own vessels from capture, and likewise of aiding in the conservation of the commerce of our Empire. Several of the New Zealand seamen were, four or five years since—when mercantile armaments were being considered—desirous of enrolling themselves in an Imperial Naval Volunteer Force, and hoped such would be formed, as they

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wanted to keep in closer union with the Mother-country. Docks have been already made in our Australasian Colonies, as well as in the Dominion of Canada, and there are likewise ample supplies both of coal and oil, with abundant provisions at their principal ports.

What is now required to strengthen and consolidate England's naval power is that all her ports, coaling and other stations should—as the late Governor of New Zealand, Sir W. Jervois, R.E., advocates—be placed under the undivided control of the Admiralty, who now direct the fleets which would have both to protect and rest upon these ports as bases of operation during war. Such concentration would secure that solidarity of force which is so essential for promptness of action; and were the Marine Artillerymen to be augmented, and to garrison our sea ports and coaling stations, they would be in close touch with the regulars and volunteers on the land side, and with the coast-guards and life-boat crews on the sea side. The employment of Marines would also greatly facilitate the carrying out of the telephonic and telegraphic communication, which the Marquis of Hartington, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, and Sir E. Birkbeck stated to be so important a means of lessening wrecks and saving lives along our shores; and would likewise, in case of hostilities, be essential for the transmission of orders and information to our ships and stations. Rapid communication at such a time would greatly facilitate the making of needful preparations for at once following up and attacking enemies, and would thus materially conduce to securing the blessings of that lengthened peace which all our war preparations are intended to conserve. A special advantage which would be gained by the employment of Marines—who are equally as useful when forming part of the complement of ships as they are on land—for garrisoning our ports and coaling-stations, is, that exchanges could be easily effected between the Marines doing duty afloat and those on shore; and this arrangement would admit of the constant renewal of the garrisons at unhealthy stations by Marines from on board war vessels.

In the foregoing, I have endeavoured to show that—

1. The naval *personnel* is excellent in quality, but needs augmentation.
2. The reserves upon which our fleets might need to draw heavily, should be increased, and also instructed in the

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use of weapons, so as to be ready for service whenever called upon.

3. The present reserves should be further strengthened by the creation of an Imperial Naval Volunteer Force, which would, so to speak, be joining hands with our seafaring brethren in the Dominion of Canada and in Australasia, as well as throughout all Her Majesty's widely-extended maritime possessions.
4. The ports and coaling-stations at home and abroad should be garrisoned by Marine artillerymen, and every means should be taken to secure close communication between the Royal and Mercantile services, as well as between the Government of this country and its Dependencies.

MATERIEL OF THE NAVY, COMPRISING SHIPS AND THEIR ARMAMENTS.

Battle-ships. — Great speed and coal endurance, numerous water-tight bulkheads with high freeboard, well-distributed armour and trustworthy guns, are the requirements for rendering our battle-ships efficient supports to the cruisers guarding our extensive commerce, and for protecting the coasts and coaling-stations of Her Majesty's dominions from hostile attacks. These requirements have been too much disregarded, and vessels have been built which do not combine the above highly important sea-keeping qualities, and which as regards speed, will consequently —to borrow Admiral Mayne's simile—be often unable to catch their hare. The great importance of high speed may be seen from the following example. A battle-ship with a sustained sea speed of twenty knots would catch a fifteen-knot enemy who was ten miles off when sighted, in two hours; whereas, with a speed of sixteen knots it would take her ten hours to overtake this enemy; but were the weather to become dark or misty, our sixteen-knot ship would be likely to miss her foe, after perhaps nine hours of heavy coal consumption, through driving ahead as fast as possible.

In nearly all naval operations speed is very valuable, but the greater portion of our battle-ships are slower than some of those now being built by Foreign Powers; and even in our recently built *Admirals*, speed and coal capacity have been sacrificed to mounting over-heavy ordnance, and in covering with massive armour the complicated hydraulic pumping and steam gear needed for working them, which is almost certain to fail in a

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prolonged engagement. These guns are untrustworthy as to endurance, and are certain to bend on becoming heated; yet to enable such monsters to be carried and to fire over the deck, the free-board of the *Admirals* has been kept so low, that these weapons could not be efficiently fought, either in a head sea or in any heavy weather. This was proved by the *Rodney's* behaviour when off the north coast of Scotland. Carrying so much top-weight of turrets, barbettes and guns tends to deep rolling—as well as to shipping heavy seas—which both militates against accuracy of fire and likewise exposes ship's bottoms to be penetrated by shell and causes dangerous explosions amongst the machinery and crew. To balance these heavy weights placed comparatively high above the water-level, ballasting becomes a necessity, but the disadvantage of such dead-weight is very apparent in the case of the *Thunderer*, which recently required 450 tons of scrap iron to be cemented into her bottom to render her sufficiently stable with her new machinery. The addition of this ballast will not add to the *Thunderer's strength of bottom*, but will, by considerably *increasing her immersion* and lowering her previously low Monitor freeboard, prove a serious disadvantage if fighting her guns in a sea-way; and by reducing her speed, will necessarily militate against quick manœuvring and effectively using that formidable naval weapon, the ram.

High speed combined with water-tight divisions of the bottom, and the due distribution of armour, which are so essential to the fighting power and safety of battle-ships, and to the preservation of the lives of their crews, have been pointed out by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thos. Symonds to be in great measure lacking in our older ironclads, which are therefore classed by him as *obsolete*. The persistent efforts of this experienced admiral, supported by Sir G. P. Hornby and other of our ablest officers, have already been of great national service, by proving the necessity for a greater number of powerful vessels than are now in course of construction for completion by 1894. Sir Thomas has recently given as a further reason for not slackening our efforts, that we have at present "only twelve really modern battle-ships," and that the remainder of our seventy-seven are so deficient in the necessary subdivision of bottom for preserving flotation if wounded in action, and so defective on other points—including speed—as to be ill-suited to combine with the modern twelve in naval warfare. He therefore urges a further increase of

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carefully designed ironclads. Lord Brassey takes a similar view as to the necessity for increase, and speaks of the advantage of having the opinion of experts when new ships are being designed, and considers "that in the five years ensuing upon the completion of the Hamilton programme, expenditure must be maintained not far below its present level for armour-clads and cruisers."

As regards the eight 14,500 ton first-class battle-ships, and the two second-class of 10,500 tons now building or completing under the special vote of £20,000,000, the particulars which have been published respecting the two latter indicate a very great improvement upon the *Admiral* type. The twelve inches thickness of steel which is to form the belt of the *Centurion* and *Barfleur*, and the five-inch thickness of steel rising from the belt to protect the broadside guns and gunners, is a considerable advance in the direction of covering the hull more evenly with armour, instead of wasting massive plating upon the protection of the machinery for working monster weapons. Moderate sized ordnance of twenty-nine tons weight, which can be readily worked by hand—the training only being effected by steam—are to be mounted in pairs in the forward and after turrets of the *Centurion* and *Barfleur*, which will greatly simplify their gunnery arrangements, and enable the powerful hydraulic pumping gear, which is of 2000 horse power in the *Victoria*, with its heavy drain upon the boilers and steam-pipes, to be dispensed with.

Guns of twenty-nine tons weight can probably be fired right forward over a strengthened forecastle from the tops of barbettes, but ordnance of sixty-seven tons cannot be discharged ahead, either in the *Nile* or *Trafalgar*, when laid horizontally, without destroying their decks. A single discharge ahead from one of the latter's guns, although fired at an elevation of 33°, greatly damaged her deck, and injured the beams and stanchions which support it, and somewhat similar damage was occasioned to another battle-ship by firing a forty-five ton gun. Leaks in other ships have also been caused by firing their heavy ordnance with full charges.

The means of improvement are simple, and need not occasion much expense, for the 67 and 110-ton ordnance, with their hydraulic pumping gear, could be relegated to Portsmouth or other shore defences, where they would look formidable. The long quick-firing guns of only 4·7 inches diameter of bore, which now form the main-deck batteries of the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, are quite as much out of place as the monster ordnance mounted

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above their upper decks; for the broadside—off which hotly-contested fights will usually occasion, or at least, *finish*—should be provided with short quick-firing guns of large bore, to discharge shells containing good-sized bursting charges.

Nearly all the battle-ships of Foreign Powers are unprotected above their armour-belts, and as the destructive effect of shells when fired against unarmoured sides is generally calculated as the *square* of the weights of their bursting charges, the advantage of firing shells of large diameter and capacity, which will blow up the decks and disable the guns and gunners of our enemies, is very manifest.

Effects of Shell Fire.

During the war now in progress in Chili, a single heavy shell —probably of seven inches diameter—fired from the *Blanco Encelada* of the insurgent naval force, struck the Government tug *Florence* and blew her out of the water, her crew of seventeen being either killed or drowned; her companion torpedo-boat was also knocked to pieces by the *O'Higgins*, which in return was pierced by a shell from the forts of Valparaiso, and then the striking of a second shell caused the bursting of a gun on her quarter-deck. When the smoke cleared away, the deck of the *O'Higgins* was found to be literally torn out, nine of her guns disabled, and twelve of her crew to be blown to atoms.

This serious damage by shells coincides with that occasioned to unarmoured ships at Lissa and also in the American Civil War, and previously to the Turks at Sinope, clearly indicating the necessity which exists for protecting both guns and gunners in modern warfare. Even the tops of ships are now supplied with explosive projectiles for the purpose of sweeping away or destroying everything on the upper decks of foes.

The great advantages of armoured ships over those without plating in *fighting power*, indicates the importance of increasing our fleet by the addition of ironclads, as was suggested by Admiral Mayne, M.P., in the discussion upon Sir G. P. Hornby's address at the London Chamber of Commerce; a suggestion which met with the support of the meeting and likewise of the naval members of "the House," as well as with that of our most experienced officers. When considering the importance of thus augmenting our war ships, it should be borne in mind that our small ironclads and cruisers are more likely to meet the largest and most powerful vessels of an enemy than his smaller and

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slower ships, and that therefore it would be desirable for our second and third class vessels to move in squadrons; but a 14,500 ton armour-clad ought to be well able to play the *rôle* of the *Merrimac*, and by her speed to overtake, and by her ram and guns to overpower, all hostile ships she might fall in with.

Should 14,500 tons displacement with well-arranged guns, and equally well-distributed armour protection, not prove a sufficient size of ship to support a ***high and long-sustained speed***—which necessitates a large fuel supply—it would be better to go to 15,000 or 16,000 tons of displacement; for efficiency is of far greater importance than first cost, and there is a growing conviction of the superiority in offensive and defensive power to be gained by large size, and the advantage derived from such concentration of force. A large fast ship, properly strengthened by armour and all other modern arrangements and appliances, could overtake and sink, by means of her ram and guns, anything now afloat, but be herself unsinkable by the attacks of weaker enemies, and it is in this light that the value of a greatly increased size of war ship becomes so apparent.

CRUISERS.

The *Blake* and *Blenheim* are at present the only cruisers which have the high speed and coal endurance needed for the protection of our extended commerce, and it will certainly be found, should hostilities break out, that the smallness of the coal supply of our other cruisers will greatly militate against their power to efficiently guard the coasts of Her Majesty's dominions, and likewise protect our long lines of merchant traders.

So difficult seems to be considered the giving of the necessary amount of protection to secure our commerce ***with our present war fleet***, that even Lord Brassey expressed his fears that "We must anticipate a considerable transfer of tonnage" to another flag in case of war.

Such a transfer would be a heavy blow to the prestige and likewise to the maritime power of this Empire, and should be altogether prevented by a suitable augmentation of the number of fast and powerful battle-ships and cruisers; but to increase the latter class by removing fifty of our speediest merchantmen from their carrying trade in the event of hostilities, would be suicidal; for at such a time these steamers would be doubly valuable to maintain our food and other necessary supplies. To secure the carriage of these supplies in sufficient quantity *every*

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one of our fast mercantile ships would be urgently needed, which brings into prominence the great importance of encouraging the attainment of very high ocean speeds, by allocating all mail and other contracts to the owners of such vessels as the two of 14,000 tons each, which are, it is said, being constructed by the Cunard Company for rapid voyages to and from the United States. The advantages derived from the subsidy given for the merchant vessels on the Admiralty List are, that they have been strengthened by collision bulkheads and other arrangements which will enable them to steam quickly across the Atlantic, with little fear of being sunk by a shot or two from an enemy, or of sharing the recent fate of the *Iowa* from colliding with an icefield. These vessels only require their guns to be mounted under the command of captains enrolled in the Reserve, to be of great use in accustoming our merchant sailors to handle weapons of war, and perhaps to take a pleasure in learning to shoot.

Coaling at Sea.

Supplying our ships with fuel so as to enable them to keep on their stations for long periods, will under present conditions be a very difficult matter, for not only are the colliers of such slow speed, that they required to be towed by our war ships to keep in company during the late manœuvres, but there is the further drawback of the want of smooth water unless under the lee of land, which seems to be necessary for *transhipping coals* without any danger of damage. The constant need of re-coaling, owing to the smallness of the quantity stowed in their bunkers, would greatly militate against the employment of our small torpedo cruisers to accompany squadrons; and still more against the torpedo boats—which are to be nursed by the *Vulcan* and *Hecla* —but appear likely to soon fall in our estimation—as they have already done in that of French—and to be relegated to the defence of harbours or coaling stations.

The over-valuing the effective power of locomotive torpedoes has led to placing them for discharge from the unarmoured sides of our battle-ships and cruisers; where from their liability to explode, and certainty of doing so if hit by an enemy's shot or shell, they seriously endanger the crews of our own vessels. It is in fact doubtful, whether these Whitehead torpedoes at all repay the risk run in charging them with gun-cotton—which requires careful damping—and firing them even from the under-water tubes of battle-ships and cruisers.

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The experience gained by the *Polyphemus'* attack upon a strong boom defence, supported by torpedo boats on the inside —the whole of which she broke through in mimic warfare— showed that at her rate of steaming, every one of the many Whitehead torpedoes fired, failed to strike her sides, being thrown off by the reflex waves. Her speed at that time was seventeen knots, but with the larger war ships circling round in the endeavour to ram, and passing each other at high speeds during action, the difficulty of effective torpedo discharges—owing to the quick movement and larger reflex waves—would be still greater.

Oil Fuel.

Having regard to the small quantity of coal carried not only by our torpedo boats and torpedo vessels, but also by our cruisers, it would be of great advantage if oil could be safely substituted for coal, as it could be easily pumped through light hoses at sea; and the use of oil would be of very much more importance for our sea-keeping ships than for those of any Foreign Power with much less commerce to protect.

The lengthened experiments carried out by Admiral Jasper Selwyn appeared to show, that burning oil instead of coal would more than double the steaming power of our fleet; and it seemed probable, had these experiments been continued on an enlarged scale, that just as steel armour had been toughened by the admixture of nickel, and other metals have been lately much improved, so a non-explosive mixture might be added to oil, which would render it less liable to ignition from an enemy's shell-fire than the coal now carried.

A demonstration of the value of liquid oil fuel took place on the 8th and 9th of April at the works of the Metal Reduction Syndicate in Patricroft, before a large number of experts, and the result of the comparisons made between the burning of oil and coal was 2½ times to 1 in favour of the former; but in well-set boilers in Russia, where, says the *Manchester Guardian*, it had in 4000 cases supplanted coal, the oil had the superiority of no less than 3 to 1. Oil has the further advantage over coal of being smokeless, which is a high recommendation for ship use, and "it can be applied to all purposes served by coal fires."

An important feature in favour of the adoption of oil in lieu of coal is, that a large quantity could be stowed in the double

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bottom of our vessels for a special reserve, each compartment being filled with salt water when emptied of oil. Such an arrangement would add to the stability of our battle-ships, and enable the dead-weight of scrap-iron and cement, which has been run into the bottoms of so many ships, to be dispensed with.

Captain Carmichael recently stated to the London Ship-master's Society, that he had been burning oil for eight months in voyaging along the Chilian and Peruvian coasts, and could regulate the pressure without being dependent upon the firemen, who were only three in number; he said that the oil was a very safe as well as cheap fuel, for it was, until heated to 350°, uninflammable, and went much farther than coal. Captain Carmichael as well as others who have made trial of the oil, speak in high terms of its advantages.

Naval Guns.

By far the weakest point in regard to "The Fighting power of the Navy," is the untrustworthiness of its ordnance, which above the well-tried 6 prs. and certainly above the size of the largest quick-firing guns, cannot be relied upon for firing a dozen rounds with full charges; instead of, as properly constructed and rifled ordnance should do, safely discharging 1000 rounds. Without dwelling upon the construction, rifling and projectiling, all of which could be very greatly improved, but would lengthen this paper too much to describe the requisite means, it will be sufficient to mention that the lives of the guns as now made, are much shortened by the unmechanical plan of causing them to rifle their own copper-banded projectiles. This crude arrangement, although withstood by small pieces, which are manufactured from steel of similar quality to that of the larger guns, soon damages—by over-heating and over-straining—the big ordnance; and causes the bursts which recently occurred in China and Australia, as well as the previous bursts at Shoeburyness, and on board the *Collingwood*, *Ajax*, and *Active*. The guns which have been supplied to the navy are of several different lengths and diameters of bore; and even those guns which are of the same calibre (some classes having reached a sixth pattern) are rifled with various degrees of spirality; the greater portion having the extraordinary combination of a uniform twist, joined towards the muzzle end of the guns, to an increasing spiral! A glance at the Table of British Rifled Ordnance in Lord Brassey's valuable

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Annual will serve to show the complications in guns and ammunition which has resulted from the system on which these have been supplied to the navy, and which if continued, would probably have occasioned serious disasters.

The recent change with respect to ordering the patterns of naval guns by the Admiralty will, it is confidently anticipated, produce the happiest effects in greatly simplifying and otherwise improving our present naval armaments.

Conclusions.

Lord Brassey, in concluding his comprehensive paper read at the recent meeting of Naval Architects, expresses his regret to appear "as the advocate of a heavy expenditure on naval defence," and adds significantly, that "our necessities have been created chiefly by the policy of other Powers, who are making preparations to take the offensive, if the occasion should arise. . . Year by year our shipping bears an increasing proportion to the aggregate tonnage of the world. Property of a value exceeding £150,000,000 is always afloat under the British flag. To create a trade of enormous magnitude, and to make no adequate preparation to defend it, would be to invite attack and to expose ourselves to humiliation." His Lordship suggests as a five years' programme to follow the present one, the construction of "ten battle-ships, six armoured coast-defence vessels, Monitors; six armoured rams, *Polyphemus* type improved; forty cruisers of the first class, thirty look-out ships, and fifty torpedo gun-vessels."

I think, however, that our most experienced officers would, instead of spreading the construction over so many classes, greatly prefer to add twenty battle-ships and twenty cruisers of an improved *Blake* and *Blenheim* type, all of them armed with good rams and trustworthy guns; and to use the fast lightly-built *Barhams* and *Latonas* as torpedo vessels. Such additions to our "fighting power" would greatly lessen the probability of attack; and were war to break out, notwithstanding these preparations, we should be enabled to quickly conquer a peace.

As regards the old bugbear of invasion, which was formerly set at rest by the enrolment of our fine Volunteer force, and is now attempted to be galvanized into life by sham attacks around Portsmouth, which are entirely unlike any real attempt at invasion, it may be well to cite the great difficulty experienced at Eupatoria on the Crimean coast, and the many days needed

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for the unopposed landing of our troops in smooth water. The present supposed invasions only commence after the enemy has been *placed in position upon dry land*, with all his munitions of warfare. Nothing can be more absurd than to draw conclusions as to invasion from such operations—however valuable they may be for drill—for our volunteers, aided by the facilities offered by rail and telegraph, could quickly muster in sufficient strength to repel all attempts at landing; and would soon destroy the boats and capture any unfortunate stragglers to the shore, who had participated in the mad attempt to invade this populous country. Speaking in Parliament on this point during the discussion on the Army Estimates, Sir J. Colomb said that, "with the exception of India and Canada, no part of the Empire was subject to military attack but by sea, and thus the possibility of attack became a naval question." Even with the present ships, the navy alone is quite strong enough to make any real attempt at the invasion of this country a more disastrous expedition than that of the invasion of Russia, which wrecked the army of the First Napoleon.

The construction of a due proportion of modern vessels would not only prevent attacks upon the coast of the Empire, but would likewise secure our vast commerce, and leave several slow battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo vessels for the defence of our waterways. Such mobile defences would be far more efficient than any number of forts, as they would both protect the merchant ships passing along our shores, and render our harbours so secure that the prestige resulting to us from such prudent preparations would amply confirm the statements of Lords Brassey, Ravensworth and other thoughtful legislators, that "a strong navy is the least costly and surest guarantee of a policy of peace."

ROBT. A. E. SCOTT.

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ESSAYS IN THE OBVIOUS.

PART I.

"SOCIETY" is a collection of persons, mostly women, who, of free choice, meet and bore each other, and wonder why they go on doing so.

The reason is, 1, that mankind is gregarious and would rather be bored in company than alone, and, 2, that mankind is combative, and society is woman's best arena.

Some say that woman is less highly civilized than man—more of a barbarian—because, 1, she is so revengeful, and, 2, she so bedizens herself with feathers, paint, and bright stones.

But woman denies the former, and says she does the latter in order to please men. It is one of her great gifts to be never at a loss for a reason.

The pleasure of man is not really her ultimate motive, but to triumph over her fellow-combatants.

But man is her prize of victory, and is dragged along in chains at her triumph. All women are slave-raiders, and all men their quarry.

The instincts of the male animal in society are similar, but money-making and sport interfere.

The aim of persons in society is therefore to please. It is more blessed to please than to be pleased, because it is more gratifying to vanity.

Those who take most interest in society are those who are trying to rise in it. They are patrons of literature, for they buy society papers.

They assert their position in society by a severe censorship of the claims of others.

Though the fear of man is a vanity and a snare, yet, in the absence of higher motives, the social one is a useful deterrent.

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Indifference to the opinion of others is either an affectation or an egregious form of vanity.

Yet, though *vox populi* is called *vox dei*, it is just in proportion as men obey some higher voice that we credit them with a share of divinity.

But the world's opinion is often defied that the world may admire the defiance.

The truth is that it is a man's self that is divine. In his assumption of another's graces he becomes a deformity.

Yet the commonest affectation of all is the affectation of simplicity.

"Manner, clothes, and a good smile" are the chief factors in a good "first impression." There are people who believe that their first impressions are never wrong.

Those who dress remarkably are often remarkable for that alone.

Many make a good show in society by a reputation for talent, of which the chief evidence is that they have been careful not to put it to a great test.

The point of view of the fool is entitled to respect, for it is likely to be that of the great majority.

The right which we claim to our own opinions is a justification of the right of others to theirs, even when they differ from our own.

We hear calamities spoken of as blessings in disguise. You must not interpret these things too strictly. When your friend's daughter runs away with the footman, or marries a man who "believes in nothing, and lives on the East Coast," or when his son is convicted for forgery, you might be misunderstood if you congratulated him warmly, on the ground of the blessings that were coming on his house. Most people would prefer a calamity in the disguise of a blessing.

In a palace of truth society would perish. Its fictions are innocent, for they are transparent. That is scarcely a lie which one knows cannot deceive. The telling of the white lie involves its reception. To affect belief in the fiction makes you at once a participator in it. On the other hand, is not he who asks an impertinent question most truly guilty of the lying answer?

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Little things that look nothing in the telling are often insuperable obstacles. Ask no account of your friend, then, why he did not keep his appointment.

The simplest way to get off an engagement is to telegraph "Cannot come, am writing," and then forget to write.

Society being such as it is, the first study must be how to please. And in order that another may be pleased with you, you must first study to please him with himself.

The most obvious way of pleasing is by flattery. But there is an abuse as well as a use of flattery. No person of self-respect will flatter, but social successes have little self-respect. One of society's first lessons is to educate it away. Some can bear flattery laid on with a trowel, with others it is as delicate a work as watch-making.

It is possible to err on the other side, and in intercourse with superiors to mistake insolence for independence.

Nevertheless, it is better to err on the side of the too little than of the too much.

It is always easy, however, to convince any of that which accords with their wishes.

On the side of the recipient, it is hard for one to be popular who has a keen eye for detecting flattery.

The attitude which we shall deem most likely to please will depend, 1, on our view of our own character; 2, on our estimate of the persons whom we are addressing; and 3, on the estimate which we suppose that person to have of our character. 1, which we may call our character, and 3, the character which we try to live up to, may differ very widely.

With regard to 1, we are fairly honest with ourselves; 3, we are always surrounding with graceful fictions.

Nevertheless, among the many errors to which we are liable, none, probably, are more frequent than those which mislead us as to our own motives.

And we are apt to regard as peculiar and individual, mental phases which really are universal. Moreover, those subjective phases which have proved most transitory, are often those of which we felt most sure.

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There are probably very few of us that do not believe ourselves endowed with exceptional sensibility.

We should hope that our own estimate of ourselves is more accurate than that of others, since the latter is not likely to be the higher. And if the gift were granted of seeing "oorsels as ithers see us," the world would perhaps be less contented than it is.

If we credited others with but half the astuteness we ascribe to ourselves we should be far more guarded than we are in the practice of our little hypocrisies.

Others may be better judges of our heads, but none but ourselves can know our hearts.

A high estimate of our character is, *ipso facto*, self-condemned.

Self-knowledge is knowledge of a maze of countering motives.

Moral conduct is a compromise between ideals and instincts. Where there is no conflict between ideals and instincts there is no moral quality in conduct—but that is not in the society of this world.

We cannot be honest if we are never inconsistent.

Others' estimate of us will depend largely on our own; but it is the latter, not the former, that we ought to try to raise.

Excessive anxiety about others' approval argues uncertainty about our own.

Our judgments of human nature would be more accurate if we ourselves were less human.

Those who judge most hardly of human nature are credited with judging with the greatest insight.

But many of the lowest estimates are perhaps the results of introspection.

To understand a character it is necessary that we share some of its qualities. We can scarcely even hate those who are altogether dissimilar to us.

In lack of better employment, we may always find amusement in wondering at our fellow-creatures.

And when tired of wondering at our fellow-creatures we have an unfailing resource in wondering at ourselves.

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The most pleasing topic to the talker is self; to the listener it is the least pleasing. If, therefore, you wish to please you will talk of self not at all; but will listen with an affectation of interest to another's talk of self. In this you will find no pleasure, save in the pleasure of pleasing, and the resultant gratification of vanity. With many this is the greatest gratification of all. They willingly suffer present boredom for the sake of prospective popularity. If you wish another to be pleased with you, study first to please him with himself.

If you talk of yourself at all, refrain from mention of that, if anything, which you admittedly do well. Your listener will probably learn of this, if at all noteworthy, from other sources, and will attribute your reticence to a becoming modesty. Make casual mention, rather, of the accomplishments which you do indifferently. Your listener will probably not hear of them from others, and will credit you with greater perfection in them than you have claimed, in the light of the modesty which kept you silent about your real excellence. It is perhaps unnecessary to counsel you not unduly to disparage your prowess in the minor achievements.

Give generous praise to a rival for those qualities in which you admittedly excel him. So will the listener form a high opinion of your magnanimity, and infer your superiority in all points in which you at all claim an equality with rivals.

You may acquire a high reputation for virtue by ostentatious confession of the least of your vices.

As of yourself, so of your belongings, remember that the fact that they are your property gives them an added interest in your eyes, which they will not have in those of others. It is right and proper that your children, your horses, your houses, and all that is yours should, in your opinion, be the best specimens of their respective classes; but if you publicly insist upon this view, you do but justify others in expressing a similar opinion about their own. It is well that you should deem your own geese swans, but you should keep the opinion to yourself.

There are as good fish in the sea as have ever come out of it; but there are none as good as some of those that have been hooked and lost.

Familiarity with great personages is a passport to the love of society, only second to that of having a title of your own. This passport is deemed irregular, however, so soon as ever you begin

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to thrust your familiarity into undue prominence. Allow your mention of them to slip out casually, as though in the multitude of your titled acquaintances it were a very little thing. But when you play a titled personage, play a big one, so that you may not be over-roughed.

Many people in society find it much easier, in a crowded assembly, to recognise a titled than an untitled acquaintance.

In the heap of invitation cards on the tables of some persons in society, those bearing the name of a titled host show a tendency to work to the top. A like tendency is noticeable with the finest strawberries in a market-woman's basket.

"Oh, don't you know Lady So-and-so? I thought everybody knew her!" is a species of remark in very frequent use for showing familiarity with good society.

The peccadilloes of persons in society appear to be of more general interest than their virtues—but in speaking of such it is fitting to clothe your narrative in the garb of charity. A story beginning, "I don't wish to say anything against So-and-so, but——" will seldom, at its close, leave much more to be said against "So-and-so."

The maxim of "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is often quoted as a salve to their conscience by those who have been busy in proving the saying that "*les absents ont toujours tort.*"

"Well, to tell you the honest truth," is often the preface behind which a persuasive reasoner will mask his most effective fictions.

When we say, "I know it is very bad taste on my part, but really I do not like So-and-so"—what we really mean is, "It is very bad taste on your part, but I know you like So-and-so."

To tell a man that "you are bound to believe him," is to inform him, under a thin veil of courtesy, that you do not.

The difficulty of which we so often complain "of knowing what we ought to do," might generally be far more accurately expressed as the difficulty of persuading ourselves to do what we know we ought.

When we say of a thing that "it cannot be lost," we generally mean that it cannot be found.

Never tell a lie unless it is going to be of use to you. Successful deception requires a far higher faculty for accuracy than simple adherence to the truth. If we gave other people credit

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for but half the astuteness which we ascribe to ourselves, we should be very much more guarded about our little hypocrisies.

It is one thing to be brimful of information, and another thing to let it bubble over where it is not wanted. The well-informed man is often as big a nuisance as the man of anecdote. A good anecdote is good in its place, a bad one is good nowhere, and a good one in the wrong place becomes a bad one.

The aim of most stories is the glory of the *raconteur*. No story is a good one in which the first personal pronoun becomes demonstrative. A boaster, however, is generally an honest man.

A story should be like a straight line—the shortest distance between two points. In some there is no point; most deviate, and some are as broad as they are long. Remember that breadth, in a story, cannot compensate for excessive length.

Remember that there are few who are capable of telling a story, and that dullness only becomes offensive when it tries to show its wit.

There is more stupidity shown in laughing at things that are not humorous than in failing to appreciate things that are.

The best jokes are those made in earnest.

The difficulty of the majority is not that their fund of information is full to brimming over, but that it is so quickly exhausted. If we only talked on subjects that we understood, there are many of us who might as well be dumb.

The person whose conversation most pleases us is the person who makes it easiest for us to talk.

If you should happen to have made a point in conversation, it is as well not to blunt it by further talk. There is a wonderful deal in knowing when to stop.

When the company is in mood for anecdotes, and you have several at your finger's end, it is well not to tell your best stories first. If as good as you suppose them, they may perhaps raise expectation too high, and your subsequent, less side-splitting ones may fall flat.

When our story is a true one, we care very little whether it is believed. What makes us so angry is the failure of our fictions.

If a man has sat silent during a conversation on an abstruse subject, and suddenly jerks in a remark which has a suggestion of

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perfect mastery of it, it is often worth while to catechise him in order to find out whether this remark is not the sum total of his knowledge. There are some who have cultivated the art of saying all they know in such a manner as to convey the impression of a lot in the background.

What most pleases us in books, or in another's word, is that which we knew already—something familiar to our own experience. It always strikes us as a little presumptuous of any one to have experiences in advance of our own.

He who can learn anything of human nature from a book must have been very near learning it without one.

Remember that it is not the slightest use arguing with a person who has not learnt the use of logical argument. Very few women have learnt to argue logically.

A bet is a fool's argument, but it is a very good argument to use with a fool; and the bigger the fool the better the argument —both financially and otherwise.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

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TALLEYRAND AND HIS MEMOIRS.

EVER since it became known that Talleyrand's 'Memoirs'* were at last to see the light, the literary world has been at the height of expectation; now that the first two volumes have appeared, the feeling of disappointment is as keen as was the expectation. "Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die."

Sainte-Beuve was right in predicting about thirty years ago: "Talleyrand will never reveal his real life, he will only state what is necessary to give it colour, for he possesses in equal degree the art of knowing what to say and what to suppress." The Duc de Broglie on his side tells us the 'Memoirs' contain nothing but "History." We take exception to the word, and venture to suggest that "Chronicles" would be more appropriate, and chronicles of a most partial kind too! As a proof of the way in which Talleyrand was biassed, this sketch of the King of Spain, betraying how the writer smarted under the disgrace he fell into in 1812, will speak for itself. "Joseph's power during his stay in Naples was merely the means of affording him amusement, as if he had been the fifteenth of his line in unbroken succession. On that throne he sought only the enjoyments of private life and indulged in an easy licentiousness, remarkable only because of the names and rank of the personages." Further on in the second volume a fresh outburst of bitterness, this time against the Emperor: "Napoleon's delight consisted in torturing, worrying, and humiliating those he had promoted, who in their turn, being constantly threatened and irritated, silently worked to undermine the power that had created them, and began already to look upon him as their chiefest enemy."

Talleyrand's 'Memoirs' do not satisfy our curiosity; it may be said, perhaps, that any publication, even from the pen of a

* 'Mémoirs du Prince de Talleyrand.' 2 vols. Calmann Lévy: Paris.

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Voltaire, could with difficulty survive the crushing fate of being expected for fifty years!

In 1838 the Prince Talleyrand, who had resigned his Embassy to London four years before, bequeathed the manuscript of his 'Memoirs' to his niece the Duchesse de Dino, who made a formal attestation of the validity of the first volumes. In his turn, M. de Bacourt, to whom the Duchess bequeathed the portion she possessed, certified the accuracy of the remaining volumes belonging to the "original copy."

At M. de Bacourt's death in 1865, it was found that he had entrusted the documents to the custody of two lawyers, M. Chatelain and M. Andral, imposing a delay of twenty years in addition to the thirty years fixed by Talleyrand. M. Paul Andral, the discreet and brilliant barrister, great diner-out and social favourite, entertained all Paris for thirty years with the announcement that these 'Memoirs' would prove *the* revelation of the age.

But that which is long looked for seldom comes up to our hopes, and the universal disappointment was to come. Since the year 1775, when Madame du Barry spoke of Talleyrand as, "that Little Abbé de Périgord who is not wanting in shrewdness," until March 1838, when he made his appearance at the Academy to wind up his career by singing the praises of Reinhardt,* the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, Talleyrand was always to the fore. He first held an appointment under Louis XVI.; he served under the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, the Restoration, and the government of Louis Philippe, accounting for his variable allegiances in the following manner: "The Pope having accepted my resignation of the Bishopric of Autun, I considered myself free, and my position obliged me to seek my fortune. I sought it unaided, as I did not desire my future to be identified with any particular party. There was not one that was in accordance with my own views. I reflected long, and finally determined to serve France for herself alone, in whatever circumstances she might be placed. There was good to be accomplished always, and I do not reproach myself therefore for having served under so many governments, from the Directory up to the moment of my writing. Besides it would have been impossible

* Sainte-Beuve says, playing on the name of Reinhardt: "Talleyrand ends his life by a mystification. He reminds one of the romance of 'Renard,' that satire of the Middle Ages, and his pompous eulogy on Reinhardt is like a parody on the romance.

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for France to pass at once from the condition of affairs after the Revolution, to a Monarchical government. Transitional governments, and indeed many, were necessary. Now that I have reached my eighty-second year, when I recall the many hours of my political life, I can say that of all the governments I have served, there is not one from which I have not received more than I have given."

The life of Talleyrand, as contained in his 'Memoirs,' is subdivided into twelve parts. The first half begins with his birth in 1754, and goes as far as the year 1810. The second half begins after the Revolution of 1830, and contains the account of the Prince's Embassy to London; it was no doubt written after he had resigned his post in 1834.

Two volumes of these 'Memoirs,' edited by the Duc de Broglie, appeared in March 1891, and the third and fourth volumes are to be published in the autumn.

It is impossible in the short space allotted to us here to treat of Talleyrand as a man, apart from Talleyrand as a politician; we must therefore be content with such glimpses of the man as we obtain from the 'Memoirs,' and firstly, whence did the Prince derive his name? The Emperor, who liked to feel that the "History of France" was represented in his ante-chambers, affected to call the Prince by the name that his family originally bore—that of *Taille-rangs*, a title of honour bestowed about the ninth century on one of the Périgords for his bravery in cutting through "the ranks" of the enemy.

Better provided with ancestors than with fortune, the father and mother of the Prince were compelled to devote Charles Maurice (a younger son of a numerous family) to the Church, a vocation not at all suited to his temperament, and the Prince's liberalism was no doubt the outcome of this early antagonism between duty and inclination. The life of pleasure he was inclined to lead, the disgust he felt at being forced to adopt an uncongenial profession, made him side with those who decried a system to which he attributed all his misfortunes, and the account Talleyrand gives of his early love-passages when he was at the seminary forms one of the most unexpected revelations in the 'Memoirs.'

"I met by chance in one of the chapels of the Church of St. Sulpice a young and beautiful girl, whose simple and modest demeanour pleased me greatly. I began to attend high mass more regularly. One day as we came out of church a heavy

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shower afforded me opportunity and courage to offer to accompany her home, if she did not live too far away. She accepted half the shelter of my umbrella. I went with her to the Rue Férou where she lodged; she permitted me to go up to her room and invited me to come again. At first I went to see her every three or four days, then more frequently. Her parents had obliged her to go on the stage against her inclination, and I had been unwillingly sent to a seminary. The parental control exercised in her case for profit and in mine for ambition, was the means of establishing an unreserved confidence between us. All the sorrows of my life, all my ill-humour, all her troubles and grievances formed the only subjects of our conversation. I have been told since that she had not much intelligence. Though I passed two years of my life seeing her almost daily, I never perceived this."

Such a simple idyll, at the starting-point of the career of so reserved and impenetrable a man as Talleyrand, is curious. The portrait he gives us of his mother is no less interesting; a breath of emotion seems to pass over it which we shall only feel again at the hearing of his end when speaking of his great niece Mdlle. de Périgord: "Pauline is my sole delight. The gentle approach of a pretty child has an infinite charm."

Speaking of his mother he says: "I used to prefer going to see my mother when she was alone, in order that I might the better enjoy the graces of her mind. Her ideas were expressed in language that was suggestive, not assertive. . . . Since then I have felt a great dislike for those persons who, in order to speak with greater accuracy, always employ technical terms. I believe neither in the mental gifts nor in the science of those who cannot find equivalents in simpler language, and whose talk is made up of definitions. They are indebted to a good memory only for what they know, and therefore they know nothing well."

On this subject Talleyrand is at one with Montaigne, who says: "I admire the stupidity of those who are mere scholars; their brains are so crammed with other peoples' ideas that there is no room left for any ideas of their own." When he was barely twenty-six years of age his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, obtained a good appointment for Talleyrand, over which he and his friend Lauzun, who afterwards accompanied him to England, had great rejoicings. Talleyrand gathered around him the most advanced Liberals in France, men of yesterday that were to become the heroes of the morrow. In his salon were to be seen the Buffons,

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the Duponts, the Laclos, the Holbachs of the day. Liberalism brought him into contact with Mirabeau. The two men first took stock of one another, then became fast friends, and when Mirabeau was dying, it was to Talleyrand he confided his schemes.

About 1790 Talleyrand made a fresh profession of Liberal views. "The rights of men have until now been misunderstood and insulted for centuries; there will always be open war against the oppressors of the people."

In '91, M. de Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, refusing to take the oath, Talleyrand is appealed to; but he declined the appointment. Besides, he was under the ban of excommunication. This fact, however, seems to have troubled him little, as he wrote to Lauzun: "Have you heard the last bit of news? I am excommunicated! come and sup with me and console me! I am shunned by all the world, fire and water are denied me! never mind! we will drink nothing but iced champagne." By way of diverting his mind from disgrace, Talleyrand undertook in 1792 a fruitless mission to England, in the hope of securing her neutrality. Lauzun (now become Duc de Biron) accompanied him; but they both met with a bad reception, so very soon returned to France, where Talleyrand espoused the cause of the Duc d'Orléans. In the first volume of the 'Memoirs' he sums up the character of that Prince. The portrait may be true to life, but it is hardly one that a French pen would care to reproduce for foreign readers. During his Embassy at the Court of St. James, Talleyrand was on intimate terms with Dumont, who described him thus: "The first impression M. de Talleyrand makes is cold; he says little and listens most attentively. His features suggest the idea of a softness that his deep tone of voice belies. His manner is distant and he is never off his guard. English people who have only certain preconceived notions of the French character, do not find in him either the national vivacity, familiarity, indiscretion or gaiety. His sententiousness, his frigid politeness and critical air make it difficult to approach him." Another description of Talleyrand from the pen of Laclos, the author of 'Les Liaisons Dangereuses,' seems to us a more subtle psychological analysis.

"*Amène* possesses that fascinating charm of manner that enhances virtue. The chief cause of his success is his intellectual power. *Amène* does not dream of raising up in a single day the whole edifice of a great reputation. He will succeed in all his

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endeavours because he knows how to take advantage of the opportunities that always come to those who do not rush at fortune. *Amène* yields to the force of circumstances and of reason, without sacrificing the principles that are the foundation of his moral character and conduct."

In the interval between his mission to London and his service under Bonaparte after the Egyptian campaign, Talleyrand went to America. There he made the most of his opportunities, observing keenly, and making pertinent remarks on everything that came under his notice. During his sojourn in the "States," he came to the conclusion that nothing separates men more completely than a difference of language. "There is a real barrier," he says, "between men who cannot utter a word without betraying to one another that they do not belong to the same country, and for whom every transmission of thought is a painful effort. The result of a fruitless and exhausting attempt to carry on a conversation, is a conviction that both talkers have only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous. In every part of America that I visited I never met a single Englishman who did not feel quite at home there."

On his return from this voyage in about 1797, Talleyrand was recalled by Barras, and succeeded Delacroix, the father of the famous painter, as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He soon began to lay the foundation of his immense fortune, not scrupling at once to profit by the seizure of American vessels when he held the post of *Ministre des relations extérieures.* Sainte-Beuve justly observes, with regard to Talleyrand's cynical cupidity, "A public man may have his defects, his passions, even his vices. But his vices must not absorb the whole man. If they do, when once he has accomplished his purpose he will return easily to his besetting sins." Chateaubriand's bitter summing up of Talleyrand's greed is still severer: "When Talleyrand is not conspiring, he is trading."

According to Napoleon's dictum that "men of birth were the best servants," Talleyrand was appointed Grand Chamberlain; a mere change of uniform anyhow, as his real position was always that of the skilled diplomatist.

His conduct during the interviews with the German Princes is carefully noted in the 'Memoirs' of the Baron Von Gagern, who quotes a cordial letter from Talleyrand. "I have often thanked fortune," he says, "for having given me a contemporary like yourself, as you understand me better than any one, and have

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also been good enough to help others to understand me. If we lived nearer to one another we would talk of nothing but what concerns you, the number of your children, their prospects in life, matters in which I take a keen interest, and about which I can only address you from a distance."

Meanwhile, Talleyrand had married the "*belle Indienne*" Mrs. Grant, as stupid a woman as she was handsome, and so detested by Napoleon that he involved her in her husband's disgrace in 1812 by sending her admirer, the Duc de San Carlos, into exile.

Talleyrand's disgrace did not last, as Napoleon then missed an able master of the ceremonies (the Emperor's love of pomp was above all), and speaking of the Prince de Bénévent, a title conferred on Talleyrand in 1807, he said, "No man understands the world, the times, governments, and peoples better than he does. He has left me, but I dismissed him rather roughly myself." "Roughly" is a mere euphemism. Napoleon's brutality was something more than "rough."*

Still, however necessary both Napoleon and Talleyrand were to each other, the Duc d'Enghien's murder rose constantly between them.

"Talleyrand betrayed me in Spain," said the Emperor to Roederer. "He declared that he went on his knees imploring me not to carry out the Spanish affair, whereas he was really spurring me on. . . . He behaved in the same way with regard to the Duc d'Enghien, whom I did not even know except through Talleyrand. I was ignorant of his whereabouts, and after advising me to get rid of him, Talleyrand joined the friends of the Duke in bemoaning his death." †

The very year of his disgrace Talleyrand had left his luxurious home in the Rue d'Anjou, where he entertained all Paris, and where Crescentini, Grassini, Talma and Garat had contributed their talents to the costly splendour of his receptions. The Prince had acquired a palace in the Rue de Varennes, but the loss of his lucrative appointments threw him into difficulties. Napoleon purchased the house in the Rue d'Anjou in order to help him, and Talleyrand once more was restored to favour, which did not eventually prevent Napoleon from writing in his 'Memoirs of St. Helena': "I have known Talleyrand intimately for sixteen

* "It is a pity," Talleyrand used to say, "that such a great genius should have had such a bad bringing up."

† 'Memoirs,' vol. i.

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years. I have bestowed on him some marks of my favour, yet he is assuredly the greatest enemy of our house now that fortune has abandoned it." According to Sainte-Beuve, Talleyrand devoted the intervals between the periods of his disgrace to literature, preparing his 'Memoirs,' and revising his 'Notes on America' for the Academy.

M. de Chateaubriand harshly condemns the Prince for his marvellous flexibility, that power of adapting himself to circumstances and submitting even to imperial "brutalities." Are his strictures just, however? The evident pleasure he takes in showing up Talleyrand's weak points leads us to think he is too severe.

Once only did the Prince de Bénévent drop his impenetrable mask, as Louis XVIII. leaving Mons let him understand that a new government might be established in France without his co-operation. "He foamed with rage," writes Chateaubriand (who was not present); "the King's coolness staggered him." It must be borne in mind that the King was then no less fickle than Talleyrand, as he recalled Talleyrand, appointing him his Chamberlain and private agent. From Chateaubriand's exaggerated account here we may conclude that Talleyrand was not quite callous, and that on rare occasions he betrayed the mortification he felt.

As a rule, personal interest was the sole motive which regulated his actions. It was this motive, according to Sainte-Beuve, that led him to desert the Empress at Blois in 1814, to retrace his steps to the Hôtel St. Florentin and join the conferences presided over by his guest, the Emperor of Russia. Still it should be admitted that there were at that time many men who would have shown as little chivalry, and who could not have boasted of Talleyrand's consummate diplomatic skill and *savoir faire* in dealing with international councils.

The Hôtel St. Florentin* was during the presence of the Allies in Paris the centre of attraction; the first floor occupied by the Emperor of Russia, whilst the ex-Abbé de Périgord, assisted by his secretaries, dictated and revised documents in the ground-floor rooms. One morning the Prince sat leaning back in his armchair, resting his feet against the chimney-piece, and giving his secretary Perrey instructions to burn the document containing

* This house, better known as the *Hôtel* Talleyrand, forms the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue St. Florentin. It stands opposite the office of Marines, and belongs now to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

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the damning statement showing that the Prince was officially concerned in, and a consenting party to, the putting to death of the Duc d'Enghien. At that identical moment the Emperor sent for Talleyrand—Perrey drew the document out of the fire —the Prince was duped, and never knew it had been saved from destruction.

Although Talleyrand was outwitted for once in his life, Sainte-Beuve's statement is none the less true, that in comparison with him all other men were mere puppets.

The eminent lawyer Berryer, who could tell a good story quite as well as he could defend a cause, delighted in contrasting the difference between even the best of state officials and the wondrously brilliant leader Talleyrand. One of his narratives runs thus :— In 1814 the Prince was at the head of a plot to place Napoleon II. on the Imperial throne ; *àpropos* of this the Abbé de Pradt told the following story—"I desired," said the Abbé, "to get at the truth, without of course confessing M. de Talleyrand. I reflected that at his age men are often as garrulous as old women, when they wake in the morning. I timed my visit accordingly, and found the Prince in bed. He presented a most extraordinary appearance. His small face was lost under fourteen night-caps. He was lying in a hollow, with his head and feet raised." (This was to ward off apoplexy, the late Bishop's dread ! the caps were worn to protect his head in case he fell out of bed.) "He soon began to talk, and I found out all *I* wanted to know."

"But," added Berryer, "as a matter of fact, Talleyrand told the Abbé no more than *he* meant to reveal, and Pradt was merely a puppet, like all those who tried to make him speak !" After the "Cent jours," Talleyrand glided from a regency to a monarchy with his accustomed ease ; we find him in 1820 holding the post of Grand Chamberlain to Louis XVIII. just as he held it under Napoleon ! He formed a close intimacy with Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, an association characterized bitterly by Chateaubrand as "Vice supported by crime."

In 1823, a year before the fall of Louis XVIII., the Prince devotes himself to the care of his liver. Writing from Bourbonne to a lady in Paris, he says : "A water-drinker eaten up with rheumatism, who looked on the dark side of everything, has just left. We, on the contrary, see things through rose-coloured glasses. I have expressed these two views of the same matters in a single line of verse—

'Le malheur est partout et le bonheur aussi.'

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A few years later, when the Prince was in London, he writes to the same friend on the death of Canning: "I sent you yesterday the news of Canning's death. For twenty-four hours there was a total cessation of business, and in the course of the day a hundred thousand bulletins were issued from Downing Street. The primary cause of his illness seems to have been a dinner at the house of the Ambassador of Naples. He had, as usual, eaten too heartily, inflammation set in and could not be subdued."

Talleyrand's letters, like his 'Memoirs,' consist chiefly of bare statements, and he lets us see little of the real man; now and then we find touches of the cynical way in which he treats sentiment, as for instance, when he speaks of some of the *doctrinaires* and their love affairs.

"M. le Rémusat has just married the beautiful Mdlle. de l'Asteyrie, and he *means to be* very much in love with her." Further on: "M. Guizot is to marry Mdlle. Dillon; he has fallen in love after all, just like any other man."

In 1830, Talleyrand is despatched on a second mission to London, but this time his success is as great as his failure had been in "'92."

Old age, however, was now creeping on—even for Talleyrand—and in 1834 he retired to Valençay, where he resided with his niece Madame de Dino. It is from thence he wrote to Baron von Gagern. "I am quite overjoyed not only because of the pleasure I derive from the society of my niece, but because I am living in her home." Four years after his retreat at Valençay, 1838, death was at hand, and Talleyrand determined to meet it standing. In these last days he recalls pleasant memories, and expresses his devotion to his niece in the letter we have already quoted addressed to Baron von Gagern. Now, too, comes the closing public scene when he makes his appearance at the Academy to deliver the famous eulogy on Reinhard; just as Voltaire had insisted on going in a half-dying condition to the representation of "Irene."

When the Prince on the 3rd of March, 1838, entered the Academy, supported by the President Droz and another member, he looked more dead than alive, and two months later the Prince ended his career in the arms of the Bishop of Orleans, Dupanloup.

To say that the Preface from the pen of the Duc de Broglie is an admirable introduction to the 'Memoirs,' and just what was

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to be expected from so distinguished a writer, is only to repeat what all the world knows. Telling us nothing where the 'Memoirs' are silent, the Duke passes with rapid and indifferent steps through the ante-chambers, takes a haughty stride across the apartments of the Directory and hurries impatiently through those of the Emperor. When the Congress of Vienna is reached, there is a pause of satisfaction. Talleyrand's political attitude in 1814 is ably handled, and so is the subject of his Embassy to London.

As to the 'Memoirs' themselves, all that they contain of interest has been made known to the public, and, with the exception of the chapter on Philippe Egalité, they bring no fresh revelations. There seems to be no reason why the 'Memoirs' could not have been published in Talleyrand's lifetime during the reign of Louis XVIII. or Charles X., but it would have been impossible for the portrait of the "Duc d'Orléans" to appear in the days when Louis Philippe was King.

By allowing his executors to extend the period of thirty years' delay he had himself imposed, and by declaring that all other documents purporting to be his 'Memoirs,' even if in his own handwriting, were apocryphal and untrustworthy, no doubt Talleyrand thought he should protect himself against fraud. He imagined that nothing would be divulged but what he chose to reveal—nothing suppressed for the sake of money.

But he never reflected how difficult it would be to protect his manuscripts against mutilation, neither did he foresee what History would reveal. The archives have been opened, and innumerable autograph manuscripts and authentic documents that he had left and forgotten have come to light, and now that the appointed hour has come for the publication of the 'Memoirs,' the public have long been in possession of the best he thought to reserve for them, already know the worst of what he has chosen to suppress, and are not deceived by his most skilful expedients and perversions.

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

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WITH ROD AND LINE.

Of all sportsmen, fishermen are perhaps most dependent upon the weather. There are so few really good fishing-days in the course of the season. A fisherman myself, and a keen one to boot, my sympathies extend very far to all brother anglers, and to the utmost to those, the hard-worked men of business, who love the sport and get so little of it. Bank Holidays come so seldom, and when they do, it is well-nigh hoping against hope that they should be good fishing-days. Those who, like myself, can hunt, shoot, or fish just as they feel inclined, and with no claims of business to hinder them, are perhaps hardly aware how great a disappointment it is to our brother-sportsmen, whose opportunities of indulging in their favourite sport are so very few and far between, when the long-looked-for day arrives and they reach the river-side to find that everything is against them —the wind north-east, the water low and clear—not a fish to be caught. The tackle so carefully prepared and got together, perhaps at no inconsiderable trouble and expense, useless; the one day gone, and nought but an empty creel to show at its close.

On such occasions as these (and they are by no means infrequent), I must confess to feeling what is called "very sorry" for the many whose hopes of sport have been so frustrated. A year or two ago I chanced to be staying in one of the loveliest of our English villages, some three hours' distance by rail from London. The river which runs through it is famous for its good trout fishing; and if there *is* one spot in this country which may aptly be styled the "home of trout," it is surely there. The May-fly season was at its height, and I was fortunate enough to have several really good days' sport.

Each Friday evening a large detachment of business men

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from London arrived, all eager to get to the river-side; and within an incredibly short space of time after their arrival they were to be seen making the best of their way to their favourite spots, each trying to dodge the other, so as to be the first there to secure the "cast."

Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday they fished and fished, and many of them were craftsmen of no mean order, and spared neither pains nor patience to secure sport.

Now I stayed on in that village for a month, and, as I have before observed, had a good deal of sport; yet as sure as Friday evening arrived, the weather, which had been favourable throughout the previous days, changed. The wind got into the east and remained there until Monday; the result being that scarcely any fish were obtained during those days. Could luck have been worse? All these men came a long distance by rail in the hopes of getting a few hours' fishing during the very best time of the whole season. They possessed the *skill*, but the fish would not rise or look at anything in the shape of a fly. It was indeed distressing! However, such are the chances against the fisherman.

But let us change the scene, and suppose that weather, water, everything, is all we could desire. It is a heaven-born day for fishermen, but a woful one for trout and flies. Ere the river-side is well reached, circles here and there on the scarce ruffled surface of the water proclaim that the fish are "on the feed," and that the fly is coming down, not the "May-fly" though as yet, that will follow later on in the day. Carefully examine that spruce-looking little fly which is sailing down stream towards you, in blissful ignorance of the many dangers which imperil its voyage. If it remains on the water, the chances are ten to one that some trout will suck it down with an aldermanic chuckle; let it try a flight, and it is equally certain to be seized by one of the many swifts which with lightning speed are skimming up and down the stream in search of such dainty morsels. Poor little insect! he has scarce time to look around him and to view the world, before he is out of it. We may as well try to save him, at all events for a time, and satisfy our curiosity as to his "kind." As luck will have it, he has crawled on to the handle of the landing-net and proves to be a "pale Olive Dun." There are more of his relations coming this way, and the "rise," as it is termed in piscatorial parlance, is well begun. There is a rise under the opposite bank, and it looks like that of a good fish. Arm

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yourself with an artificial "Pale Olive" and "go for him." Be careful to measure the distance as exactly as you can, gauging it over the water below you, so as not to scare him with the wave of your rod. That is about it; now, put your fly a foot or two above him, and as lightly as you can, and keep your hand still, until he takes it or it has passed over him. He came at it, but thought better of it. About six inches more line, so as to let a little more of the "slack" go with the fly, and prevent its dragging until it has passed him, will be as well. Now, have at him again. Missed it again. No, by Jove! you're into him, and he's a good fish too, and no mistake. Hold him out of the weeds, and keep level with him. Don't hurry him, he's well hooked. If you *can*, bring him in there. I think he will come now, try him. No, he's not half done yet. He's a rare good fish, for I saw him then. Now he'll come. All right, keep steady, and hold him away from that bunch of weeds. Whoop! I thought he was a good fish. He's nearer three pounds than two, and in very good condition. Another fish rose just above that willow bush on this side while you were playing this fish, and I think, unless I am mistaken, he has just moved again, but it's an awkward cast, because of the bush, but he's worth trying for, anyhow, and if you make your cast back-handed it will be all the better, unless you can use your rod with your left hand, as you will be less likely to be caught up in the bushes, but it's a most difficult place to put a fly into, and the least blunder will scare the fish. Good! that ought to fetch him. No; he has moved further up, and rose again under that bunch of king cups. Don't follow him, but wait a bit, and he'll most probably come back again, and if you follow him he may very likely see you as he doubles back to his old spot. These "travelling gents" are always difficult to catch. There! I told you so, he's back again, and rose on the old spot; put your fly well above him, and dry it well first. He's missed it, and you're hung up to dry. No; he's hooked. What a piece of luck the line drawing off the bush! Haul in the line with your hand, never mind the reel, only take care not to tread on it, and to keep it clear. Keep him away from the roots of the bush, or he'll break you to a moral. Now then, follow him and keep level with him. I can't see him as yet, but I fancy he's a better fish than the last. Mind your foot in the line. How he does fight! Tell me when you're ready. All right, I can get him here, if you can hold him steady

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He's a good fish, and you may congratulate yourself at having got him out of such a cramped place, but the best fish always seem to select the most ungetatable places. Let me weigh the two. He is just over three pounds, and the other two and three-quarters. If you don't get any more all day you won't have done badly. But I think we had better be moving on to the big shallows below, for the fish have given over rising for a bit, and I expect the "May-fly" will be coming down very soon. And so we wend our way to renew the campaign at intervals, throughout the long day, until it gets too dark to see to fish, and as we return home in the gloaming with seven or eight brace of really good, well-conditioned fish, I am well content to know that my companion has indeed added a red-letter day to his fishing diary, and only regret that the exigencies of business necessitate his return to town on the morrow. I know full well what a real pleasure the day's sport has been to him, and, I may add, to me also.

People who are not fishermen, and who consequently do not care for the sport, have but little idea what an all-absorbing interest it has for those who are, and do. There is so much uncertainty in it, and so much real art. To be a good fisherman demands a keen observation, a quick and supple wrist, delicacy of touch, and patience; to say nothing of a knowledge of the habits of fish, and also (I refer only to fly fishing) of those of the water-flies on which they feed. Now all this is not acquired either quickly or easily. To become a good fisherman a man must be keen and very much in earnest, and ever humble-minded, and ready and apt to learn, and to go on learning; for, believe me, he will ever find something new, whether it be as sportsman or naturalist.

I have heard it remarked by those who knew no better, that fishing is a sport only fit for old men, &c. &c., as if it were too contemptible to be included in the category of English sports, and beneath notice. I have before me now, as I write, the names of some of our very best sportsmen, the *very* best men to hounds, who are as keen by the river-side with a rod, as by the covert-side in a saddle, and as far as my own experience goes, I have generally found your true sportsmen keen all round. I often think how great must be the longing of those, who are compelled by business to spend the golden days of summer in the stifling heat of a London office, to be beside the banks of the stream they know so well, and where, in fancy, they can see

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the trout rising at the flies as the latter come sailing down. In winter or autumn, it is perhaps not so trying to have to forego the pleasures of hunting and shooting, but these warm, bright summer days seem made for every living creature (man especially) to revel in and enjoy to the full. Yet how, poor fellow! can he but take life somewhat sadly when he is compelled to stew and to drudge for bare life within the four walls of an office? If he goes out into the streets, the very smell of the numerous restaurants and eating-houses is enough to sicken him. Steaming joints on such a day as this! A simple crust of bread and cheese by the river-side, would be far superior to anything which the art of a Francatelli or a Soyer could offer him. It is sadly true that the difficulty of obtaining good fishing *anywhere*, and I may add at *any price*, is daily becoming greater, and fish are becoming scarce and shy. Wherever there is a stream within reasonable reach of the tourist or holiday maker, it is sure to be either strictly preserved by the owner, or else farmed out to an Association; that is to say, if there are any fish in it at all worth fishing for. Go where you will—north, south, east, or west—it is the same story. London and the large towns pour forth a heavy contingency armed with rods, all bound for the river-side, on every holiday. Many of them travel very far in order to obtain but a few hours' sport. The night trains for the North on the Friday night convey many a fisherman who will have to return to business on the following Tuesday or Wednesday morning. It seems a long way to go, just for the chance of catching a few trout. This fact alone bespeaks the extraordinary fascination which fishing possesses for a fisherman.

If you, my brother angler, to whom fortune has been more bountiful, and who have all day and well-nigh every day in which to fish, at your disposal, chance to meet any one of the fraternity thus struggling for a day's sport, I pray you to respect his efforts, to try by every means in your power to show him and to yield to him the better portions of the stream, and to endeavour to further his enjoyment in any way you can. He can scarce fail to be a good fellow, being such a keen sportsman; he may be a duffer with a rod, but that is hardly likely to be the case, or he would not have travelled so far for sport; put him in the way of all you know, and be sure you will never regret the kind action, or he soon forget it, and you will at all events have done *some* good in your life, if only by that simple act of kindness and courtesy to one of the brethren. What fisherman

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is there who is a stranger to the feeling of anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness which possesses him when, having reached his favourite pool or trout cast, he sees that he has been forestalled, and that another rod is gleaming in the air just exactly where he had so counted on being able to make play with his own? Think, then, what must it be to the man who has taken such infinite trouble, and probably been at so much expense, to be similarly "sold"; but mark how the crestfallen look will vanish and his countenance brighten, when you offer him your "point of vantage," and prove to be no "obstructionist," but rather a good genius! Be sure that he is thinking what a real good fellow you are, and congratulating himself that the good feeling which does and ever should exist amongst all the brethren of the "Gentle Art" is so manifested towards him. If "Manners makyth man," good manners make good fishermen.

Dear reader, yet one thing more let me beg of you if you profess to be a fisherman, and that is, never to sully your title to the name by lowering yourself sufficiently to "do" so good a fish as is a trout to death with a worm, if he is to be caught with a fly. Of course I do not mean to say that you must *never* use a worm, that would perhaps be asking too much, because there *are* times when you may find yourself having journeyed far to the river-side, unable to use a fly, by reason of the water being too thick or high from flood, but this is an exceptional case. The trade of the worm-fisher is *not* a cleanly one, nor is it devoid of cruelty. They say that worms do not feel. Now how *can* we tell, and who are the "they" who say these things? Let those who so assert read Darwin's clever and deeply-interesting book on Earthworms. I cannot but believe that they would think less lightly of them than they do. I am fully aware that the man who can skilfully use a worm in clear water is no mean performer, but how much more would it redound to his credit if he had devoted the same amount of energy in acquiring the art of fishing with a fly? Heavy baskets of trout are annually taken by such and similar means, but, as a rule, those who adopt this style of fishing do not hesitate to take out all and everything they catch; adults or babies, all go into the basket, nothing is ever returned to the river as being undersized. In my opinion, each and every river should have its limit of size, and the rule should be most rigidly enforced. In Hampshire it is thought an unpardonable sin to take out a trout of less than a

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pound in weight, or any fish by any means other than with an artificial fly, and the man who transgresses either of these rules is looked upon with no little disfavour by his fellow-men. There a few really good fish are preferred to ten times the number of undersized ones; but fly food is plentiful and fish run large. In other counties, where the average is smaller, the limit of size might be proportionately reduced. In the northern and Welsh streams, the very moderate limit of four ounces might well be enforced, and by these means the average size of trout throughout the country would very soon be sensibly increased and the sport very much bettered.

The spectacle presented by a full-grown man, armed to the teeth with any amount of tackle, pulling out trout scarce larger than sardines, is a truly absurd one. The reply may be, "If I can't catch rats, I must content myself with mice." Surely if you can't catch rats, it is better to try to? There are always *some* good fish to be caught or tried for, and it is far better to return home "clean" (as the Scotch sea-fishermen call it) than to empty out of your basket a pile of wretched baby-fish. Put such miserable fry back again to grow. You surely do not fish for the pot, and you must feel some slight touch of shame in exhibiting them on your return home; and in returning them to their native element, in mercy be gentle and patient with the poor struggling mite. Remove the hook as tenderly and carefully as you can. Don't tear it out, and shy the wretched little creature yards high into the air. It is not his fault he is so small; he but paid you the compliment of mistaking your artificial for a natural fly, and knew no better, or rest assured he would not so have erred.

It is asserted, and I believe in a very great measure truthfully so, that fish do not feel physical pain; but we have no right to say that they are absolutely insensible to it, and I am quite certain that they cannot be indifferent to having their gills torn out, and being roughly handled, and squeezed.

But I have rambled somewhat away, and have, so to speak, left the main stream of my subject. I could not help it, and have but my apologies to offer to the reader for the digression. He may, perchance, read the foregoing pages as he travels in search of sport with Rod and Line. That all good luck may be his is the sincere wish of his humble servant,

A. HERON.

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GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

IV.—TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE first man who named the southern extremity of Africa went nearer a true descriptive title than the King of Portugal, who, rightly believing it led to India, changed the appellation of Cape Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape, to that which stands at the head of this article. It is emphatically the place of storms, and though outsiders are accustomed to consider Cape Horn the most dangerous spot for seafaring in the world of water, they are entirely wrong. For one thing the winds during three-quarters of the year are really regular there, and even if they do blow hard, they do not create the confused and cross sea, which off the Agulhas Bank at the Cape of Good Hope constitutes a terror to seamen. In that quarter, about 40 per cent. of the winds that blow take rank, from the meteorological point of view, as storms. And of these storms, 42 per cent. are north-west gales, 29 per cent. south-west, 5 per cent. easterly, and 7 per cent. south-easterly; while to aggravate the situation and give a lively aspect of uncertainty to matters, 17 per cent. are exceptional, and blow unexpectedly from anywhere. It is true this weather does not always affect steamers to the Cape, for there is a difference between the weather south of the Agulhas Bank and that north of it. Still even there it is very bad. And in the general bad character of the windy months, July stands pre-eminent for the number and strength of its storms.

All this meteorological trouble is caused by the simple fact that the great Agulhas current, coming down the east coast of Africa, meets to the southward of the Cape the N.-E. Antarctic drift current. This is the opposition of hot and cold, and storms result from it. In consequence of the circumscribed area, these storms shift suddenly and often with great violence, and cause the heavy cross, pyramidal, and irregular sea which is characteristic

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of the Cape, The south-east gales are curiously local in character. Taking a map of the south of Africa, one may note Cape Hanglip and Danger Point. The wind may blow very lightly there, while it has the force of a heavy gale at Table and Simon's Bays. There is one curious fact in connection with this storm area, and that is that there is always less sea on the Agulhas Bank, where soundings may be obtained in 60 or 70 fathoms, than anywhere near it. The worst sea is found to the south and east of the bank.

The "Roaring Forties" are the latitudes between 40° and 50° S. It was formerly believed that the winds there were like those off Cape Horn, usually westerly, but more exact observation shows that they were like most other storms, really cyclonic; though as these cyclones revolve in the direction of the hands of a watch, and as most vessels going to the westward did not go south of the revolving storm centre, they were usually in that part of the disturbed area in which the wind was westerly, veering gradually from the south-west quarter into the north-west.

Still in spite of the possibility of coming across something exceptionally disagreeable in the form of a gale, the voyage to the Cape is about the pleasantest that can be taken, whether for rest or for health. The greater portion of the distance run is in very fine weather, and though the steamship lines going thither have to encounter the Bay of Biscay, that part of the ocean is not by any means so bad as it is painted, and is very often beaten easily by the North Atlantic.

The chief lines which do Cape business are the Union Steamship Company, and the Castle Line, of which Sir Donald Currie is the guiding spirit. The Union boats are 21 in number; their aggregate tonnage is 57,781 tons. Other vessels which run to the Cape are cargo boats, belonging to the South African and International Lines. Both are associations of brokers. Another is the Clan Line, which at one time had an odd character for very bad luck. Bullard and King's boats and those belonging to Rennie run direct to Natal, and are for the most part "cargo" pure and simple.

The *Scot*, of 6500 tons and 10,000 I.H.P., which will soon be ready to join the fleet of the Union Company, will be by far the finest and fastest boat in the whole African mail service. But there is much discussion and even controversy as to whether a boat of such size, burning the coal necessary to run some 17 knots, will pay in the present state of Cape trade. The whole of

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the mail subsidy, including the service to Cape Town and Natal, is but £39,000. No one in any of the Mail Lines is satisfied with the subsidies given by the Post Office or the Colonial authorities. Without any direct word to that effect, it is very easy to see that they are thought grossly insufficient. When we consider that this Union Company burns over 130,000 tons of Cardiff coal in a year, probably costing £70,000 or more, one may see some reason in this. And it is a great point for consideration whether a large vessel which will enormously increase this coal bill, and which will compete for passengers against the other steamers belonging to the same Company, is a good investment.

Being on board a Union boat some time ago I was curious to learn why the saloon and so many of the first-class berths were aft of the engine-room and over the shaft. This is due, oddly enough, to the fact that the docks at Cape Town are comparatively short. Therefore the length of these vessels has been to some extent curtailed, and the requisite room for a long saloon could not well be obtained in the forward part of the vessel. One extra item of expense for the *Scot*, in which this defect is remedied, will be the necessity for her lying outside at the jetty, where the charges and dues are higher. It will be some time yet before the Cape Town Harbour authorities will have sufficient room for such vessels, but as they have commenced enclosing the outer harbour, there will be space eventually.

The screw and propeller vibration, which in old days was such a fearful discomfort to ocean travellers, has, since the days of the triple-expansion engines, been very much mitigated. The older compound engines, with their two cranks set at right angles on the shaft, work with much less smoothness than the newer type with the three cranks set at angles of 120°. The thrust of the cranks is so much more uniform that it is comparatively easy to know whether one has compound or triple-expansion engines on board without going to the engine-room and counting the cylinders. This easiness of working is part of the economy of the newer system, though the main economy of course is the 25 per cent. less coal burnt for the same speed. In the compound engine, quite a third and even more of the energy possible to use went out into the exhaust. Thus by adding a small high-pressure cylinder, and delivering the steam at a great pressure, an engine of 4000 H.P. becomes one of 6000. This of course only became possible with boilers capable of delivering

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steam at a pressure of 160 lbs. or more. But many triple-expansion engines use it at 180 lbs. now, and will some day go beyond it. The quadruple-expansion or four-cylinder engine is yet in the trial stage. As a general rule, the steam leaving the third cylinder has so far expanded that it can do very little work, if any. One thing for the untechnical mind to note with interest is that the third or largest cylinder will, with perhaps only 1½ lbs. or 2 lbs. of steam pressure per inch, do as much work as the intermediate and the high-pressure cylinder, on account of the vacuum produced by the condenser. This vacuum at the bottom of the cylinder pulls while the feeble steam pushes; a vacuum of 26 inches gives thus the pressure of the atmosphere, and makes the working pressure per inch fully 15 lbs. And as the area of the cylinders grows larger and larger, having more square inches for the steam to push at and the vacuum to pull at, the last cylinder of all, which we would have thought incapable of work, will in a 6000 H.P. engine do its proper one-third of the task.

All of the steamers belonging to the Union Line are now "tripled." The Castle Line has one undergoing conversion at present, and when that is ready to resume her place, the *Norham Castle*, which is now compound, will go to the yards to get made a third stronger.

As the main point of interest in any steamer, whether she runs to the Cape or elsewhere, is the engine-room, it will be well to give an illustration of the energy developed by these marine engines. To the untechnical, the phrase "horse-power" means little or nothing. It is the unit adopted to measure the work done, or capable of being done, and means the energy or power which can lift 33,000 lbs. one foot high in one minute. When I was on board the *Majestic* at Liverpool, I made a slight calculation of the energy of her engines when they are indicating 16,000 H.P. Every minute they run at this rate, they develop the energy of 528,000,000 foot-pounds, or, as there happen to be 5280 feet in a mile, power which is sufficient to raise one pound through a hundred thousand miles. The energy developed in a six days' ocean trip is 4,563,920,000,000 foot-pounds. And astonishing as the figures are, they are even more astonishing when one reflects that this energy is only 14 per cent. of the potential energy of the coal. For the rest is, as I said in my second article, lost by imperfect combustion, friction, evaporation, &c. &c.

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Next to the engines comes the screw, which is the final cause of the engines themselves. The number of the blades, the pitch of the screw and its materials are points of interest. It is often found that a three or even a two blade propeller does more work than one of four. Since phosphor and manganese bronze blades were introduced, it has been found that a galvanic action is set up between the blade metal and the iron of the hull. This latter is often deeply pitted not only close to the stern post, but even a long distance from it. To obviate this destructive effect plates of zinc are placed near the screw on the stern post, and the zinc then suffers instead of the vessel itself. The life of a screw varies greatly, but it may last for years. As a rule they break off close to the centre in which they revolve and to which they are bolted. As the blade thrusts away the water it gives a little, and this constant working fatigues the metal until the blade drops off. To render them longer lived, phosphor bronze blades are now manufactured with a steel core, which greatly strengthens them. Very curiously, the thrusting or after-side of the blade is never much worn away, but the other side is usually very deeply pitted, and needs sometimes a coat of cement in addition to the paint.

When on the *Norham Castle* I was told by Mr. Davidson, the engineer, that the blades of that vessel's propeller had run 24,000,000 revolutions and were still apparently fairly sound, although a little worn at the thin tips. One of the chief advantages of bronze as a material is that its toughness allows the blade to be made thinner, thus reducing the friction with which the edge of the fans cut the water. The revolutions by the *Norham Castle's* propeller represent about seven voyages out and home to the Cape, for the usual number of revolutions for a single passage out is about 1,750,000. If it were not for what is known as the "slip" of the screw, it would require about 16 per cent. less. The "slip" is the loss which comes from the water being to some extent yielding. The pitch of a screw is the distance it would advance in one completed revolution if it were working in a thread of solid material. Thus the screw of the *Athenian*, in which I lately went to Lisbon, is 24 feet in pitch. But as it cannot move ahead to that extent in water, "slip" results. From this cause in a marine engineer's daily report he puts down the distance run actually and the theoretical distance as well, which is always more. The difference is the "slip."

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There is no possibility of determining with absolute accuracy at what angle the blades of a propeller should be set; or what its pitch should be. It depends on so many causes, that nothing but experiment in each particular can be relied on. As the form of a vessel is the greatest item in calculating her speed, so it determines in great measure the work her screw will do. Some vessels could never be forced through the water with any considerable velocity, though they had the most powerful engines and twin screws; and Mr. Barnaby, in his lectures on the Propeller, gives, on the high authority of Sir Frederick Bramwell, an extraordinary case in which a small boat, on being fitted with engines and screw, went astern whichever way the fans turned.

As it is with the life of a blade, so it is with that of a shaft; there is little possibility of reckoning it. When it does break, the fracture is usually about half-way between the propeller and "thrust block;" but the loss of the Union boat the *American* in 1880 was due to a rare accident. The tail shaft broke, as is supposed, close to the aftermost bulkhead, and having been bent in some way, it made a circle and tore out part of the stern plating of the vessel before the engines could be stopped. The violent revolutions of the engines when released from the restraint of the screw caused a fracture in part of the machinery, rendering the great steam pumps unavailable. Even if they could have been used, it is doubtful whether they would have done more than defer the final catastrophe, for though the main pumps on a vessel of 4000 H.P. can put, say, 3000 tons of water over the side in one hour, that represents very little more than will enter the ship through a hole of ten inches diameter. The *American* sank in six hours. All the passengers were saved; some of them were put on board a passing steamer, the *Senegal*, which was within a few days lost on a rock near the Grand Canary. During the panic which ensued, a boat containing some of the rescued passengers was upset, and Mr. John Paterson, Member of the Cape of Good Hope Legislature, was drowned.

The Union Steamship Company, to which this vessel belonged, is another example of shipping lines of great magnitude springing from very small beginnings. The Company was formed in 1853, and was at first intended to engage in the coal-carrying trade, but as the Crimean war broke out, the five vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 2327 only, ran from Southampton to Constantinople and Smyrna in place of the P. and O. boats,

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which were occupied in postal and war services. After the war, in 1856, the vessels traded between Southampton and Brazilian ports with cargoes. This business was, however, not very profitable, and some of the steamers were taken off and sent voyaging between Hamburg and Liverpool. But in 1857 the Company took a contract from the Government to run the mails to the Cape, and they have been engaged in this ever since, though the service has been shared with the Castle Line from the year 1873.

The relations between these two companies give a good example of the difficulty of upsetting a monopoly which is well established. The Natal Steamship Company in 1872 entered into opposition with the Union Company. Previous to this the Diamond Steamship Company had withdrawn their vessels, owing to their failure to secure a subsidy. Then, between 1868 and 1870, the Cape of Good Hope Company tried to take from the Union Line some of its business. But they all came to grief within a very short time. But when Messrs. Donald Currie put their vessels on this station, trade was rapidly increasing, owing in a great measure to the discovery of diamonds, and as the Union Company saw there was little probability of their retaining all the trade, an arrangement was come to between the rivals. Naturally enough, the merchants in Africa were strongly in favour of helping the line, which has now become the Castle Line, to hold its own, and when the Union Company obtained an increase of time in its original contract for mail carrying, the Cape Colony and merchants connected with the neighbouring colonies assisted the owners of the Castle Line in obtaining the withdrawal of this new contract. Shortly after, the Cape Colony subsidized the new comers, and gave them part of the mails to carry at a reduced price. But in 1876 the mail contract was finally divided between the rivals, who since then have had nothing but their own good work to rely on in obtaining the cargo and passenger trade.

In addition to the service to Cape Town, these lines carry the mails to Natal, to Delagoa Bay, to Inhambane, Quillimane, and Ibosc. The Castle Line runs steamers direct from Flushing to South Africa, carrying mails for the Dutch Government. It is in the neighbourhood of Mozambique that the English boats enter into rivalry with the Portuguese, who have vessels on the coast of that part of Africa, which belongs to them, or which they claim. A very important place promises to be

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Bevia, on the Pungue River, which is the natural entrance to Mashonaland, whither Lord Randolph Churchill is going. It seems a pity, from many points of view, that we do not hold the Pungue River ourselves. The Portuguese are, to put it mildly, not very good business men, and do not do everything to encourage general trade. In the opinion of most South Africans they are the curse of Africa; but as the Anglo-Saxon in those latitudes, as elsewhere, is nothing if not energetic and pushing, it is as much the slowness of the other race as its real or imaginary objectionableness which influences him in his angry and jealous judgment.

Yet there is little doubt that things would go more smoothly if the Portuguese went first. It is perhaps in a great measure owing to them that at present it is impossible to go completely round Africa in an English mail steamer. Below Zanzibar to Mozambique there is a gap. From Suez down to Zanzibar the coast is served by the British India Navigation Company, though at a loss. It is probable that little or no profit is made either by the Castle or Union Lines north of Delagoa Bay; but as many businesses which afterwards flourish exceedingly begin with losses, there is great hope of future developments. The country on the mainland opposite Zanzibar seems almost infinite in capabilities, and even now exports cloves, sugar, coffee, nutmegs. cinnamon, pepper, sesame, indigo, cotton, cocoa-nut, and copal-gum, to say nothing of the ivory trade. Most of these products are brought to Zanzibar in the native dhows, which form such a feature on the coast of north-east Africa. 'The Africa Pilot,' No. III., published by the Admiralty, has some curiously entertaining reading on the subject of navigation in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. Under the heading of "Lights and Buoys," is to be found this passage:

"The approach from the northward is lighted, but the light must not be relied on. The buoys will be found with the description of the shoals they mark, but no dependence must be placed on their maintaining the positions assigned to them."

From which it would appear that navigation in these waters without a good pilot must have something of the fascination for adventurous shipmasters which is to be found in original exploration.

Besides the three English lines and the Portuguese steamships which serve this part of the coast, the Messageries Maritimes of Marseilles call at Réunion, Zanzibar, and Mayotto, monthly.

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In the Mozambique Channel, between Madagascar and the mainland, true cyclones are sometimes met with. The *Courland Castle*, one of the Castle Line's inter-colonial boats, went through a very heavy one there in 1887. As a rule, however, these violent tempests are intercepted by Madagascar. In the channel the variable winds of the more southerly coast cease, and regular monsoons blow, though in directions which, being influenced by the nearness of the land, are not those of the Indian Ocean or Hindostan.

To return to the main subject, from which one is naturally led, the Cape trade is one which promises eventually to be of great magnitude. The two companies which command the position now take out annually about 18,000 passengers, and bring home some 10,000. In a measure, there is a likeness between the character of the passengers to South Africa and those who went to Australia at the time of the great gold rush of 1852. Very many of them are, in the strict sense of the word, adventurers, they go out on speculation. They are also chiefly English. But in the fifties the traffic was carried on in sailing vessels; now, every year sees the very passenger steamers which were thought marvels of speed and comfort, rapidly being displaced by others which surpass them in both qualities. Even yet, however, there is much to be done as regards comfort before these boats deserve the epithet of first-class floating hotels, which is claimed for them. Good as the food supplied to passengers is, when compared to the tariff of a few years back, it is by no means as good as it might be. When talking lately with a number of men who have travelled in all quarters of the globe, fully three of them were of opinion that no line running from England could equal the cuisine on board the vessels of one of the Australian coasting services.

In a passage which lasts only a few days this may be a matter of comparatively little importance, but when it runs into weeks it ceases to be something which any one may put up with. There is a point in the victualling of ships which may be noted, and that is the high price and generally bad quality of the wines on board. All are not equally culpable in this matter, but considering that the wines are taken out of bond and do not pay duty, something might be expected of shipowners who look mainly for their profits to passengers. It is in the third class that provisioning and comfort have made the greatest advance. The technical difference between "third class" and "steerage"

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is that in the latter the emigrants supply their own bedding. This is now practically done away with on the South African lines. In the "Castle" boat, the *Norham Castle*, the accommodation forward surpassed anything I have ever seen. It is an odd thing to note that some improvements made on board big steamers are in reality not improvements at all. Nowadays the bottoms of the bunks in first-class berths are generally spring mattresses, instead of the old-fashioned "bottom boards." But if the berth is aft, the give of the wire answers in a very disagreeable way to the vibration of the screw and shaft. And the widening of the bunk or bed itself may in cases of a heavily rolling vessel most effectually prevent the unfortunate passenger from jamming himself into a position which will save him from rolling to and fro as well. Though these are perhaps minor matters, the very smallest thing becomes of importance on board ship, for when the mind is unoccupied it is apt to magnify disagreeables, and more than one passenger has become an advertising agent for one line because the other did not suit him, in things which could easily be remedied.

But it must be admitted that this same grumbling passenger is always to be found on any boat, and he rarely takes note of the more important matters which concern, not his comfort, but his safety. The question of boats is one which rarely troubles the average man at sea; yet in most of the very large ocean liners there are never enough of them to save all the passengers, if all or nearly all the berths are occupied. If an Atlantic boat with nearly 2000 passengers on board were to go down in calm weather out of reach of assistance, about 400 of them would have to swim. It is true they are so made nowadays, that even if another steamer cut into them at the junction of two water-tight compartments and thus filled both, they would even then float, still no one can be assured against fire, or such an accident as that which sank the *American*. When the engines of the *City of Paris* broke down and smashed themselves to pieces, such an accident might conceivably have caused the loss of the vessel without any undue stretching of the imagination. Yet the Board of Trade Regulations take into consideration the system of watertight compartments, and allow a reduction from the number of boats which would be required to carry all the passengers if the steamer were to founder. It is time that these same regulations were overhauled and brought up to date, for they belong to a period when vessels were not almost purely passenger

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carrying. Taking even the Union Company's steamers, the Board of Trade boats are admittedly not sufficient, and are very rightly supplemented with others of the ordinary type, and some of the collapsible Berthon boats will take up a comparatively small space. This is looked to on the departure of these vessels on their outward and homeward passages. It is I believe the same with the Castle Line. It should be so with all.

The following table gives the actual figures for a passage from Southampton to Cape Town, for a vessel of about 4000 tons register.

Revolution of screw	1,715,410.
Average slip of screw	16·9 per cent.
Distance by screw	7,203 miles.
„ „ ship (or actual distance run)	5,982 „
Average speed	13·1 knots.
Knots per ton of coal burnt	5·32 „
Coal burnt on passage	1,124 tons.
Pitch of Propeller	25·6 feet.

The "distance by screw" is of course the distance which the ship would have gone if there had been no loss by "slip," that is, by the yielding of the water to the thrust of the blades as they revolve. It is of course the aim of the shipbuilder to discover what pitch of screw gives the least loss, just as it is of the engineer of the vessel to get as many knots out of his coal as he can.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

CHAPTER X.

UNCLE REGGIE.

MABEL was beginning again to count up the remaining weeks and days of her six months' exile, although her pride was in arms at the bare thought of returning home an hour before the time she had herself fixed, which would be to acknowledge herself vanquished. The life was, indeed, having its effect upon one so entirely untrained for it. There was something so mean and common-place in it all, she told herself. Even the annoyances she experienced arose from such petty causes, that she was ashamed of feeling them. She made one or two attempts to break the monotony of the daily walk up and down the avenue, and, finding them ineffectual, chiefly through Soames' interference, at length determined to give the children and herself a change on her own responsibility. They were to show her the prettiest spots about the park, and when they were all sufficiently fatigued to enjoy a rest, there was to be a story in the hollow.

Soames' warnings as to the advisability of not going too far keeping in the shade, and so forth, notwithstanding, Mabel set forth the next day with her "three flies," as they persisted in calling themselves, for a long ramble in the woods. An hour or two later they made their way to the much-talked-of hollow; cool, grassy, and well shaded from the hot sun by a clump of fine old elms, with a view down a beautiful sweep of green turf, and through an opening in the cliff, the sides of which were clothed with wild luxuriant foliage, of the sea.

Mabel threw off her hat and sat gazing dreamily at the lovely scene, her thoughts turning to the dear old park at home, and the happy life there, before Gerard went away. How delightful

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had been the rambles under the trees, the boating on the lake in summer, and skating in winter; above all, the truant days spent in the woods, when they cut themselves off from all communication with what they termed the "outer world," to dwell in the rarefied atmosphere of their own thought! What battles they had imagined themselves fighting and winning in the mental and moral world! How solemnly they had dedicated themselves to the service of humanity! "Well, perhaps he is right in making a jest of it all, since so little has come of it. How is humanity the better for me?" she asked herself, adding, with a little impatient sigh, "Oh, well, that does not concern him. Dorrie is pressing towards the mark, and she will show you, Gerard. As for me, I suppose I must be content if I can succeed so far as not to be turned out from here. If I can prove myself equal to the work of a third-rate governess, it will be something; better than being thought fit only to become a society woman." She had never understood Gerard's meaning in saying her proper sphere was in society, resenting the idea of being thought fit only for the kind of life he jested at. That he, in fact, believed her proper sphere was in society because it was in dire need of such as she, did not for a moment occur to her. "When will Dorrie tell me? It would be so much easier to write than speak my congratulations, just at first. When the engagement is made known, all I shall have to do is to think of them as married, then the cure will be complete."

The children were watching her with eager, expectant eyes.

"Have you remembered it all, Miss Leith, dear?" presently asked impatient Algy.

"Remembered what, Algy?"

"The story. Oh, please, do be quick and begin."

"Story, oh dear! Isn't it delightful enough being here?" persuasively, her hands clasped above her head, as she reclined against the green bank, her eyes following the flight of a bird. "Send your fancy on an exploring expedition and you will soon find out beautiful stories for yourselves. Come, Mima, fancy yourself down on the beach there, step into a cockle-shell, and sail gaily off to the Golden Isles."

"Golden Isles? Where?"

"They are form without substance,
A mental mirage,
And they kindle a thirst
Which they cannot assuage,"

absently quoted Mabel.

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A long drawn-out "O—h!" of disappointment, and a plaintive reminder from Mima that it took an hour to go down to the beach, and that she was ever so much too big to get into a cockle-shell.

"I said, in fancy, and you can expand or condense that at will, you know."

"That sounds like a lesson about steam, and we don't want lesson stories now," objected Algy. "You promised us a real story; you promised, Miss Leith."

"Oh, yes; I beg your pardon, Algy, so I did. What is it to be, 'The ugly duckling'?"

"Oh, we know that," disappointedly.

"I shall have to invent," thought Mabel. "Then I must try to tell you one you do not know."

"'Licious! A real fairy story, please."

"I have not known any fairies, therefore it could not be quite real, you know. But I have often taken a peep into Fancy-land, and I know there are fancies as curious and amusing as fairies, if you would like me to tell you a story about one of them."

"Fancies? They are not like people. You can't make a story out of them, can you?"

"Shall I try?" smiling to herself at the thought.

They nodded, pressing up more closely to her, and she began:—

"Once upon a time there was born a little Fancy, which, as it grew, became so beautiful that you heard of her everywhere. She was born in just such a spot as this; a little green dell, with old trees and delightful hiding-places about it, where she nestled unseen, unless you had very keen eyes and looked in the right way."

"What way was that, please?"

"You will hear presently. One moonlight night, Fancy was disporting herself with the shadows among the trees, and playing hide-and-seek with some one who had wandered that way and was looking for her, when she suddenly found herself caught," breaking off with a little laugh at herself.

"Yes, yes; what happened then?" devouring her with their eyes.

"Did I say it was a bright, moonlight night?"

"Yes—no; it is all the same."

"Oh dear no. A great deal depends upon the light in which you view things, even in our world, you know. There must have been a moon, I think, because it was night, and how could the

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diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and the rest, have been seen had there been no light? It requires all the light you can get to turn a dew-drop into a diamond. Fancy knew how to do it, of course. She had only to wave her wand——"

"Like the fairies. Yes; please go on. What happened when she was caught?"

"Well, she was first imprisoned and then starved, till she grew smaller and smaller, and at last—now prepare for a great surprise."

Oh! Ah! Oh! The children sprang to their feet with widely-opened eyes. They had found a surprise for themselves. Algy's face was crimson with excitement. Mima stood gazing open-mouthed; and Sissy's eyes were beaming with a glad welcome.

"Uncle Reggie!"

Hurriedly rising, and turning her eyes in the direction they were looking, Mabel beheld a gentleman standing on the knoll just behind where she had been sitting.

A little awkwardly—his right arm was in a sling—he lifted his hat with his left hand. The children were dancing about him in high delight.

"Oh, Uncle Reggie, how glad I am! You said you wouldn't have another holiday for ever so long!"

"Have you come to stay?" ejaculated Algy, jumping up in turn for a kiss.

"What have you done to your arm, uncle?" asked Sissy.

Keeping his left hand on Sissy's shoulder, he said—

"You must first introduce me to this lady, you know, and tell her that my name is Aubyn."

"She is dear Miss Leith," returned Sissy, slipping her hand into Mabel's.

"And, oh, Uncle Reggie," put in Algy, in a loud whisper, "Soames said she wasn't going to be nice; but she is! She's hardly ever cross, 'cept when we are *too* stupid and tiresome, you know," he added, already learning to be more literal and exact in his statements than he had once been. "And she knows so many things, don't you, Miss Leith, dear? games, and fancy stories—as good as fairy stories, almost."

"Yes," smilingly. "I could not help listening to the Fancy story. I hope Miss Leith will excuse me; but I came up just at the beginning. You did not hear my footsteps on the turf; and it seemed such a pity to interrupt. But I am quite curious to

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hear what became of that poor little imprisoned Fancy. I think it would do me good to know," lifting his hat again, with a look towards Mabel.

She smiled, and shook her head.

"What do you say, Sissy?" he went on, returning Mabel's smile. "Do you think a course of imprisonment and starvation rendered Fancy so small, that she was at length able to escape on a moonbeam, and get back to her beloved woods, where she grew strong and beautiful again?"

"But that wouldn't have been much of a story," said Algy. "There ought to be some fighting—a prince who killed everybody that wanted to stop him, and had a wonderful key, that opened the door, just as she was dying, to let her out!"

"And she ought to have been fed on delicious things; that's the way to get strong," put in Mima.

"Perhaps Miss Leith will tell us which is right?" said Mr. Aubyn.

"I think we must leave the story to be continued," returned Mabel; adding, to the children, as they began protesting, "Mr. Aubyn looks tired."

In fact, Mima had, in her effusiveness, pressed up a little too closely to his injured arm, and, as Mabel had noticed, the colour left his face.

"Will you allow me to call my man?" he said, in a low voice.

With a whispered word to the children, Mabel drew them aside, and he beckoned to a man, whom they for the first time noticed, standing a short distance apart.

He came shambling awkwardly forwards, in obedience to Mr. Aubyn's summons, as clumsy and dull-witted looking a man as could be imagined for a gentleman to choose to have about him. He was clad in ill-fitting clothes, all of which, from his hat to his boots, seemed to have been just purchased ready-made; and there were evidences of the hurried and energetic, if not altogether effectual, application of soap and water; as though at a loss how to dispose of all the accumulations of dirt, he had swept them into nooks and corners about his face, to be carried away next time.

He seemed to shrink from notice, looking surreptitiously towards Mabel and the children, and shifting his eyes when they glanced in his direction, restlessly moving his feet, and passing the back of his disengaged hand over his mouth.

"This has shifted a little, Bloggs. Will you try to put it right for me?"

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The man put down the bag he was carrying, and awkwardly, though with an anxious carefulness that caused great drops to stand out upon his brow, began to readjust the sling.

"Will you allow me to try?" said Mabel, taking note of the man's nervous awkwardness.

"No, thank you; you are very kind; but he likes doing it for me. Do you not, Bloggs?"

Yes, master,"—a dark flush rising slowly to his brow, as his eyes turned for a moment towards Mabel, then fell again.

"And I like you to do it," cheerily said Reginald Aubyn, making occasion to put his left hand upon the man's shoulder.

"But what have you done to your arm, Uncle Reggie?"

"It got broken, Algy."

"Broken? how dreadful! How did you do it? Can it be mended again?"

"Oh, yes, Bloggs is helping to mend it; so well, that I hardly regret its having been broken. I do not know how I could manage without him. Go up to the house now, Bloggs. Tell them to get my room ready, and wait there until I come."

The man took up the bag again, and turned to obey, though looking somewhat doubtfully and hesitatingly towards the house.

"Go straight through the plantation there, to the right, and round to the side offices, Bloggs."

"Yes, master," and, with another surreptitious glance towards him and the children, he shambled away.

"How funnily he talks, and how could he mend your arm, Uncle Reggie? He is not clever and nice to look at, like a doctor. He looks more like the men we meet sometimes on the roads—tramps, that it would be dreadful to know."

"Something depends upon the light in which he is looked at, Mima. A certain amount of the light Miss Leith has been telling you about, would make him appear to more advantage, no doubt," with a smile at Mabel.

"How long are you going to stay with us now, Uncle Reggie?" asked Sissy.

"I shall make a longer stay than usual this time, I think, Sissy—until my arm gets all right again, three or four weeks, perhaps. Where is mamma?"

"She is away—somewhere."

Mabel explained that Mrs. Brandreth had joined a yachting for a three weeks' cruise.

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Aubyn was finding it difficult to avoid looking too pertinaciously at her; and presently, by way of apology, said—

"I have the pleasure of knowing a young lady whose name is the same as yours—a Miss Leith—living just now at Kensington; and you are so much like her." The relationship could not be a very near one, he thought, the likeness notwithstanding, or this Miss Leith would not be earning her bread as a governess.

Mabel knew now this was the Mr. Aubyn Dorothy wrote so much about, and was all the more inclined in his favour. But she saw that she must not explain that she was Dorothy's sister, until she could also explain her motive for what she was doing. But neither was it possible to deny the truth, nor attempt to give any false colouring to it. Should he put the question, there would be nothing for it but to say, "Yes; we are sisters."

He easily accepted her silence as confirmation of his own view, that the likeness was merely an accidental one. It was not at all likely that she would be there, were she related to the Miss Leith he knew. Not naturally curious, nor inclined to suspect mysteries, he saw no significance in the fact of her evincing no desire to hear more about the young lady who bore the same name and so strongly resembled her.

"What is your Miss Leith like, Uncle Reggie?"

"I have said she is something like this lady."

"O—h!" ejaculated Mima, with a glance at Sissy.

"Do you think she will want to marry you, uncle?" enquired Algy.

"That's not at all probable, Algy. And it is not the way to talk about ladies."

Mabel was longing to ask questions about Dorothy, and had much difficulty in keeping back the words that rose to her lips. "But I shall soon be able to take him into my confidence—he looks like one you can trust—and then I can talk Dorrie to my heart's content," she thought. Just then, there was no time for further conversation about anything. Looking at her watch, she saw that it was nearly time for tea, and that they must return to the house. Mr. Aubyn accompanied them, Algy and Mima dancing along by his side, plying him with eager questions, while Sissy availed herself of the opportunity to draw more closely to Mabel.

Dorothy had written quite enough about her new friend to arouse Mabel's interest in him; and the impression she had received was strengthened by his bearing and appearance. Not

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to be compared with one other, of course; but there was so kindly an expression in his brown eyes, so much firmness of mouth and chin, and he looked so strong and self-contained, and wore his shabby clothes so grandly.

He was, to say the least, as much impressed in her favour, and not a little surprised to find her there, wondering how it was that his sister-in-law had happened to obtain a governess of this type for her children. Under the impression that they were being morally as well as intellectually starved, he had been very anxious about them, and desirous that a fitting governess should be engaged. He had begged Mrs. Brandreth to be very careful in making her selection, and had given her *carte blanche* in the matter of salary; but he had not ventured to hope that much would come of it. Nor would he have been a great deal surprised could he have known that Mabel had been selected for her readiness to accept whatever Mrs. Brandreth might be inclined to give, in the matter of salary; and that the latter had still further economised by doing without a head nurse.

What did surprise him, was to find one such as Mabel there. He was in the habit of spending as much time as he could spare with the children, when at Beechwoods; but he felt that, at their age, it was the influence of a good woman they most needed. He had seen quite enough of the great world to be aware of the needs of some of its children; and he considered that these, especially, required as much help as did the most neglected of the little waifs and strays in Grigg's Court.

Between him and his sister-in-law there was no sympathy. He saw her as she was; and she regarded him as eccentric, to the verge of stupidity, almost despising him for the very liberality she was reaping the benefit of. She could not understand why a man should allow another to enjoy advantages to which he himself had a right, unless it were that he had not the capability of appreciating them; and of this, his choosing to spend so much of his time among low people seemed sufficient proof. On his side, he contented himself with their being on good terms, without enquiring too closely into her motives in the matter.

Meantime there was not the slightest question as to who was master at Beechwoods. The estate was managed in a careful, and thoroughly business-like manner, by the agent he employed; every labourer upon it, as well as every servant in the house, being made to understand that the best each was capable of was

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expected by that agent's master. He had a much too keen sense of his own responsibilities to allow Mrs. Brandreth to take the helm; although it was his will that she should be treated with due respect while she was in the house. She and her children had, in the outset, been invited to spend a few months at Beechwoods, and had afterwards stayed on indefinitely. Under the impression that her stay was owing to her own tact and management, even more than to his good nature, she considered that it would be her home as long as she pleased.

As they sat at tea, Mabel received a courteously worded message from Mr. Aubyn to the effect that he hoped she would favour him with her own and the children's company in the drawing-room that evening. Not daring to alter the message, nor express her disapproval in words, lest he should hear of it through the children, Soames had to content herself with looking at it. Here was a danger her mistress had not foreseen! After all the care she had taken to prevent any meeting between Miss Leith and Mr. Noel, always about the park of late, a worse thing had happened! What could be worse for Mrs. Brandreth than the possibility of being turned out of Beechwoods, which might very soon come to pass if Mr. Aubyn took it into his head to marry. Of course Miss Leith would do all she could to attract the master of Beechwoods, now that she had so good an opportunity; that was only natural, and to be expected, thought Soames. But she saw that nothing could be done until her mistress returned. Mr. Aubyn had taken it into his head to make friends with the governess, and he was not a gentleman that any one in his own house at least could venture to cross, when he had once made up his mind to a thing.

Mabel welcomed the opportunity for an exchange of ideas with any one, and did not take the trouble to disguise what she felt. She made the slight change in her toilette she was accustomed to make; although, to Soames' prejudiced eyes, she looked more adorned than usual; and went down with the children, who were in high delight with the anticipation of a "company evening" in the drawing-room with Uncle Reggie.

She was received with a courtesy, which seemed the more significant to her, as coming from the owner of Beechwoods to the governess. They had been mutually attracted from the first, each having very quickly recognized that in the other which satisfied their somewhat fastidious notions upon certain points.

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It was Mabel's first visit to the Beechwoods drawing-room; a long, many windowed, old-fashioned, but thoroughly homelike and charming room; with an outlook upon grass terraces and flower-gardens, and the undulating well-wooded park beyond. When, after awhile, the children gathered round their uncle, she moved quietly about examining the not a few works of art, with which the quaint out-of-date furniture seemed so much in keeping: as his eyes now and again followed her movements, he could not but notice their grace, and how much at home she looked there. Her refined face and figure, even what she wore—a simple white India muslin gown, with a few dead gold ornaments—seemed in such perfect harmony with her surroundings.

"You do not think this room ought to be modernized, Miss Leith?" he presently said as she stood examining a delicately carved triptych, his thoughts reverting to his sister-in-law's frequent hints as to the desirability of refurnishing in the modern old style.

"Modernized! No, indeed I do not, Mr. Aubyn. It seems to me just perfection as it is, for an old country house. One expects to see odds and ends of old china, ivories, Indian grotesques, and all the rest of it, in such a room as this. Even the jumble of styles seems to form an harmonious whole; I suppose because everything is good in its particular way. The very walls would protest, if you turned out the things that have lived within them so long. That quaint old painting in the recess—Flemish, is it not?—and this exquisite carving; how different from the things made for money!"

He smiled. "The previous owner was a collector, but he did not get things without paying for them, I expect. They were made for money."

"Oh, no; quite impossible!" with an answering smile. "The artist who carved these flowers was thinking of flowers, and nothing else; he has put his heart into this rose."

"The best work is done in that way, no doubt. It would be pleasant to think that all is. But very few put their hearts into their work, or we should not have so much that is inferior. Conscientious workers are rare I fear, Miss Leith."

Her eyes met his for a moment, with a conscious, dismayed expression, and the gay smile faded from her face, as she gently put the ivory she had been examining, back into its place. She was not a little relieved by the children pressing to her side eager to take their share of the conversation; unconscious that

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while talking to them she was not only increasing his admiration and respect for her, but strengthening his first impression as to her fitness for the office she had undertaken. She did not know what it was that constituted fitness to his mind. In his estimation, indeed, certain qualities she so evidently possessed were more needed than anything besides, to counteract the bad effect of their previous training. He saw that she had already won the children's confidence and respect, and this by legitimate means. Sissy was shyly expanding under her influence, and Algy and Mima beginning to step a little out of themselves.

Algy's "that's mean, Mima!" with a grand curve of his small upper lip, when she, by a little manœuvre, got possession of the stool upon which he had been sitting at his uncle's feet, was a revelation to Aubyn. A few weeks previously, Algy would have thought it clever, instead of mean, and would have asserted his right with his fists, instead of his scorn.

And when presently Mabel thought Aubyn looked fatigued, and sat down to the pianoforte at the far end of the room, and sang to the children some nonsense rhymes of her own composition, in which they delighted, there was Algy holding her fan, and Mima nestling her cheek against one shoulder, and Sissy against the other. The more Aubyn saw of her the more was he surprised, not to say puzzled. Unmistakably a lady, she was at the same time so unconventional—so much more frank and uncompromising in one way, and daintily reticent in another, than most women he had been accustomed to meet in society. And how independent—how evidently without desire to attract! How merrily she joined in the children's laughter at her nonsense rhymes; and how completely free she was from all anxiety as to what he might think of them! Better still, her offer to sing one of the new songs that happened to be there, specially for him; doing, as she told him, her "very best;" and such a best! filling the room with the melody of her fresh, clear, well-trained voice.

In one of their pleasant little intervals of conversation he told her that he was expecting on the morrow a friend, for a short visit, a friend whom he had not seen since just after they had quitted the University, reflectively adding, "At that time he gave promise of making some mark in the world, and I am a little anxious to know what he has been doing the last five or six years. His society will be a real boon to me just now; in truth, I made the most of my fractured arm to get him here."

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Mabel said something to the effect that it must be pleasant to meet after so long an interval, thinking what the meeting them at home would be to her after six months.

"Five or six years may bring about so many changes in one's life," he went on, still a little absently, with the remembrance of what had been wrought in himself. "I am the more curious to see him, because I used to consider him a little extreme in certain directions. We shall meet upon even ground now, I think."

The door opened, and Soames made her appearance, with the intimation that it was past the children's bed-time. Mabel was almost as ready as they to complain of the shortness of the evening, and she said one thing which almost took Soames' breath away. After giving the children their good-night kiss, she reflected a moment, then turning towards Aubyn, quietly said, "I should like to speak to you, if you could spare me a few moments, Mr. Aubyn." It did not occur to her that she might have attained her object by simply lingering in the room until the children had gone—it was not her way.

If Soames did not appreciate her frankness, Aubyn did. He bowed low, wheeling a chair towards her with his left hand. She acknowledged his courtesy by a smile and little inclination of the head, but did not sit down.

After the door had closed upon Soames and the children Mabel stood silent a few moments, a soft flush suffusing her cheeks as she turned her fan about in her hands, hesitating how to begin. Then getting impatient with herself, she went straight to the point.

"Mr. Aubyn, we were saying something just now about people putting their hearts into their work, and I am afraid I may have appeared to you to think myself one of those. I can admire honest work, but I ought not to allow you to think—I fear, by what I said, I may have led you to suppose I am more efficient than I really am. You, perhaps, took it for granted that I should not speak in that way unless I myself were putting my heart into my work."

"I do not take much for granted, Miss Leith, it is not my way. I know that you have already begun to gain a good influence over these children."

"Do you really think that—really and truly?" with brightening eyes.

"Really and truly," with a quiet smile.

"How good to hear! Only," she added, brought down to

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sober reality again by a certain remembrance, "you have not seen me at the teaching work yet. I find it dreadfully difficult."

"It must be; I can imagine no harder work."

"If I succeeded, it would be all the more credit to me, of course, but I do not. I sometimes get so impatient and out of temper that I feel as though I should really enjoy giving them a good shaking all round. I only just contrived to prevent myself making an onslaught upon them this morning by surreptitiously tearing my own hair," smiling to herself at the remembrance of the tug she had given it in her desperation.

"That was a pity, certainly," with a glance at the gold-brown twists. "But are you not hypercritical of yourself?"

"It would be cheering to think it was only that. But where's the use of trying to persuade oneself—you would understand if you saw me at the teaching work."

"I have seen you. You have been doing that all the evening. At any rate," meeting her with her own frankness and truth, "the kind of teaching these poor little ones are most in need of. Do you know that you have already taught Algy what meanness is?"

"Have I? Well, I'm glad of that; but I wish I could teach him how to spell it."

"That will come; do not lose courage."

"How kind, how very kind of you, to speak to me in that way, Mr. Aubyn!" a lovely flush in her cheeks and her eyes meeting his with a radiant smile, as she said to herself he imagined he was speaking to a poor governess. "Thank you, and good-night." Not, as he was quick to note, inclined to linger a moment, now that she had said what she wanted to say.

Could Mrs. Brandreth have witnessed the scene, could she have seen the expression in his eyes as he held open the door for Mabel to pass out of the room; or, more ominous still, his abstraction afterwards, as he paced slowly up and down the terrace, his gaze fixed upon some mental picture, more attractive to him than even the beauties of the summer night!

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

As Mabel and the children were about to begin the morning's work, Soames entered the room with a message from Mr. Aubyn, asking permission to pay her and her pupils a visit.

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"My compliments to Mr. Aubyn, and we shall be very pleased to see him," returned Mabel, with ready acquiescence.

"Could she only know what is going on?" thought Soames. "Of course Miss Leith is setting her cap at him; and of course he'll give in! They will be engaged in no time, I can see it coming, as plain as plain, and where will Mrs. Brandreth and the children be then?"

Aubyn received a frank greeting from Mabel, and glad welcome from the children. "I am hoping you will allow me to make myself useful during my stay here, Miss Leith, in the way of relieving you of Algy in the morning. What do you say to doing your lessons with me in the library, eh, Algy?"

Algy, to whom any change was welcome, and taking lessons in the library seemed great promotion, eagerly assented, and presently accompanied his uncle downstairs in high feather. A couple of hours or so later he was brought back to the schoolroom in a rather limp condition, impressed with the conviction that the dignity of taking lessons in the library was not quite worth the cost. Uncle Reggie had proved so very unsympathetic and unimpressionable. Headaches had been regarded in quite a new light, regrettable, but not suggestive of a course of petting; rather of doctor's visits and medicine—a system of treatment from which nice things were to be rigorously excluded.

As she glanced at him, when he re-entered the schoolroom with his uncle, Mabel partly guessed what had been the state of the case, although having paid so dearly for his new honours, Algy wore them with a certain dignity, which duly impressed his sisters.

The children had just gone off to be dressed for their walk before dinner, and Aubyn was giving Mabel some advice as to the books to be ordered for their use, when a servant tapped at the door, and looked in.

"A gentleman has just arrived, sir; and when I told him you were here, he said perhaps you would——"

"I asked to be brought straight to you here, Aubyn; hope you will not mind," said the visitor, entering the room with outstretched hand. "Glad to hear you are pulling through so well, old man."

"Harcourt! This is being better than your word. I did not hope to see you until towards evening. Delighted to meet you, old fellow!"

"Gerard!" ejaculated Mabel, as soon as she had sufficiently

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recovered from her great astonishment to speak. It had come upon her so suddenly, and she was, for a moment, quite unable to conceal her pleasure at the sight of him. "Gerard!" she repeated, holding out both hands, with cheeks aglow and radiant eyes.

The meeting was evidently quite as welcome to him; and if he showed less surprise, she did not, in the excitement of the moment, notice that he did.

Aubyn was as unfeignedly surprised as he looked, and not a little puzzled. Mabel saw that it must be open confession, now.

"Gerard and I are cousins, Mr. Aubyn—that is almost," she rather incoherently explained. "Auntie's step-son, you know."

He did not know, but pleasantly bowed and smiled as she hurriedly went on; "I did not want to tell you just yet, if I could help it, because—Oh, what does that matter now! The other Miss Leith, you know, is my sister."

He was thoroughly mystified, looking from one to the other with bewildered eyes. Why was the sister of the rich Miss Leith there? To avoid appearing desirous to hear explanations, which she might not care to give, and at the same time quite sure that there could be nothing to divulge which could in any way be derogatory to her, he turned towards Gerard again.

"You are going to give me at least two or three weeks, I hope, Harcourt?"

"Very kind of you. I am due at the Merediths' for a couple of days next week; but you will find me ready enough to return."

"The Merediths?" said Mabel. "Oh, yes, I remember we got you to promise to go down with us for their show on the 20th. You will have only two to escort now," going on to make eager enquiries about her aunt and sister.

"Yes, they are all right, and would of course have sent all sorts of messages had they known I was going to see you."

"You did not know, then?"

He laughed. "How could I suppose I should find you here, Mabel?" A not very straightforward reply, considering the pains he had taken to renew his acquaintance with Aubyn for the express purpose of getting an invitation to go there.

"But you know what I am doing; they were to tell you when I was gone."

"Yes, they told me so much. But Dorothy kept faith with you and did not tell me your whereabouts." He had, in fact

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found that out for himself, and taken his measures accordingly. "How could I expect to find you acting as Aubyn's governess?"

Aubyn and she laughed out merrily; not a little amused at the absurdity.

"There spoke the Harcourt of old times!" said Aubyn. "Nor do I find you much changed in appearance;" regarding him more attentively.

"Do you not?" returned Gerard, not able to say the same of the other.

The last time they had met, Aubyn had just entered the army, and was already beginning to be regarded as the leader amongst one of the most extravagant sets; so fastidious in the smallest details of the toilet, that he would have hardly permitted his valet to appear before him in a coat such as he was now wearing. Not that he affected shabby clothes; the night before he had dressed to receive Mabel, almost as carefully as in the old times. It was simply a matter of necessity to wear something less than the best in Grigg's Court and its neighbourhood, and he had got into the habit of it for ordinary occasions.

But it was not only the shabbiness of his clothes, nor the signs of his hair having been cut in an unfashionable neighbourhood, that struck Gerard Harcourt; although this was noticeable enough in contrast with the past. It was the great change, the indefinable something in his general expression—the look which comes to the eyes of those who live face to face with terrible realities, and who yet have not lost faith nor belief in their fellow-men. Rugged, and worn, and changed he looked; but there was a healthier and heartier ring in his tone and laugh than in the old days.

"You were not thinking much of the Church, when last we met, Aubyn."

"No man less." Then, reminded by the striking of a clock that it neared the luncheon hour, he told Mabel that she and the children would be expected to join them, and conducted Harcourt to his room.

"How is it that Miss Leith, with her large income, permits her sister to go out as governess, Harcourt?" said Aubyn, when they found themselves alone.

"Mabel's income is quite as large as her sister's, Aubyn."

"Some misunderstanding at home?"

"No, nothing of that kind. The truth is, both are too much inclined to take things *au grand sérieux*, and to run a little into

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extremes in consequence. The elder sister, as you know, goes in very strongly for mission work, and humanity in the East. Mabel is, also, somewhat ultra and Utopian in her notions, as to what life ought to be; and, just now, she is very desirous of showing her independence of circumstances, and proving her capability for work—the higher life, and all that sort of thing, you know. But they have both, I am glad to say, plenty of good sense as well as good feeling; and this will, I hope, preserve them in the long run. Their aunt, who was my father's second wife, is their sole guardian. She belongs to the old school; and to her, their peculiarities seem to verge upon absolute impropriety, and are a cause of much tribulation. But she has not the heart to do more than protest. She was, I think, only induced to consent to Dorothy's visit to the Griggs, and Mabel's governessing, for the time being, as the readiest means to the desired end."

"And that is——?"

"Well, I suppose she thinks as I do, that a little experience of the stern realities of life, will render them so disgusted with the whole thing that they will be glad to return home, and settle down to enjoy the goods the gods have provided; leaving humanity to solve its own problems."

Aubyn, to whom all this was a revelation, was gazing curiously at the other. "That is your ideal—now?"

Gerard gave him a little side glance and smile. Whatever his ideal might be now, he was not inclined to dilate upon it as he had once been.

"It is well to be occasionally reminded of one's past errors. What an egregious ass I used to make of myself, when I could secure an audience! How mercilessly I used to victimize poor Fowler and you! Do you remember his conscientious endeavour to follow me and his amiable, 'Something ought to come of it, Harcourt? Something certainly ought to come of it.' Something did come of it; and, fortunately for me, just the right thing to bring me to my senses. No sooner had I set forth, armed *cap à pie* in my own ignorance, to redress the wrongs of the world, than I was ignominiously tumbled in the dust. As good a means as any that could have been devised, for teaching me the wisdom of non-interference, perhaps."

"Ah!" slowly, and with the same look of keen, quiet scrutiny.

Gerard met his eyes for a moment, and broke into a short

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laugh. "My dear Aubyn, I ought to have remembered; pray excuse me. You see our positions are so ludicrously reversed, since last we met. Then, it was I that played the part of a mentor. You appeared little better than a lost sheep; and now, I find you a shepherd. You must try to bear with me, old fellow, if I sometimes forget the change that has taken place, and use unbecoming language."

"I am accustomed to hear all sorts of language, Harcourt. I suppose we shall each find it, at first, a little difficult to realize the change that has been going on in the other's opinions during the last few years; but I hope I shall be as interesting to you as you will be to me. As it happens, I am just now particularly interested in studying the phase of thought you seem to represent."

"All right. I have not the slightest objection to have my mental machinery dissected, if it interests you. I only stipulate for the right of seeing your diagnosis."

"As you say, our positions appear to have become so entirely reversed," reflectively said Aubyn. "Your present standpoint was my starting-place, I expect."

"In that case, you have only to let your mind travel back over the road you came, to trace out my degeneracy."

"Not exactly;" very gravely. "You have not arrived at your present stage of thought—I do not know the latest euphemism for it—by travelling over precisely the same road I took to get away from it. The motive power, at any rate, was different, I hope."

Gerard partly saw what was in the other's mind. The colour in his face deepened a little, and his laugh was a trifle forced; although he had not, in the slightest degree, lost his temper, as he replied: "My present stand-point is not to be easily defined, I think: certainly not by the term you so considerately refrain from using, old fellow."

Aubyn laughed out now, as heartily as a school-boy. "A less definite position, of course, admits of less definite phraseology, and I must try to——"

"Oh, do not trouble yourself;" meeting the other's eyes with genial good-humour. "You are licensed to use strong language, you know; and I suppose you are bound to regard all sheep as black or white. It would be dangerous to admit the possibility of there being a shade of brown. Any way, here I am, for you to practise the bleaching process upon. I once thought it my

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mission to preach to you; and its only fair you should get your innings."

"You will not hear much in the way of preaching from me, Harcourt. I reserve my powers in that direction for those who cannot help themselves."

A slight greyness, not to be entirely ascribed to dragging Algy through a couple of hours' work, when out of condition, overspread his face.

Gerard was quick to notice it. There was a different expression in his eyes, and his voice took another tone, as he said: "My dear Aubyn, I fear you are not quite so convalescent as you imagine yourself to be. I hope you will be able to make me useful some way?"

"I mean to make the most of you I can, old man."

"All right; a butt, if it will serve to amuse you. How did you get your arm broken—an accident?"

"Not entirely:" with a half smile at the recollection. "I suppose I had not learned the wisdom of non-interference. At any rate, I brought this upon myself. I will leave you now. Your man is below, isn't he?"

"Yes; Wright is with me."

"This is the bell. We lunch in half an hour, old fellow;" laying his hand on the other's shoulder for a moment, as he turned to go out of the room.

"A moment, Aubyn. I must ask you to be kind enough to keep Miss Leith's circumstances, and her motive for taking a governess's situation, secret for a while. Since she seems so bent on carrying out her intention, it would, I think, be far better to let her do so here, than drive her to seek another home, which might prove much less desirable than this. You see, it would be almost impossible for her to remain here, if the real circumstances were known."

"I quite understand; they shall not be made known by me. If you are careful to give no hint as to her being a connection of yours, and caution Miss Leith to be equally reticent on the point, no suspicion will be aroused and no questions asked. You must also give your man a hint to say nothing amongst the servants. Fortunately, as it happens, my sister-in-law is absent from home just now, and, by the time she returns, your acquaintance with Miss Leith will seem to have come about naturally enough."

When, half an hour later, they met at luncheon, Aubyn eyed Mabel with new interest. A young, beautiful girl, who could,

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even for a time, voluntarily leave a luxurious home and the society of friends, to take upon herself the responsibilities and difficulties of a governess's life, might be enthusiastic and quixotic, but the motive was, at any rate, to be respected. The strangeness, too, of her chancing to go there, of all places. Mabel was equally surprised at the concatenation of circumstances, and her interest in Aubyn had now become more keenly awakened.

A letter she had, that morning, received from Dorothy happened to have been written chiefly about Mr. Aubyn and the work he was doing amongst his people. Moreover, in her desire to enlist her sister's sympathy in his favour—Dorothy did not for a moment suppose that Mrs. Brandreth was his brother's widow, and that Mabel and he were likely to meet—she gave an account of the manner in which had occurred what he termed his accident. His arm had been broken by a blow intended for a woman whom he was endeavouring to protect from the brutality of her son. He was retaliating in his own fashion, and had begun by taking the man to act as his attendant, until his recovery. Mabel was to be careful not to allow it to be seen that the real facts were known to her. Dorothy had herself only heard the story by chance, Mr. Aubyn having done his best to prevent it getting about, in order, she thought, to avoid being made to play the hero in Grigg's Court.

Unaccustomed to be much noticed, the children were in high spirits, taking full advantage of the encouragement given them by Gerard, who had his reasons for desiring to win their confidence. Aubyn quite approved, telling Mabel that he entirely agreed with her in the matter of allowing them occasionally to give free expression to what was in their minds. "It's the only way of getting to thoroughly understand their mental machinery, is it not, Miss Leith?" careful to address her as though he thought she felt as much interest in her work as any other lady in her position might be expected to feel.

For the moment she found it pleasant enough to have her judgment appealed to in this way in Gerard's presence, but she presently forgot her *rôle* again, frankly acknowledging, "I fear I have no speciality for the study of such mental machinery Mr. Aubyn."

He smiled. "I only know you manage to obtain certain results. If you do not go the usual way to work I must suppose it is because you have discovered a more original one."

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Flushed and smiling, she glanced towards Gerard. How annoying that he should be so entirely absorbed with the children just at that moment! It almost seemed as though he did not want to hear! She was not a little surprised to see him so much interested in them and somewhat at a loss to account for it. So far as she knew, he had not hitherto shown any special liking for the society of children. Suddenly she caught a word or two which rendered his motive apparent to her.

Finding him so much interested in their tastes and pleasures, the children had grown very communicative, becoming as open books in his hands. Mima had gone so far as to ask him if he had ever undergone the 'Thusian method when he was little, and if so, what it was like? "We have not been quite naughty enough to undergo it yet, because we're always frightened at the last and get good in time."

He promised to worm out the secret for them, if possible, and, meanwhile, contrived to worm out a little on his own account. They were telling him all sorts of things about "dear Miss Leith," when, with burning cheeks, she put an end to further revelations with the words "Lèse-majesté."

He laughed and bowed, and, for the time being, put no further questions.

(*To be continued.*)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

A STUDY OF OUR COLONIES IN OUR SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

In the conflict of studies which grows keener every year, as the work of specialisation goes on, it is hard to plead for any branch or department of literature that inflicts a new burden upon the over-taxed teacher as well as the overworked pupil. But this is a utilitarian age, and the problem of what to learn and what to know, always presented to the rising generation with unfailing regularity, has to be decided to a certain extent on utilitarian principles. The statesman has to be more omniscient than he was a generation ago, as we may infer from the diplomatic tasks inflicted recently upon the Marquess of Salisbury, and, before him, upon Earls Granville, Derby and Kimberley; the merchant, in these days when Europe is entering into a brisk commercial rivalry with us, when the United States inflict the burdens of a M'Kinley Tariff upon our industries, and hostile tariffs are being raised against the admission of our manufactures everywhere, must be more resourceful in discovering and opening up markets; the economist, in his pursuit after truth, must be more ready with an increasing number of facts and figures, and the whole working, reading, thinking world becomes naturally more keen, prying, and restless. This is an attitude of mind somewhat inimical to the quiet academic temper which prevailed amongst our scholars and teachers fifty years ago, when the paths of learning were more or less stereotyped, the old Classics eminently in vogue, and an occasional Latin quotation heard and appreciated in the House of Commons. But the Victorian age has been one of unrivalled and indefinite expansion, so marvellous in many of its phases, that to the old-world scholar there appear to have arrived a new heaven and a new earth. He must be content to let the age go by without attempting

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to master the secrets and processes of its wonderful developments, reflecting probably with justice that an age of incomparable materialistic triumphs does not necessarily mean a higher moral or intellectual plane, and a better education in the true and real sense of the word.

However, to the scholar of the present day the question of a selection of subjects in the educational world is presented in all its puzzling contrariety. Cramming begins early, especially if it is his ambition to get on the foundation at one of the great public schools, and there is no time, in the stress and hurry of preparation, to take up any particular subject and then drop it, provided it does not suit his prospects. Circumstances do not admit of any parenthesis in the curriculum or any parleying with educational opportunities nowadays, and a choice, once made, must be adhered to through thick and thin. The conservative tendencies of our great public schools prevent their adopting hurriedly any new syllabus, or even diverging in a small way from the old and time-honoured methods of a strictly classical training. And in a great measure they act rightly, for the resolve, "Stare super antiquas vias," has its own priceless and inimitable rewards. Still, even the Greek and Latin scholar, to say nothing of his less privileged and clever schoolfellows, has to combat the new exigencies of the nineteenth century, and may well ask that he may be instructed, both well and early, in some new development of the age. What then can this study be? It may be suggested, perhaps, in answer to this pertinent question that there is one study which is both ancient and modern, classical and scientific, poetic and utilitarian, of which he has already some knowledge, but of which he ought to have more; and this is History, and especially the History of our own country, *together with those of her numerous Colonies.* To learn about the deeds and chivalry of Englishmen and their unique success in founding genuine communities abroad would, after all, be simply to copy the example of the Hellenes, who loved to celebrate the τὰ κλέα ἀνδρῶν, to listen to Pindaric Odes, to welcome the wandering minstrel, to hang upon the funeral oration of a Pericles, to applaud the noble challenge of an Æschylus in the Persæ, and to speak with affection and sympathy of any spot in the world as Hellas, no matter how far removed from Athens, which Hellenes had once consecrated by their presence. The study of History, and especially that of our native land and its offshoots abroad, has a corrective and invigorating influence. In these days of loose thinking, inane cosmopolitanism, vapid orientalising of our ideas, it may be as well to intensify our island life, strengthen our national fibre, and, if not too late, Anglicise ourselves again. A dreary cosmopolitanism in art and feeling, together with a little dabbling in German scepticism, foreign realism and Buddhist philosophy, can never make heroes or preserve a nation's ideals. So for this reason, if for no other, a little study, at an early age, in the history of our own rough maritime life, the struggles and vicissitudes of our Colonists, the realism

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of their own practical beginnings and trials across the sea, may be a good thing for our youth. The Colonial life, barren though it seems in the lighter graces and accomplishments of the age, invariably calls forth and displays the sterner and more resolute qualities of our race. And it is by these qualities England is what she is. Nay, it is sometimes asserted by keen observers, with a reasonable appearance of truth, that the true British character, in its earnest, fervid, and most religious aspect, is now best found in England's Colonies. When England renews her youth in this way, it is well for the scholar to know and read about it.

English history is, of course, universally read in our great public and middle-class schools, and in the usual manuals and hand-books notices are constantly occurring of events which happen in our Colonies. But nowhere do these scattered notices really do justice to the present importance of the subject; they are isolated and disconnected, and no attempt is made to point out cause and effect. In what short school-history, for instance, is the true significance of the Treaty of Utrecht or the Treaty of Paris, as affecting our maritime Empire and Colonial rule, emphasised as it ought to be emphasised? How seldom is attention drawn to the importance of the capture of the Cape at the beginning of this century! Such events also as the Papineau Rebellion and the Constitutional crisis in the History of Canada are only cursorily mentioned, without any attempt to analyse its cause, or trace its far-reaching results in giving the Canadians a constitution of their own. Perhaps the truth is, that the social, political and material progress of our self-governing Colonies in Canada, South Africa and Australasia, with their twelve million of colonists, has been too quiet and unobtrusive to catch our attention in the mother-country. Certainly pamphleteers and historians, up to quite a recent date, seemed to have missed the fact of this colossal growth. It is no new study really which has to be learned, for the study of our Colonial growth has lain implicit all the time. Only the right interpreters and appraisers have hitherto been wanting to make it explicit. Colonial history is English history writ large over the world; it is the chronicle of our brightest deeds; it is the record of our trade; and, in many cases, it furnishes the biographies of our bravest soldiers, sailors, and explorers. New maps, new charts, and even new books may be required to guide us over these fields that have been opened up so recently, and are so pregnant with future destinies; but the study is still the old study of British adventure, travel and enterprise—an old friend with a new face. The African Companies at the present moment recall similar ventures in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Nor must the subject of our self-governing Colonies be confused with that of India. The study of India is *sui generis*, and may be left safely to those who intend to take up and follow out a career there. Because our Colonies in South Africa, Canada and Australisia, are in every way most essentially different from the rest of our possessions, and are in

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the truest sense expansions of England, genuine homes and abiding places of our race, in real truth variations only of our English counties, separated by barriers of space growing more and more insignificant, they ought to be studied by themselves. In their broad acres the best and, it would seem, the only possible *Civitas Britannica* is to be found. The Indian, West Indian, and all tropical Colonies, can only give a base imitation of this *Britannica civitas* from the very circumstances.

Above all, the history of our Colonies is a classical subject. The story of the nations of the world is, in reality, one great story, and the scholar can turn from the pages of Greek, Roman, or Phœnician histories, to those recording the beginnings of an English settlement without feeling that there is anything incongruous or alien about the transfer of the attention. A hundred years ago the framers of the Federal constitution of the United States turned, amidst the perplexities of their task, as we learn from the pages of the *Federalist*, to the ancient examples of Hellenic Leagues and Confederacies for their guidance and profit. Writers also, such as Herman Merivale, together with almost all essayists on colonial questions, illustrate their points by reference to ancient history. It would seem as if no account of the methods of British colonisation was complete without notices of the methods that prevailed at Carthage, Athens and Rome; so much so, that a question asked, for example, in the general paper of a scholarship examination on the comparative methods and results of Greek and English colonisation, would seem to be completely in its right place. Professor Seeley, on p. 41 of his 'Expansion of England,' indicates clearly what a classical subject that of Colonisation really is. The very term "Colony," "Homing-off," and others, are taken from the Greek. The spirit of colonisation is implanted in our race, and what the Greek poet expressed when he wrote ἁπᾶσα χθὼν ἀνδρὶ γενναίῳ πόλις, and the Romans embodied in the phrase "omne solum forti patria est," Bishop Berkeley, Sir Walter Raleigh and Francis Bacon, and Andrew Marvell, with many others, have emphasised by precept and example. More especially should we re-echo John Milton's devout aspiration, "Thou, who of thy free grace didst build up this Britannick empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter Islands around her, stay us in this felicitie!"

At the same time, whilst primarily a classical subject, this study of our Colonies ends by being eminently utilitarian and scientific. History implies an elementary knowledge of geographical conditions, and, when geography is well taught in its broad and rational sense—not in the old narrow sense when the memory was burdened with countless names and facts—it leads us to the borderland of the sciences. The boy who is taught in a simple and interesting manner some of the leading facts in physical geography about tides, winds, currents, atmosphere, soil, flora, fauna, and climate, &c., may diverge by a pleasant by-path into the

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separate regions of strict science. Thenceforward he may develop as a botanist, zoologist, or geologist. At the same time he will, in the first instance, know something of the British Colonies to which fate or fancy may turn him at some future time. They afford him in every climate of the world a most ample field for observation and experiment.

To a certain extent public attention has been turned to the educational value of our Colonies, and it must be noticed that an elementary knowledge of the history and geography of our Colonies and dependencies has already been insisted upon in the New Code of 1890–1 for our National Schools. Under Standard VI. pupils are required to be instructed in the physical and political geography of Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the South African Colonies, India and Ceylon; and further, to explain the conditions of climate, and how it is affected by latitude, altitude, rainfall, forests, nearness to the sea, ocean currents, and prevailing winds. Under Standard VII. pupils are instructed in "Colonisation and the condition of successful industry in British Possessions generally." The same tendency to lay stress upon the teaching of our Colonies is displayed in the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, in technical and commercial schools, and in many examination papers where no question formerly was asked on the subject.

But we may well ask why our great public schools are so slow to recognize its true importance? Can it be possible that the elementary technical and commercial schools of the country are prepared to provide for the study of a most useful and patriotic subject which the public schools are determined to ignore? It is surely anomalous that a pupil of the sixth standard in our National Schools should be better equipped with an elementary knowledge of the facts of such a country as Canada or South Africa than a boy in the sixth form of our Public Schools. The parents of the latter class might complain that the opportunity was never given to their sons of learning about this useful branch of knowledge, and they would not be unreasonable in their complaints. Again, it must be recollected that most of the leading men of the age come from our public schools, and it is unfair and altogether incongruous that the statesmen, politicians, merchants, and professional men of the future should have no instruction in their school-hours on the subject generally of our Colonies, upon which at any time they may be called to speak and lead public opinion.

To turn to some general considerations which are somewhat hackneyed yet still important here in the discussion of this Education question. One of the most marked facts of the present day is the undeniable interest shown in the development of Greater Britain. It would no longer be permissible for any statesman or public speaker of importance to make the terrible geographical blunders of his predecessors, and exclaim, for instance, with honest incredulity, "What! Cape Breton an island?" or to gravely inquire whether Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, could be invested but not mercilessly bombarded, like

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Alexandria, by our fleet? Such errors would raise a laugh. No, the fashion has become prevalent to make a special study of our Colonies and of Colonial life on the spot, and, instead of doing the well-known and oft-beaten round of the Continent, our gilded youth go to Canada and Australia and the West Indies, and even South Africa, in order to complete their education. Our invalids, also, instead of wintering at Algeria or the Riviera, take tickets for the Nile Valley or some well-known health-resort of our Colonial Empire. In Australia, the tasks of administration and the cares of official life are taken up by many scions of England's nobility, whose names will at once recur to us, and they, according to great and honourable traditions, are doing their best to maintain the prestige of the old country in the Colonies beyond the seas. The leaders also of philanthropic movements turn in despair to an over-sea Colony as the way out of Darkest England, and the most far-sighted political economists of the day see that the main hopes of over-populated England, trusting as she does to trade and commerce, are found in utilising our great Colonial Empire as an outlet for our emigrants, and as a field for her commercial enterprise. When the United States, in addition to the hard clauses of the McKinley Tariff and their prohibitive rates, shall have closed their ports to European immigration and cry "Enough!" the problem of what to do with her surplus population will be a terrible one for England to face.

Such popular exhibitions as the "Colinderies," furnishing a series of object-lessons in the progress of England beyond the seas, as well as the Jubilee celebrations in 1887, brought home to England and popularised some aspects of her Imperial rule. The Colonial Conference, summoned to deal with matters of Imperial defence, was a most important and representative assembly, resembling a kind of Amphictyonic Council of the Empire, in itself a picture of a United Empire. On the Continent, where our European friends watch our expansion with a keen, if not a very jealous eye, the Berlin Conference marked an epoch in history. On the occasion of that Conference, England and England's ministers had every occasion to be watchful over the country's legitimate interests, and face a sudden and many-sided activity of European Powers displayed in proclamations and annexations in the Pacific and along the African littoral both east and west. Colonial questions now quickly become European questions of the first importance, as European nations take up and occupy coterminous territories. The boundaries between England and her neighbours all over the world, especially in Africa, are most certainly an object of study to Englishmen. The partition of the African Continent s a matter fraught with the most far-reaching consequences. The boundaries of our Empire should be known to all our rising population as elementary facts. If indeed any further proof of the importance of the study of Colonial History and Geography were required, it would be found in the literature of the day, in the discussions of Parliament.

He who runs may read. A few years ago the eye might scan in vain the columns of our newspapers and magazines for mention of our Colonies. It would be interesting to take up a copy of the London *Times*, issued ten years ago, and compare it with one of the present year of grace 1891. The paragraphs touching our Colonies occupy a leading and conspicuous place. Notices of our great self-governing Colonies take precedence even of notices touching India and the East, for this reason. Canada, Australia, and South Africa, are veritable homes of our race, not simple appendages and dependencies. The *Times* again, the great organ of English opinion, and showing the pulse of public interests, very often devotes a leader to such a subject as the fall of an Australian Cabinet, a matter which, ten years ago, would most assuredly not have attracted any attention. The paragraphs of the Queen's Speeches show in themselves the points on which the national interest is being centred from time to time, and Lord Salisbury warns us that we shall have to get up Africa. The Royal Family themselves have by every means in their power, by personal visits of their members to the Colonies, by distribution of honours to Colonial statesmen, proved how large a share of attention has been given to the great subject of our Colonial Empire. The Imperial Institute itself is a standing monument of the interest taken by the Heir-presumptive in all that concerns our over-sea possessions. The Society of Arts, and the Royal Colonial Institute especially, by means of discussions, papers and periodical meetings, are working hard to disseminate a knowledge of our Colonies. Speakers and writers, in studying the evolution of constitutional and federal principles, find a favourite field for argument and illustration in the Constitutional history of Canada, South Africa and Australasia. But, in spite of the absorbing nature of the study of Greater Britain, both from the practical and theoretical point of view, how, may it be asked, is the subject usually treated by those who have the control and guidance of our great public schools' education? In some of them it is practically ignored. Occasionally, as a holiday task, such a Book as Seeley's 'Expansion of England,' not always intelligible without a close knowledge of the history and geography of the groups of our Colonies, individually, is suggested to a smart pupil to dally with in vacation time, but in no sense regarded as much more important than a volume of verses. Or the head-master engages a peripatetic lecturer to come and give an attractive lecture, good enough in itself, doubtless, but from an educational point of view well-nigh useless. Or, perhaps, a few chosen pupils are asked to get up and write an essay on some Colonial subject. This also is rather an abortive expedient, the prize very often going to the most diligent copyist of other writers' ideas.

Many Biographies are certainly being issued dealing with our great men and their great actions, at various times specially in building up our possessions abroad, and, for the most part, these books are admirably

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written and well got up. When placed in the hands of pupils, they must convey a most attractive picture in each instance of England's Worthies, and teach incidentally a certain amount of history and geography. Still the book may be read without any elementary knowledge of the countries and scenes described. The biography is a charming cameo, and nothing more. Perhaps the effect of making a few isolated studies of great explorers, generals and sailors, may be to cause them to loom up on the horizon in an almost extravagant and disproportionate way, and thus to give the student only partial and distorted views. Hero-worship under this form is a little misleading. After all, there can be nothing like the mastering of a certain number of historical and geographical facts, bearing upon our Colonies, in order to arrive at the sense of continuity and understand rightly cause and effect. In this, as in all other studies, it is impossible to get on without the rudiments and the grammar of the subject. Geographical facts lie very often at the basis of all our reasoning, and account for the progress and issues of campaigns, and also for the peaceful development of our Colonial industries. It is impossible to generalise in history unless there is some rudimentary knowledge of the plain and unaltered conditions of climate, soil and general geographical surrounding. Just one example may be cited to prove into what errors false notions with regard to the geography of our Colonies may lead us. For a very long time the North-West Provinces of the Canadian Dominion, and even Manitoba and the Red River Valley, were considered absolutely unfit for human habitations, being described as desolate barren swamps and wastes on which a hunter or Red Indian, but certainly not a European Colonist, could gain a living. The descriptions given by Arctic explorers, and also by Hudson Bay fur-traders, were supposed to apply to nearly all Canada, west and north of Ontario. When the French ceded Canada to us, after the fall of Quebec, they thought they were surrendering only "a few acres of snow." At the present day the prairies of the North-West Provinces, their vast cornfields, their ranches, their inexhaustible wealth of wood, coal and petroleum, have come to be the wonder of the whole civilised world. The best field for emigration from Europe is found in the Canadian Dominion.

Similarly, it may be said that the Cape Colony and South Africa have been either neglected or misunderstood because of the extraordinary errors that have for so long prevailed concerning that wonderful country. A closer geographical knowledge will remedy these defects, and remove these misapprehensions. A simple knowledge of climate, soil, temperature and the seasons, may cause an emigrant from England to decide rightly for himself where to go and what to do. Hundreds and thousands of young Englishmen are constantly asking for openings and careers in England beyond the seas, and from simple ignorance of the opportunities of our own Colonies lying within the temperate zones, drift away to the United States and become citizens of an alien

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Republic. Or perhaps they go to South America, and under a foreign flag assist in developing some feeble Republic, which borrows largely from England and develops lax ideas about the obligations of borrowers.

For many reasons, therefore, an accurate knowledge of our Colonies, instilled into the minds of pupils at an early age, when facts and names are more easily remembered than in after life, seems to be most desirable. The business man, the public speaker, nay, the teacher and lecturer himself, have too much to do to turn their attention to "getting up our Colonies," as the trite expression goes. It is a heavy burden upon them, and, not unreasonably, they may complain that the opportunity of learning was never given them during their school hours. Although there is no intention here to depreciate the study of the history and geography of ancient Greece and Italy, still it may be asked that, in addition to them, a corner or two should be found for the study of the history and geography of our self-governing Colonies. There are many to whom in after life it is quite as important to know as much about the siege of Quebec as the siege of Syracuse, and the precise geographical position of Cape Town as well as that of Capua. As far as heroes are concerned, it may be as well to study the wanderings and travels of such men as Livingstone and Franklin as those of the man of Ithaca. It is best, of course, to know about both.

From another point of view, a closer study of our Colonies in our public schools may be eminently useful. At present the average British elector, notwithstanding the fact that vast and growing interests are centred in our Colonies, and that his capital is invested there in millions upon millions, and that relatives are spending their lives there, is supremely ignorant about the whole subject. Any time, however, a Colonial question may force itself to the front to be decided upon by the voters who return the Parliament to Westminster. How can there be any guarantee that any question demanding a close and accurate knowledge of our Colonies will be discussed with light and understanding? It may be studied patriotically, but this is not always to be counted upon. To speak of the Colonies in an heroic and patriotic and general vein, is not enough. Before venturing on the subject, a speaker must have mastered his subject, and he must speak with details at his fingers' ends. "The Colonies, sir, yes, the Colonies, they are the thing!" is an exclamation often heard, and so far as it goes, shows an approving and consenting mind, instead of those narrow ignorant prejudices that prevailed some years ago against the so-called burden of our Colonies. Still an approval and appreciation of the mmense value of our Colonies must not be summed up in a phrase, nor dismissed with an ejaculation. The growing thousands of our Colonists, fellow-subjects of the Queen, ask for a better and more complete recognition than this.

On the other hand the patriotism of the Colonists, and their desire to

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become acquainted with the geographical circumstances of the mother-country, its history, tradition, customs and pursuits, is most apparent to any one who is practically acquainted with Colonial life. To assure ourselves of this it would be only necessary to take up any syllabus of studies, or set of examination papers at the chief Universities of our Colonies. And right through the whole system of education, elementary and intermediate, the same loving care is displayed, and a praiseworthy anxiety exhibited to know all about England and these rough-cradled Islands. Is it fair that this interest should be only one-sided? Surely if our young Colonies show a deep interest in the land of their extraction, why should not the mother country respond and study their monuments of patience, courage and untiring zeal, which the Colonies have erected all over the world? They possess, certainly, no monuments consecrated by the hand of Time, but they can show broad cornfields, smiling vineyards, stately cities, railways, canals, bridges, and everywhere homesteads and true English homes. Why should we not look upon them, as our Colonists would surely have us regard them, as merely extensions of our English counties?

Moreover, the study of our Colonies is a study of England's sea-power, and therefore most instructive. An American writer, Captain A. T. Mahan, in his recent book, 'The influence of Sea-power upon History,' has awakened a good deal of public interest in his subject. To some his views have appeared novel and certainly important, but to a close reader of England's Colonial history these views would not have seemed to be very new. To the Colonists themselves, the *θαλασσοκρατία* of England is an ever-present and absorbing fact, which looms very large when there is a Fisheries Question in Newfoundland or Bering Sea, a boundary dispute in the Continent of Africa, or a controversy with other nations for an unappropriated bay or island.

Lastly, there is one other question which this study affects very closely, and this is the question of Imperial Federation. This movement, for which many far-seeing and patriotic statesmen prophesy a great future, depends for success in its first and struggling stages upon the amount of educated and enlightened public opinion brought to bear upon it. If the study of our Colonies were not only made compulsory in all our national schools, but popularised also in our great public and middle-class schools, a most desirable reciprocity of knowledge and interest between all parts of England's self-governing and other Colonies would be established, and the federal problem, now rapidly developing from its germ, receive the public care and attention it deserves from every party in the State.

WILLIAM PARR GRESWELL.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

ST. RAPHAEL—PRINCE NAPOLEON—NOTES FROM A NORTHERN UNIVERSITY.

ST. RAPHAEL.

ST. RAPHAEL is not so much St. Raphael as a certain cluster of places of which St. Raphael is the chief. It has its little niche in French history as the tiny port from which Napoleon embarked for Elba, and at which he landed, escaping the English cruisers, after the Egyptian campaign. It was then a little fishing-place, and through all the vagaries of its history, it is a fishing-place still. There is not much fishing to be found in the deep Mediterranean, for fish seek the nutriment of shallow shores, but such fishing as can be got, is to be had here. There are still several hundred of the primitive fishing folk to be found. But almost hidden in the woods behind is Valescure, where a multitude of English villas peep through the confines of the forest, and form pre-eminently the English quarter. It makes what is called "the land zone" of the district; a place Boulourie, a few miles westward, with St. Raphael, making up "the marine zone." Within a couple of miles is Fréjus, as essentially ancient as St. Raphael is essentially modern. There is only one ancient bit at St. Raphael, the old Temple church, but Fréjus is rich in all sorts of Roman remains. The first view of St. Raphael is welcome to travellers by the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, as, except some peeps to be obtained near Toulon, we skirt the sea for the first time since the train left Marseilles, and henceforth the Mediterranean is our glorious companion for the many hundred miles of the Eastern and Western Riviera. The scenery will have its special associations for many, in the recollection that here George Sand lays the scene of one of her romances on this coast, and that Alphonse Karr made his home here, and has given us so many touches of the place in his meditations beneath his orange-trees and his walks around his garden.

The charm of the place lies in its solitude and freshness; the whole glittering succession of watering-places in the Riviera is exploited, and rather hackneyed. It forms the hunting-ground of tourists and invalids

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from every quarter of the globe. There cannot be a more violent contrast than between St. Raphael and Cannes, which is its next-door neighbour. There are more English people in Cannes than in any other place on the Continent of Europe. The people too, as a class, are healthy, wealthy and cultivated. The gay population is strengthened by constant contingents from Nice and Monte Carlo. The carriages are everywhere rolling through the country-side. The succession of balls, dinners and parties of all kinds is incessant. It is not unusual for ladies to do some half-dozen teas in the afternoon. There are clubs, theatres and opera-houses. So far as churches and doctors are concerned you might be living in the most fashionable English Spa. This is all very well in its way, and it is a very good way for many. But you do not get quietude and repose, which are a necessity for some people. But they are to be had at St. Raphael. Neither do you get the country until you have travelled through never-ending suburbs. But at St. Raphael the country comes down to your very door. If in the Riviera you come to some lonely, wave-swept promontory, like the Cap d'Antibes, or Cape St. Martin, near Mentone, it is sure to be crowned with an hotel. But at St. Raphael you may really escape from civilization.

The climate of Cannes and St. Raphael are very much alike, except that my own impression is that St. Raphael is rather colder and damper, through the contiguity of the Estérels. The air is stimulating, the sunshine is more brilliant. As a rule, however, the invalid population ought to go further west than either of these places. In the earlier stages of phthisis they might be useful, but the real invalid needs the rampart of the protective Maritime Alps. There is nothing of the sort at St. Raphael or Cannes. From Cannes you may go a dozen miles by rail in the rear of the town to Grasse. In the east bay of Mentone the land rises a few yards from the sea. Nice, with its long, wind-swept valleys, is open to strong objection. The protected Riviera, the zone of *la petite Afrique*, is only some fifty miles, extending from Beaulieu to San Remo—a most wonderful climatic fifty miles. It may be said to begin with Lord Salisbury's new place. Nevertheless, for many cases Cannes and St. Raphael have a wonderful recuperative power. There is one kind of patient which is increasing more and more upon us, for which Cannes has a special affinity. This is the man who has *run down*. "I have been overworked. I am out of sorts. I have had no holiday for a long time," is the common complaint. For such cases a change in the Riviera is most salutary. But most people do not come to the Western Riviera for health, but for amusement. They are sun-worshippers. They live for society. All these are best suited at Cannes; far better than St. Raphael, better even than Monte Carlo. To those who look at the health question seriously, St. Raphael has some strong claims. Its pine forests achieve the sort of good that is claimed by Bournemouth in England and by Archachon in the West of France.

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Moreover, there is a further good to be predicated of St. Raphael. As a rule, in the last days of April there is a general stampede from the warmer parts of the Riviera. All places have been booked for the *train de luxe* and the *Rapide* days beforehand. The railway can hardly keep pace with the demand. A man would be ashamed to show himself at Mentone after the first of May. But at the same time this is too early a date for a confirmed invalid to start for England or even to cross the Alps. Here St. Raphael comes to fulfil a very useful function. It is just the warm but bracing place to fill up a month or six weeks after the close of the season. Just the same sort of claim might, I think, be made for Alassio, on the Italian Riviera.

In most new watering-places there is a certain inchoate and scrubby condition of things. Most of us know such places in England, and they are not unknown on the Riviera. There is always something wandering and incoherent about such places—partially laid out, half-finished buildings, a smell of paint, any amount of brickdust. It takes fifty years to finish off a place on the Mediterranean seaboard. St. Raphael is not finished off, but it has got through all the painful stages. The English element is fully recognized. We have the English Church and parson and doctor—who, by the way, has written a good medical guide for the district—chemists, the London papers, the electric light. There is plenty of hotel accommodation, several degrees cheaper than at Cannes. There is a new Casino, rather too big for the place. There are several amusing little libraries with a few dozen of French and English novels. You must bring your own books with you if you want them. St. Raphael is especially well off for white villas set in green gardens. There are hundreds of them. I know of several young men who, instead of knocking about in hotels, combine to take a handsome villa as a kind of preparation for a future life of domesticity. Get a French housekeeper for cooking and marketing, and then arrange as you like. You may get them either along the winding shore, or, if the sea air is too sharp and stimulating, in the sheltering woods of Valescure. The meaning of the word is, I am told, *Vallis curans*. Alphonse Karr especially liked the scenery of Valescure. He says: "Je connais une chose unique et charmante que je croyais n'exister qu'en Grèce et sur la rive de l'Eurotas, *c'est la vallée des lauriers-roses*. On n'arrive par un chemin entre Saint-Raphael et Valescure, c'est une petite rivière doublement bordée de lauriers-roses qui forme un bois ravissant pendant plus d'une lieue toujours vert, et fleurs pendant quatre mois." The P. L. M. Railway, with curious exactness, divides the new town from the new watering-place. A railway is as potent as a river in dividing a country. The number of country excursions that can be made is absolutely limitless, and you can always arrange to come back by some new route. The summer is the best time, when all the visitors have gone away, and the natives have the place to themselves. Then the French betake themselves to sea-bathing, the joys of the Casino, and

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spread themselves over the pastures and woodlands. Within the last few months a great event has come off which may have a considerable effect on the fortunes of St. Raphael and open up the district to the travelling world. This is the new railway from St. Raphael to Hyères, which will be extended to Toulon. It was only opened at the end of last season, and so far there has not been much opportunity of its being well known. Experienced travellers to the Riviera who want some new thing will find that everything is new along this line. It follows all the sinuosities of the coast. It is a thoroughly unsophisticated country, with a most lovely and varied seaboard, the old Provençal life little touched by modern changes. There are no luxurious hotels; nothing English in any degree, but things are fairly comfortable and moderate. It is worth while to do a little roughing, that you may watch a primitive condition of society, and see Nature in some of her most secluded and secret aspects. Some reaches of this coast are especially lovely, such as the Gulf of Cavalaire and its neighbourhood. Then there is the expedition to the Chartreuse of St. Verne, over which Guy de Maupassant grows so enthusiastic. Formerly a small steamer used to go from St. Raphael to the little seaport of St. Tropez and St. Maxime, but the new railway has had the effect of pulling it down, which is unfortunate, as the line stops some way short of each place. Our advice to a knapsack-tourist would be to give a week or ten days to this journey, making each principal station a starting-point for his investigations. I expect that some day the tourists will come in like a flood.

The railway suggests other important railway topics. The great P. L. M. line from St. Raphael to the boundary line near Ventimiglia is utterly defenceless. It could be blown to pieces by a man-of-war in the offing. Railways higher up in the country, based on strategical principles, safe from shot and shell, are the desideratum aimed at. The striking bit of railway between Grasse and Draguignan is an example of this, and with its extension will give a perfectly protective line to Marseilles and Lyons. All the fortified points are carefully attended to, especially in the Irredentist territory. The Italians are not behind in warlike preparations quietly but effectively carried out. It is to be hoped that all such measures will really forward the interests of peace.

But now I come to the real charm of St. Raphael, the mountainous region of the Estérels. The railway goes straight through it, opening up peeps and vistas. We have done the most salient points near the confines. We have drank of the lithia source at Valescure; we have gone down to the lovely little stretch of genuine coral strand; we have made an expedition to the picturesque mines of granite and violet-tinted porphyry. Let us make our way into the heart of the woods. You may walk for half-a-dozen hours without meeting with a human being or a human habitation. On the other hand the people and the places may be close at hand. I need hardly say that such a region as this has its

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tales and legends of bandit rovers. I believe it is true that so late as 1852 some political *proscrits* found refuge in these forest recesses. I have even heard somes Cannes people say that it is not safe to be wandering about by yourself, among a rude, primitive people. No doubt you find some striking-looking people of undoubted Arab descent. The fusion of races on the Riviera has been something extraordinary, and volumes have been written on the remains of the different languages embodied in their dialects. The Saracenic occupations, though partial, have been constant, and almost within living memory the Arabs from Algiers have made descents upon these shores. So very good judges declare that they recognize the Arabic element in the Estérels. The inhabitants, however, are just like the ordinary French peasants.

These Estérel peasants, when you can find them, are of a much superior order to those which you find in the background of Nice. They speak a far better French, and are more kindly and intelligent. They understand that you want to see the country, and will point out the best points of view. The drawback of going through these woods in the early days after the terrible frost is the paucity of wild flowers and the absence of singing-birds. You may note the marks of wild boar—the hunting of the wild boar is a famous winter amusement—though they are not easily found; the other day a man found himself suddenly in the middle of a herd, and was rather glad when they made a dignified and leisurely retreat. As the season advances, everything brightens. A lumbering public vehicle rolls from St. Raphael into the woodland, but there is no similar conveyance on the Cannes side. It is better to walk or make your start from a wayside station. Undeterred by unnecessary caution you find your way into the deep woodland, happy if you belong to the people who can enjoy their own society. Here are the long files of solemn pines; the olive trees, the presiding growth of the Riviera elsewhere, are here absent. Next there are the eucalyptus and myrtle and cork oak. The ground is almost covered with the cones and pines. The underlying soil is sandy, decomposed sandstone, or sand blown in from the sea. There are large abundant patches of heather, and an undergrowth of fragrant thyme and wild flowers. At one point the pinewood forms an absolutely impenetrable dome, and the largest pine trees in the world are to be found in this neighbourhood. It is no wonder that many of these scenes are from time to be recognized at the Paris Salon, and that this region is the chosen home of so many French artists.

F. A.

Prince Napoleon.

The last illness and death of Prince Napoleon have necessarily constituted the most important event of the last month, without, however, having produced any great sensation in general society. "Plon-plon" had fallen into oblivion, and when any circumstance recalled the fact that he was still alive, the remarks which followed were far from flattering.

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Outside of a narrow circle of Bonapartists and private friends he was intensely disliked and despised by all classes and all political opinions. And yet he had brilliant faculties which, had he chosen to develop them, might have recalled something of the Napoleonic genius, whereas, in fact, he only caricatured the worst points of the Corsican adventurer, without showing any of the grand redeeming gifts of the great Emperor.

The physical likeness was wonderful, but the expression of the two faces was totally different. In the good portraits of Napoleon the First the clear eyes have a singularly piercing glance, at once conveying the impression of a commanding genius. With the same cast of features there was something peculiarly low and thoroughly bad in the face of Prince Napoleon, which recalled the stamp of the worst Roman Cæsars in a striking manner.

His will was despotic, his temper violent and brutal, his tastes were cynically gross, and his language coarse beyond what could be imagined. While affecting Republican tendencies of the most radical type, so as to be called "Le Prince de la Montagne," he was essentially a tyrant, and could brook no opposition to his will, always brutally expressed. He was jealous of the Emperor's pre-eminent position as of something stolen from himself; but though in a state of chronic rebellion, he never hesitated to accept all the worldly advantages that the title of "cousin" could obtain for him. The poor Emperor, always kind, always gentle, always generous, was overpowered by the unpleasant relations coming to him as a legacy from his great predecessor; so that he might well answer, as he did on one occasion, when reproached by the aged Prince Jérome * with having "*nothing*" of his brother the Emperor—"I have *his family*."!

Not one of that uncomfortable family but caused him trouble in some way, and all clung to him with the cry of the leech: "Give, give!"

And he gave, never refusing even when he knew that he was favouring his enemies. He really liked Prince Napoleon, and if the latter had chosen to make use of his undeniable talents in accordance with the duties of his position, he might, during the Empire, have played an important political part, and have gathered the Emperor's inheritance after the death of the Prince Impérial.

But never were natural gifts so misapplied or so wasted. He could bear no restraint, no interruption in his life of sensual pleasures, and more from unwillingness to be "bored" (if such an expression may be permitted to us) than from the cowardice which was (unjustly) imputed to him, he never persevered in anything that he undertook when the smallest sacrifice was required to carry it out. Everything that he attempted bore the stamp of sudden impulse, never followed up. He seemed to delight in outraging public opinion, and so constantly acted the proverbial part of the "bull in the china shop," that the Emperor

* The father of Prince Napoleon.

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was kept in a state of constant anxiety as to what "Napoleon" would choose to do next.

His refusal to drink the health of the Empress—in her presence—on her birthday, is one among many instances of his utter disregard of the habits and manners of a gentleman, while his real feeling towards the Emperor was betrayed on more than one occasion. After the Pianori attempt on the Emperor's life, when Prince Napoleon came to present his official congratulations, his face was so eloquent in its revelations of what lay below, that the Empress, turning to one of her ladies, whispered (in English): "*Look at the Prince Napoleon!*"

After his famous speech in the Senate on the Roman question (which brought down upon him the withering response of the Duc d'Aumale) the Emperor sent for him, roused to such a pitch of indignation that his voice, usually so peculiarly soft and low, was heard raised in anger even in the distant waiting-room of the attendants; for he well knew what the effect would be on the Conservative Imperialists. And yet we can remember hearing one of the Senators (who had declared that he "would rather serve the King of Dahomey than such a man") still acknowledge, with unwilling admiration: "But, what eloquence! *Il était beau—comme Lucifer.*"

The opinion of his own personal friends as to what his future rule promised to be may be gathered from the answer of one belonging to his most intimate circle, to whom he said: "If ever I am Emperor, you shall have an important post."

"Monseigneur," was the comment, in the laughing tone needful for the acceptance of a bold remark, "if ever you should be at the head of public affairs, I would (literally) take to my heels the very next day, for you would not be easy to deal with."

He was not offended at the blunt frankness of the speaker; for he was acute enough to despise sycophants and to appreciate independence even in those who made him understand that they would not endure his unmannerly ways. On such occasions he has been known to say, by way of apology: "Oh, mon cher . . . ! Excusez-moi, je suis *mal élevé.*"

With his democratic opinions and plebeian tastes, he was, in strange contrast, extremely proud—the pride of birth, inherited from his German mother, the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg. He had royal blood in his veins, and was as determined to carry out "ebendürdig" requirements as any Prince of the German Confederation.

He looked down, loftily, on the Emperor as the son of a private gentlewoman,* and the husband of another, chosen voluntarily. "Je suis de trop grande maison pour cela," was a saying of his, and his ambition was finally gratified by obtaining the hand of a King's daughter, the descendant of an ancient royal line, thus reversing the question of *mésalliance.*

* Mademoiselle de Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, by her first husband; married to the King of Holland, and mother of Napoleon III.

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The feeling of society in Turin is expressed in a letter addressed to us at that time by a Piedmontese lady of high rank:

"Je regarde la *mésalliance* de notre chère et auguste Princesse comme un dernier affront réservé à cette antique maison de Savoie, si renommée pour sa piété et sa vaillance. . . . Clotilde, la fille de tant de rois! L'innocence et la vertu, dans une cour athée et licencieuse!"

She came, however, without any of the resistance which has been supposed; calm and serene, in her school-girl innocence, knowing nothing of what awaited her, consequently without fear—only wondering, as she told the Princess de T——., why everybody "seemed to pity" her. She had been educated in seclusion, and, according to royal traditions, she knew that Princesses cannot usually choose their husbands, and accepted her fate in the spirit of Racine's "Iphigénie":

> "D'un œil aussi content, d'un cœur aussi soumis,
> Que j'acceptais l'époux que vous m'aviez promis—"

and as of course she was treated with due honour, she was at first quite satisfied, expressing pleasure at being "married when only seventeen," and being able to "follow her little fancies," pointing with childish glee to her embroidered shoes, because "Napoléon" thought them so pretty, adding that he was "so kind" to her!

When the bridal festivities were over, and the first effervescence had subsided, the young Princess settled down into her regular life, and then it became evident to all that it would have been impossible to choose a wife anywhere more absolutely uncongenial to the tastes of Prince Napoleon. She was, and is still, a Princess of mediæval times, a Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, neither very highly educated nor very clever, caring only for her religious practices and her works of charity. She soon ceased to pay much attention to her toilet, the simplicity of which became excessive, reaching the point of carelessness, which greatly annoyed her husband. It must be acknowledged that the devotion of the Princess Clotilde went perhaps beyond what was quite judicious, but no one had any influence over her, and what she considered her duty was performed with a gentle, placid stubbornness which allowed of no expostulation.

The ladies who had been first appointed to attend her were treated with such rudeness by the "mal élevé" Prince, that one after another sent in her resignation, so that finally the Princess had only around her ladies chosen out of the circle composed of the Prince's friends and their wives, whose ways and opinions were in opposition to all her own. The style and language of her sister-in-law, the Princess Mathilde, could only shock her feelings, and she was not attracted by the gay doings of the Imperial Court, being herself accustomed to traditional etiquette, and combining the pride of rank, which she considered proper dignity, with her very real Christian humility. "C'est une vraie princesse," was commonly said of her. At the present time she attends the poor,

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like an hospital sister, wearing hospital aprons, and shrinking from no act of charity, however repulsive; but although when she rises she dresses without assistance, her attendants are required to be within reach, and in readiness to offer their services, because it is proper that such should be the case; no usage of etiquette is overlooked, because it is right that she should be treated as a royal Princess.

During the Empire, even in her early youth, no one dared to show the least familiarity in her presence; but the stiff decorum of her circle did not make home life particularly agreeable. During the day her ladies accompanied her to the churches, where they unwillingly awaited her pleasure for hours; in the evening they were seated round a table with their work, while the Princess herself diligently plied her needle, speaking very little, and not encouraging any one else to do so. Some ladies, accustomed more to the *mal élevés* ways of the master of the house than to the tact required in the presence of a royal lady, tried to speak of public affairs, wondering, for instance, how matters would end between Victor Emmanuel and the Pope, which must evidently have been most displeasing to the Princess Clotilde. Scarely looking up, she replied very gently, but so as to effectually silence the indiscreet talkers: "The intentions are good—matters are in God's hands, and what is His will must happen." But never to any one did she express her private opinions, or utter anything more definite than such truisms. She lived alone, and had no confidential friends. That such an home should have been unutterably wearisome to Prince Napoleon is not surprising, though it is doubtful whether any wife, however gifted, could have retained any hold upon his affections.

With what scandalous audacity he threw off the conjugal yoke is well known. After long and patient suffering the Princess retired to the palace of Moncalieri, left to her by her father, Victor Emmanuel, where more than ever she devoted herself to the practice of devotion and charity.

"She wants to be canonized!" was the sneering comment of Prince Napoleon.

We may mention, as suitable for family reading, the following novels:

'Aurette,' by Henri Gréville; 'Le Comte de Palène,' by Jean de la Brète; 'Arrière-saison,' par Paul Guè; 'Bérangère,' by Madame Audebert de Bovet; 'Le bonheur était là,' par Camille d'Arvon.

Notes from a Northern University.

The academic repose of St. Andrews, that old-world town of historic and religious traditions, was disturbed in the early days of April by two memorable events. The 6th of the month was the day appointed for the great event of the University year, the installation of Lord Dufferin

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as Lord Rector, but before the day arrived another event was engrossing all thoughts and absorbing all interests. Between eight and nine on the morning of Sunday the 5th, the inhabitants were startled by the firing of two rockets in rapid succession, the signal that a ship was in distress in the bay. Half-an-hour later the signal was repeated, a repetition which intimated that the life-boat was to be got under weigh. By this time most of the inhabitants of St. Andrews were lining the shore and cliffs, or standing in anxious groups on the pier, gazing through blinding surf and spray at a schooner under bare poles, about a mile and a half from the shore, which was being tossed up and down by the relentless fury of the waves. All attempts to beat out of the bay having failed, the captain of the schooner, a stranger to the dangers of the coast, had been driven to the desperate alternative of casting anchor, in fatal proximity to the cliffs and rocks of the east bay. "Would the cables hold?" was the question that all asked, and to which no certain answer could be given with the wind still rising, and great seas sweeping every minute over the schooner. Gallant efforts had been made by the life-boat to breast the raging surf, but it soon became apparent that the attempt would have to be abandoned. No way could be made against such a wind and sea, and about three hundred yards from the shore the life-boat came to anchor, waiting till the tide should turn, an hour later. A red flag was hoisted from the stern, a signal to the schooner that for the present nothing could be done.

And now anxiety deepened every moment, and the wind continued to rise. Then through the eager, anxious crowd a rumour ran, that the Boar-Hills' life-boat was going to the rescue, and all eyes were turned to the promontory four miles east of St. Andrew's, behind which lies the village of Boar-Hills. A volunteer crew of St. Andrew's boatmen had early recognized the difficulty of getting their own life-boat out to the schooner, and had started for Boar-Hills, to see if a rescue could not be effected from a different point. But the Boar-Hills life-boat was a private gift, and is not under the protection of the Life-Boat Society, consequently it was not in a good state of repair. There was much difficulty in launching it, and when in the sea, it was found that the plugs of the exit valves were not working. Undismayed by this discovery, and encouraged by the fact that they were two miles to windward of the schooner, the crew determined to attempt a rescue. Again and again to the strained anxious eyes of the spectators the boat seemed to disappear altogether, but at last they had the satisfaction of seeing it within hailing distance of the schooner, and a little later it was hanging on by a rope to the stern; ready to stand by the vessel, and bring off the crew, should it be found necessary to leave the ship. Half an hour later it became apparent to the spectators on shore that the schooner was to be abandoned. Six men and the skipper were taken on board, and then began a terribly dangerous row to shore. Owing

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to the condition of the boat, she was by this time filled with water, up to the thwarts, and would not answer the helm. The risk that she might be driven on to the rocks and dashed to pieces was very great. Most gallantly did the crew battle with the surf and tide, with the waves breaking over them every minute. One wave larger than the rest dashed over them, and when the spray cleared off, it was seen that three of the crew had been swept into the water. A minute later they were picked up, and the rescued crew (Germans) and the plucky fishermen who had manned the life-boat, were safely landed on the beach. An hour later the vessel, the *Francis* of Drammen, was driven on to the rocks and is now a total wreck.

The whole of Sunday St. Andrew's was a seaport town. Nothing but the shipwreck and the gallantry and heroism of the life-boat volunteer crew was thought of or discussed; but by Monday morning the academic character of the place had re-asserted itself. Crowds of students were seen hurrying through the streets to receive and welcome Lord Dufferin, and shortly afterwards a team of enthusiastic scarlet-gowned young men were seen drawing the new Lord Rector's carriage in triumph through the streets. In the afternoon the installation took place, a short ceremony, preliminary to the event of the day, Lord Dufferin's address to the students. Conjecture and prophecy had been busy as to what would be the subject of the address. Not only of "high latitudes" would Lord Dufferin have discoursed to a grateful and gratified audience, but of all latitudes, far as the East is from the West. Wit and wisdom were equally at his command, the inherited wit of the Sheridans, the garnered wisdom of years of wise rule and government. But in his opening words the Lord Rector struck the grave and dignified note, which with flashes of irrepressible humour, and one or two witty, illustrative anecdotes, he kept up throughout the address. He was speaking at a centre of training to young men about to enter on life, and to them he uttered memorable words of advice, on the dignity of learning, on the best system of education, and on the conduct of life. His eloquent, impressive address has been read and studied through the length and breadth of the land, and need not be commented on here. "The college of the scarlet gown" is rarely fortunate in having on two successive occasions heard rectorial addresses like that of Mr. Arthur Balfour (the late Lord Rector) and of Lord Dufferin.

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OUR LIBRARY LIST.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN QUESTION. By GOLDWIN SMITH. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Whatever one may think of his opinions, there is no doubt that Mr. Goldwin Smith is an able and interesting writer. The present volume is an exposition of his views as to the future destiny of Canada, where everything seems to the writer to point to an ultimate union of some kind or other with the United States. The line which separates Canada from America is, Mr. Goldwin Smith points out, a purely artificial one, while both from a geographical and a commercial point of view the relations between the Dominion and her immediate neighbour must and ought to be very close. Possibly the author underrates the strength of the sentiment which keeps the majority of Canadians loyal to the British throne, and the recent elections certainly do not support some of the conclusions of this treatise; nor yet does Mr. Smith appear to see that it would be quite as inconvenient for Canada to ally herself with some of the mingled races of which the United States consists, as under the system of Imperial Federation it would be for her to attempt to get an interest in the Indian Peninsula. Apart, however, from its somewhat extreme opinions, the book is a valuable record of the past history and present condition of an important section of the British Empire.

WARWICK. By C. W. OMAN, (ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION. *Macmillan & Co.*) The thanks of all students of history are due to Mr. Oman for his valuable and interesting study of one of the most romantic figures in the whole of English history. That so little should really have been known of the great statesman who deserved the title of the Kingmaker seems strange, until we realize the state of utter demoralization to which two centuries of war, both at home and abroad, had reduced the English people. Where nothing was secure, it could hardly be expected that many faithful records would be preserved, and the result is the scarcity of material which Mr. Oman deplores. In spite of the difficulties in his way, he has produced an admirable sketch of his hero, and we know few pieces of historical writing more vivid than the description here given us of the Battles of Towtondale and Barnet.

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We should, however, like to know the grounds for such statements as that the blood of the Earl of Pembroke and his brother Richard Herbert "lies without doubt on Warwick's head." It may be that Warwick is to be held responsible for most of the deeds of his lieutenants; but we do not see that Mr. Oman has clearly made out his case, and should ourselves have been inclined to give his hero the benefit of the doubt. Great as is our debt to Mr. Oman, it would have been greater if he had furnished us with a list of authorities, and, further, with a genealogical table setting forth those many marriages which for several generations added so much to the power of the Nevilles. These, however, are small defects; the book, as a whole, is a most important contribution to the history of the later Plantagenets.

THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION: How to Prepare for it; How to Obtain it, and How to Use it; with practical information on the costs and prospects of a Military Career. By Capt. G. J. Younghusband, of the Queen's Own Corps. (*Murray*). Unquestionably this little book is well calculated to supply a definite want. There is no one who, in the capacity of parent, guardian, or tutor, has had to face the responsibility of sending some young man into the Army, but must have felt the need of some trustworthy information as to the social, moral, professional and financial requirements of the cadet and the subaltern. Official regulations may here and there supply the void, but they stop short exactly where the need of a counsellor is most felt. It is obvious that no one but an officer who has had full and recent experience of the aims, the needs, and the difficulties of a soldier's life could attempt this task with any prospect of success, and all who are interested, however indirectly, in a military career, should buy and read this little volume. We can promise them that they will find it interesting reading, and if they be among the parents and guardians to whom we have referred above, it will throw a flood of light on regulations and allusions which before appeared but dry technicalities. Moreover there is a good, wholesome, manly tone about the advice given which should commend it to every lad with any soldierly instinct in him.

TEN YEARS IN EQUATORIA. By Major Casati. (*Frederick Warne & Co.*) The world is probably by this time getting somewhat weary of books dealing with Central Africa and with the inevitable Emin Pasha. The present volumes are perhaps more attractive through their admirable illustrations than for their letterpress. The narrative deals with Major Casati's experience of Emin, but adds little to what we before knew of that ambiguous German's character. The Italian officer himself is a far more interesting personage than the man to whose service he devoted himself. It ought to be added that there are some

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valuable appendices devoted to meteorological observations and comparative tables of native languages, which add much to the value of the work.

TRADE UNIONISM, NEW AND OLD. By G. HOWELL, M.P. (*Methuen.*) There is a flavour of the Parliamentary Blue-book about Mr. Howell's little manual, and for its interest it must rely rather upon matter than manner. But the amount of information which it contains concerning the history and aims of the earlier Trades Unions, as well as the development of the last few years, is really wonderful. Mr. Howell is in sympathy with the older spirit of self-help and self-reliance, which sought to make of the Unions Provident Societies, not fighting machines to compel capital to surrender to labour. He deprecates the modern appeal to greed and to terror, and shows from carefully arranged tables of statistics that the working-classes are at this moment in an incomparably better condition than their predecessors of fifty years ago could have expected. It was for the right to combine, not the right to compel, that our forefathers struggled, and the adoption of the latter alternative will in his opinion involve an apostasy little short of suicidal.

THE ART OF LITERATURE: SCHOPENHAUER. Translated by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS. (*Swan Sonnenschein & Co.*) This little volume completes the series of extracts from Schopenhauer's 'Parerga' which Mr. Bailey Saunders has selected with so much judgment, and rendered into such excellent English. Like all Schopenhauer's writings, it abounds in pithy reflections upon men and things; in this instance, perhaps, we should have said authors and books. Himself a stylist, he would have all young writers remember that in writing there should be something monumental, and that whilst simplicity is to be cultivated, it is a mistake to be colloquial. A man should think more than he reads: "The safest way of having no thoughts of one's own is to take up a book every moment one has nothing else to do." But we hesitate to write more when we read that "an anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter," anonymity being "the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality." We can only beg our readers to read 'The Art of Literature' for themselves, and can assure them if they will accept our anonymous recommendation that they will find themselves rewarded.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS. By the AUTHOR of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.' (*Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.*) It is of the inevitable nature of things that we should close this book with a certain feeling of sadness. As we read, we are reminded of the remark of a wise, humorous, kindly American physician, who while staying in a remote Highland shooting-lodge was consulted by

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all the old people in the neighbourhood. His invariable diagnosis was, "There is only one thing the matter with you, you were born too long ago." Yet surely old age has never been met with more cheerful philosophy, nor its raids repulsed in a more gallant spirit, than round this tea-table. It would be an ungrateful task to criticise where there is so much to enjoy and admire, so much to remind us of our old friend 'The Autocrat.' A book in which we find memories of that familiar breakfast-table, and echoes of one of the most delightful and perfect of modern romances, 'The Guardian Angel,' is a book which claims our allegiance while it silences our analysis. Let us be grateful for the wise philosophy, the kindly humour, the flashes of caustic criticism of this veteran work, even though we may echo the author's own sentiments, and "confess that we prefer our champagne in its first burst of gaseous enthusiasm."

SWIFT: THE MYSTERY OF HIS LIFE AND LOVE. By JAMES HAY. (*Chapman & Hall.*) The character of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and his relations with the devoted Stella and Vanessa, is one of those literary problems which, because insoluble, will meet with an infinite variety of solutions. Most previous biographers have erred on the side of detraction, that is Mr. Hay's opinion; but we are bound to say that a perusal of the volume before us provokes a suspicion that the author errs not a little in the opposite direction. He will scarcely allow his hero so much as a weakness, and he explains his desertion of Vanessa by suggesting that her passionate letters were excited by stimulants more common and less ethereal than the "pangs of misprised love." This is Mr. Hay's principle throughout. Whoever is in fault, it is not Swift, and we think that a more discriminating advocate would have succeeded better in convincing the Court. Nevertheless the book gives evidence of a long and careful study of its subject, and contains a great deal of valuable information. It is written in a somewhat curious and fragmentary style, many pages consisting of a series of short paragraphs the connection of which is a little hard to trace. Perhaps the author adopts this method, because, in his opinion, "Aphorisms will be the literature of the future."

THE ADONAIS OF SHELLEY. By W. M. ROSSETTI. (*Clarendon Press.*) A more complete and more beautiful edition of Shelley's famous elegy could hardly have been published. It contains excellent memoirs of both the author and the subject of the poem from Mr. Rossetti's pen, as well as an exhaustive account of the circumstances which led to its composition, and the criticisms evoked by its appearance. A question is raised as to the Urania who is the mother of Adonais. Mr. Rossetti takes her to be not the Muse of Astronomy, but Aphrodite Urania, the daughter of Heaven and Light, representing the love of abstract beauty, and playing the same part with regard to Adonais as is played

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by Aphrodite in the elegy of Bion upon Adonis, which was the model of Shelley's poem. This is a new point in the literature of this subject, and will doubtless prove of interest to students of Shelley. The notes are numerous and excellent, and the book is furnished with a very complete index.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS. By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. (*Chapman & Hall.*) To all who have reason to desire a careful and detailed account of the French campaigns under the various Revolutionary governments we can recommend Major Griffiths' book, but to the ordinary reader it will prove unattractive. We believe that this is partly due to the poverty of its type and paper—rather unworthy considerations perhaps, but not without importance when estimating the probable effect of a book upon the public. From the declaration of war in 1792 to the end of Jourdan's campaign of 1799, we are carefully conducted through every stage of the war which the allied nations of Europe waged so unsuccessfully against the French Republic. The most interesting chapter to an Englishman, perhaps, is that which deals with the invasion of Ireland, pointing out that it was only an accident which preserved us, and that clearly "no absolute reliance could at all times be placed upon our insular position and the navy, our so-called first line of defence."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED. By RUDYARD KIPLING. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We are not sure that Mr. Kipling's latest romance is wholly likeable, but there can be no doubt as to its originality or its power. It depicts the fortunes of an artist called Dick Heldar and the girl of his choice, a certain Maisie, who believes herself possessed of artistic instincts. Heldar, after various vicissitudes and great successes, becomes blind, and the problem for Maisie is whether she can tolerate a husband who has lost through mischance the ability which alternately attracted her and made her despair. As originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, the sequel is a happy one. In its present form Maisie cannot consent to the "gran' rifiuto," and Heldar, blind and desperate, joins his boon companions, the war correspondents, and dies in the Soudan. In vigorous power of execution and in an almost cruel realism Mr. Kipling's novel is a very remarkable *tour de force*. His genius makes him write at fever-heat, and we long for some passages of repose in his rapid, breathless narrative. The genius, however, is incontestable—if only the author were not so fully aware of it.

HER EVIL GENIUS. By FREDERICK BOYLE. (*Chapman & Hall.*) The primary doubt that assails the reader of this spirited novel is who the heroine may be, and which of the characters is supposed to be her evil genius. Possibly the heroine may be Blanche Plowden, and in

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that case the dæmonic influence is the artist Oliver. On the other hand the really original character in the drama is the wild, uncultivated, but wholly delightful Nelly Garbel, whose footsteps are dogged by a wild ruffian from America called Salvador Catch. There is certainly a good deal of unconventional design in the plot of this book, and much of it is clever, but the story leaves on the mind a confused impression, as though the canvas were over-crowded, or the sequence of incidents not properly thought out.

THE PHILADELPHIAN. By Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) There is a great deal in this novel which is both spirited and interesting. The incidents are cleverly told, and some of the characters are well drawn. We confess, however, that the supposed hero, Mr. Rufus Snapper, does not wholly enlist our sympathies, or at all events does not attract us as much as Colonel Pendleton, the father of the somewhat colourless heroine, Edith. On the other hand the rogues and scoundrels, Tom Finch, Sam Rafferty and Pat Daly, afford a diversified field for characterization of which the author has not been slow to avail himself. The Philadelphian himself, though a distinctively smart man, is not immaculate, for he makes a serious mistake in the *rôle* of amateur detective which he has voluntarily assumed.

BRAVO RECHTS. By Ossip Schubin. (Jena: *Hermann Costenoble.*) There is a deeply-rooted prejudice in the English mind that all German novels are dull and long-winded, unless indeed they are learned and pedantic. There has been some justification for the belief, but much has been done to dispel it in the last decade, by no author more than by the Austrian lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of Ossip Schubin. 'Bravo Rechts' is a story of Austrian country life. It is animated, natural, and never tedious. The characters are very real and life-like, and the author is content that they should reveal themselves to us in their words and actions rather than through pages of psychological analysis. The story flows easily and the dialogue is bright and piquant. Among Ossip Schubin's gifts is the power of suiting her frame to her picture, so that each enhances the value of the other. The treatment of the story is too rapid to allow of much descriptive writing, but the touches of local colour are admirably done. The writer has a light hand, a quick mind, and a decided sense of humour, traits that hitherto have not been conspicuous in German fiction. The object of Ossip Schubin's novels is to interest and amuse, and undoubtedly she succeeds. We feel her stories have more kinship with English novels than with their German forbears. They might be described as younger cousins-german of the Baroness Tautphœus' delightful 'Quits' and 'The Initials.' We can recommend 'Erlachof' and 'Unter Elus,' also by Ossip Scnubin.

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HE FELL AMONG THIEVES. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN. (*Macmillan & Co.*) This novel is apparently intended for future dramatic representation. It begins indeed in true literary form with an admirable account of the Five-year-old Club; but the hero, Mr. Harry Wynne, who is the unresisting pigeon to the rooks of this sporting establishment, is soon driven by his misfortunes abroad and enters upon strange adventures of a highly sensational nature. The story is excellently told, but it is either too short or too long. It is too long to serve as the succinct *scenario* for a play, while if we regard it as a serious study of character to be duly developed in literary form it is assuredly too short. The book affords one of those instances in which the collaboration of a literary and dramatic genius is not conspicuously successful.

URITH. By S. BARING-GOULD. (*Methuen & Co.*) Mr. Baring-Gould is always forcible and not seldom unpleasantly realistic. Readers of 'Urith' will find themselves confirmed in this opinion, but though forced to dwell upon some episodes of savage brutality they will find more to counteract the disagreeable impression thus produced than Mr. Baring-Gould always vouchsafes. The book abounds in really beautiful pieces of descriptive writing, and there is real tenderness in the treatment of Anthony Cleverden's repentance and reconciliation with his wild and passionate wife, Urith herself. The Duke of Monmouth's rebellion is the historical background of the story, but it is strictly subordinated to the interest of the imaginary drama in which Urith and her husband play the principal parts. Of the minor characters our favourite is Mr. Solomon Gibbs, the gentleman who spends his time in seeking for his friends in every alehouse in the country, and cannot forbear bursting into song even on the most solemn occasions.

A MARRIAGE AT SEA. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. (*Methuen & Co.*) Apparently Mr. Clark Russell wished to write a succession of sea scenes, and to raise the question of the validity of marriages solemnized by the captain of a vessel. Hence this two-volume novel with its attenuated plot, an elopement, and a few days on board a yacht, ending with a storm and a transference to a merchantman. We were, however, chiefly struck by the passage in which the hero sits by the heroine when she is a prey to the pangs of sea-sickness, and indulges in a lover's rapture, as thus: "She had had no smiles for me, the handkerchief she held to her mouth had kept her lips sealed; but her eyes were never more beautiful than now, with their languishing expression of suffering, and I could not remove my gaze from her face, so exceedingly sweet did she look as she lay with the rich bronze of her hair glittering, as though gold-dusted, to the lamplight, and her brow showing with an ivory gleam through the tresses which shadowed it in charming disorder."

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No wonder that union with such a lover as this should "colour with hues of shadows and brightnesses" her life which hitherto "had been little more than the drab of virgin monotony." The story bears traces of hasty composition. For instance, the "pipe" of p. 60 becomes the "cigar" of p. 62, and the "bleak hiss" of the froth throws a "shrewd bleakness" into something else a line or two further on.

A ROMANCE OF THE CAPE FRONTIER. By BERTRAM MITFORD. (*Heinemann.*) A very pretty love story, combined with stirring scenes of adventure in the chase and on the battle-field, make up Mr. Bertram Mitford's romance. He keeps his story well in hand, and from first to last the interest is well sustained. We can heartily recommend it, both to those who love a gallant fight and to those for whom the course of true love and its many interruptions have an even greater charm. There is a good deal of information to be gathered by the way; and though perhaps, for some reason or other, we have of late been rather too well supplied with descriptions of cattle-branding and colonial farming in general, it is impossible not to catch the infection of the exhilarating open air-life of the Cape settlers. The introduction of the Kaffir War brings in the historical element, and makes the last part of the book, to our mind, the most successful.

THE QUIET MRS. FLEMING. By RICHARD PRYCE. (*Methuen & Co.*) Mr. Richard Pryce's story is told with much quiet humour and with admirable self-restraint, but it has the defect of revealing too early the final catastrophe. We are never tempted to take a peep at the end, we know perfectly well who stole the diamonds and where the thief is concealed. The mystery is commonplace enough, but the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Emma, and of old Mrs. Manton are far from commonplace, and we feel that they are distinct additions to our list of acquaintances. Mr. Pryce has had the good sense to confine his story to a single volume, with the result that there is not one line of padding or one dull page in his book.

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1891.

ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

CHAPTER XII.

"*Juste ciel*, madam; you'd not have me miss a chance. 'Tis so important and secret a matter I dare not entrust it to females, but if some that shall be nameless enjoy their own again, some of us may be the better for't, if we have wit to know in time which side our bread's buttered. And you'd keep me in England on so poor a pretext as that I must dance at a ball! Enfeeble me, madam! I am surprised at your *bêtise!*"

"Pray now, my dear son, be not unkind to your poor mamma," pleaded Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "If 'twere only a ball like another 'twould be of no consequence, but I would not for the world that Molly should miss it."

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who looked very worn and ill, was drinking her chocolate in bed. It was not early, but it was early for Ginckel to have made his appearance, especially as instead of the brocaded night-gown and cap that commonly formed his attire on first rising, he wore a riding-dress. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Mon Dieu!* mamma, why should she? You must go yourself. 'Twould be very *peu convenable* for my sisters to be seen in public places without you."

"There's some sense in that, Ginckel," observed Essie, coming in from her mother's dressing-room. "But I beg you will not persuade our mamma to go, for I believe I have just persuaded her to the contrary. I shall think it no loss if we all stay at home."

"I'll wager you won't, miss," replied Ginckel, studying the back of his coat by the aid of his mother's hand-mirror. "You'd be damnably vexed to see your sister get a fine husband, while you can't catch so much as a parson. But I'll allow you the

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excuse that our mamma hath very little wit in the matter of marrying her daughters. *You* are past praying for, but I have hopes of Moll, who hath a little more confidence in a brother that knows the world and is willing to serve her, if you women do not hinder him too much with your vapours and your strivings."

"I will go, my dear son, indeed I will!" cried Madam Van, and added nervously—"But remember, 'tis Moll's twenty-first birthday in six weeks, and you must be back here to see to her business."

"Mr. Lewis and Mr. Barber protest I am an excellent lawyer, mamma," said Essie, "so if Ginckel will give me the power, I can manage that matter for him. I hope, however, when he gets to France he will continue to keep out of prison, for he put you in a sad fright last time. And as to money, Ginckel, I tell you plainly you shall not have so much as a brass token if I can hinder you. You would have brought our poor mamma to a sponging-house long ago, if she had only her own fortune to depend on."

Ginckel had changed colour for some reason, while Mrs. Vanhomrigh was speaking, but made some appropriate repartee to Essie, and then recovering himself entered into a lengthy discourse on his adventures in Paris last year, from which it appeared that the tradesman at whose suit he had been imprisoned would not have ventured on such an audacious course, had he not been instigated to it by a certain person of very great quality, who had the *mauvais goût* to be jealous of his lady. But as the Colonel had now made up his mind to pay his addresses seriously to a young and wealthy widow, his Highness need no longer be under any apprehension. So kissing his fingers to his mother and sister, and promising that should they fail in securing a good match for Molly in London, he would marry her in France when his own affairs were concluded, he set out for Dover.

But though Madam Van's dress came home punctually—a dove-coloured and red silk, the petticoat branched with large trees, very fine—and she could not deny herself the pleasure of trying it on, she did not go to the ball. She was so ill that she was obliged to notice the fact, though hitherto her enjoying temperament and power of overlooking all the disagreeables of life, had enabled her to conceal from herself and others the rapid progress of what was in fact a mortal malady, though she did not know it. For she and her daughters were agreed in a well-

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founded distrust of doctors, and called none in to administer their miscellaneous rubbish that did duty as medicine, and to ply the fatal lancet, that was answerable for more deaths in that generation than the sword of the *Grand Monarque.* Now it happened that young Mrs. Harris was also invited to the great ball, to which Ginckel had got his mother and sisters invitations. This was an unprecedented event for her, and arose from the fact that Mr. Peter Ponsonby's step-mother, who gave it, was a City heiress connected with the Harris family. Molly then could go with her; an arrangement that Esther objected to in vain and just to satisfy her conscience, as she objected to everything that threw her sister with the Mordaunt set. But she had nothing definite to allege against them except her own dislike, as Molly could truthfully say when they discussed the matter; which was as seldom as possible because it hurt them both too much when they fell into a dispute. The Mordaunt set consisted chiefly of youths of fashion, who had begun their career as such at sixteen; which they could easily do, because it was a career in which not one manly thought or feeling or even accomplishment, except fencing, was required of them. Such gregarious creatures, each incapable of occupying or amusing himself, readily collected round any woman who, like Molly, had been elevated to the rank of a toast. And in this case besides the gratification it afforded their juvenile vanity to be seen with ladies of fashion, as the Vanhomrighs had somehow come to be considered, Madam Van and Molly's lively talk was of a kind that attracted and amused all sorts and conditions of men. But discernment is not the gift of youth, and very young people, whether they inhabit the poet's Dreamland or the worldliest of worlds, are equally subject to illusions. The illusions differ in their nature according to temperament and surroundings, and the beautiful ones have happily as a rule more relation to the important truths of life than the ugly and cynical ones. The particular illusion of the Mordaunt set consisted in a belief that society divided itself into persons like themselves and grave severe folks with claims to be considered more virtuous, which claims need not, however, be always admitted, because no one could frequent the theatre of the day without learning that virtue is usually but a hypocritical affectation. The grave religious man of the comedy was sure to turn out a greater villain than the dissipated hero, only not so successful. So these young gentlemen, while they paid Miss Vanhomrigh, who treated

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them with frank contempt, the tribute of a respectful dislike, were not so respectful in their liking for her mother and younger sister. That women should be gay, pleasure-loving, fond of fine clothes and fine names, foolishly frolicsome and tolerant, all that and more, and yet as pure and kind and in their way as simple as sisters of charity; that between such women as the two Vanhomrighs and themselves, in spite of some superficial likeness, there was a great gulf fixed of feeling and belief and all fundamental things,—this the Mordaunt set could not be expected to understand, any more than Molly and Mrs. Vanhomrigh could understand the situation from their point of view. Madam Van had preserved through all her experiences, and they had not been few, the mind as well as the heart of a child. Even Esther, although she vaguely distrusted her brother's companions, could never have believed that the young men who about six o'clock adjourned noisily from her mother's too hospitable table to White's or the Fountain tavern, there out of mere exhilaration, were wont to cast very serious imputations on the character of their hostess and her younger daughter. But it is certain that while Mrs. Vanhomrigh was whispering to her friends that Lord Mordaunt would marry her Molly to-morrow were it not for his fear of the Earl of Peterborough, which would probably not restrain him long now he had come to his majority; while she was both saying and believing this, a less flattering piece of gossip about the fair Vanhomrigh had somehow found its way into society.

Meantime Esther had only too many opportunities for comparing her Dean favourably with the rest of mankind, as represented by the youth of fashion. She had never been like another Esther, blind to all his faults, but she justly conceived that even in these his nature showed itself composed of superior elements to theirs. Intellectually he of course played the part of Gulliver among the Lilliputians, only he was more outspokenly satirical than his hero. The idea of *Gulliver's Travels* had long been present with him, and at Laracor he had begun to write the work. When he had returned to London in October, political exigencies had interrupted it, and he used to say that only himself and Esther and Pope and Gay would ever make the acquaintance of the much-travelled Captain and his friends. To Swift and Esther the personages and circumstances of *Gulliver* became so familiar a part of their lives, that they seemed to have almost a joint property in it. From which it

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may be inferred that any resolutions the Dean may have formed in Ireland on the subject of Miss Essie had been reconsidered in London; a result for which his belief in his own theories of life were as much to blame as some natural and amiable weaknesses of character. Did he throw her off entirely, he had grounds for thinking it possible she might fall a victim to the snares of certain hungry fortune-hunters, who had become very assiduous since Cousin Purvis had declared her intentions. For Esther had been spending the summer and part of the autumn at Twittenham with Cousin Purvis, who was so pleased with her good nursing and kind ways, that she had at last made a will, and had therein constituted Esther Vanhomrigh Junior her principal legatee. And of this the old lady had made no secret, for she thought if it were known her favourite might make the better match for it.

On first returning to London Swift had taken a lodging at a distance from St. James' Street, but it was uncomfortable, and the old one was empty, so he went back there. At this time Esther was still away at Twittenham, and he wrote with a certain sense of virtue, to tell P. P. T. that he was dining every three days with neighbour Van, whose eldest daughter was away from home. He did not add that he missed the said eldest daughter very much, especially as the first flush of triumph at returning to political life had passed off, and before long he had found himself in the situation of some powerful spirit men conjure up to mock by the imposition of impossible tasks. Weaving ropes of sand would have been a profitable industry compared to the attempt to weld together a party disintegrated by petty feuds and ambitions, as well as by inevitable circumstances; for the Queen could not live much longer, and after her death there would be no place for a Tory party as it then existed. The Tories must either resign themselves to the absolute triumph of the Whigs on the accession of George of Hanover, or they must turn Jacobites. There was no longer any room for a convenient, if illogical, compromise between rival theories of Monarchy. In after years some people liked to say that Swift had never been in the confidence of the Ministry which he professed to manage; and it was true that Bolingbroke and others had at this time relations with the Stuarts at St. Germains which they dared not disclose to him. He had no knowledge of their vacillating intrigues, but he saw well enough that something was being concealed from him.

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Esther allowed herself to be detained by Mrs. Purvis, because in spite of her restless longing to go back to London, she was also afraid to go; not so much reasonably afraid of her own feelings as unreasonably afraid of their object. All those quiet summer days and nights at Twittenham she had been feeding her passion with dreams, and she had still sense enough to know that the reality would not resemble them. She feared that she could not meet her divinity without in some way manifesting her adoration, nor support without sickening anguish some awful look or bitter jest of his. But one golden day in the very end of October the dreams and the fears alike came to an end at the touch of reality. It was literally a golden day, for there had been no wind to strip the trees of their leaves, and the single trees of garden and hedgerow and the sloping woods over the Thames, were all burning from summit to base in different shades of gold. The big chestnut in Mrs. Purvis' garden that stretched its arms into the river, threw golden reflections deep down into the water, and yet had prodigally carpeted the paths with gold. The Michaelmas daisies and even the dahlias and bushy fuchsias were still bright in the borders, and the noonday sunshine made the sheltered garden almost hot, as Essie walked there with her mother and Molly and the Dean of St. Patrick's. Soon after she returned to London.

Volumes of analysis would scarcely suffice to set forth what is yet one of the world's commonest common-places; namely the process by which upright and intelligent people can by imperceptible degrees slide into positions which any one but themselves can see to be morally, and it may be practically, untenable. If the relations between Esther and Swift were extraordinary, there was nothing extraordinary in the process by which they arrived at them. The intimacy to which they were accustomed, the right to her absolute confidence that Swift as Mentor had early assumed to himself, soon made it appear natural to both that he should know her secret, although it related to himself. Her passionate adoring love seemed to be crystallised, to have gained a greater strength and definiteness, from having been permitted expression, and though at this time never again directly expressed, it coloured their whole intercouse,—it not merely filled, but was, her life. It must have been a strange and thrilling thing for a sensitive, imaginative man, and one arrived at an age when he might be supposed to be beyond the reach of new emotional experiences, to be suddenly as it were enveloped in the warm

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atmosphere of a love, the like of which he had never received or experienced, and that at a time when all the world about him seemed especially cold and unsatisfactory. He himself had sighed for Miss Waring in youthful folly, and had known the tender and the jealous agitation of a lover in his long attachment to Hetty Johnson. Hetty on her side had always loved him with a calm and deep affection in accordance with her own character and the education he had given her; but neither of the pair had been capable of such passion, such complete devotion as Esther Vanhomrigh's. Swift was at bottom very faithful in his friendships even to women, but he was superficially capricious and easily chilled and offended by any one. P. P. T. it must be confessed had been cold, even sarcastic to him of late; a fact which did not help him to resist the magnetism of this wonderful, incomprehensible passion, that sometimes drew him into its warm folds, sometimes vexed and repelled him, but was never long absent from his thoughts. There was a fascination too, a sense of power in ruling so strong a nature, that itself delighted to rule. Hetty's submission to him, a thing much older than her womanhood, was too complete and too much a matter of course to affect him in the same way. Then there was the sympathy and quick understanding he found with Essie during the last desperate struggles of the Tory party in the year 1713–14; and the flattery to his vanity—that vanity which his pride could conceal but not destroy, when he heard Esther and her fortune flattered. All these things helped him to drop easily into a position which was like, but not the same as the old friendly intimacy. He continued to say before her how he laughed at men who fell in love and pitied men who married, and further relieved his conscience by reflecting that time and circumstance must inevitably destroy Essie's absurd passion for himself. Meantime why make two innocent people superfluously unhappy and uncomfortable?

Thus had matters progressed—for such matters can only apparently stand still—through the autumn and winter. Now it was May, and after a stormy interview with the two leaders of the Ministry, Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who every day hated each other worse, he called at the Vanhomrighs' on his way home. The excitement of the fray was still in his blood, and he would have liked to act the interview all over again to Essie, and get her either to confirm his wavering intention to shake the dust of London off his feet, or to lend

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him good reasons for staying. To his disappointment, he found she had been called away to Twittenham by the sudden illness of Mrs. Purvis. After a few pre-occupied words with Madam Van and Molly, he went slowly home and sat down to read. He held a book in his hand—his favourite *History of the Civil Wars*—but he did not read more than a paragraph, and in his rambling thoughts it was not Oxford and Bolingbroke that most persistently held a place. He was not long left to his meditations, for presently Mr. Erasmus Lewis climbed his two pair of stairs, full of concern at the hopeless position of political affairs. Mr. Lewis was the safest of confidants, and Swift found some relief in telling him all that had passed between the two Ministers and himself, though on their side it had been nothing but violent recriminations, while he, after vain attempts at reconciliation and a few angry sarcasms, had, as he said, bitten up paper and tugged at his wig for the rest of the two full hours.

"And pray, Dean, is this true that's about the town, that you'll be married before you go home to Dublin?" asked Mr. Lewis, with an indifference that was only assumed; for at the bottom of his legal soul there blossomed some strange, incongruous little flowers of chivalry and kind feeling.

The Dean started.

"A plague upon their nasty tattle!" he cried. "Who told you so, Lewis?"

"Oh, half-a-dozen persons."

"Half-a-dozen liars!" and Swift began to bite a letter he held in his hand.

"Then 'tis false, Dean?"

"False as hell or the *Review*."

"I'm glad on't," replied Mr. Lewis, shortly. "But if I had heard you was to be married in Dublin—faith now, I should wish 'twas true."

"Married!" sniffed the Dean. "Lord love thee, man! Art gotten an old woman, with thy head full of weddings and funerals? You'll see me buried, I warrant, but married—h'm."

"Have you had good news of Mrs. Johnson lately?" asked Mr. Lewis. "She was but sadly three weeks since."

Swift changed colour.

"Who told you so?" he asked.

"Her sister; I met her at Lady Giffard's Tuesday se'nnight."

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"I knew nothing on't," returned Swift. "Pray Heaven she may be better! Poor, poor—Mrs. Johnson!"

Mr. Lewis having said his say, took leave. But his visit had thrown a gleam of daylight from without on Swift's position. Such a gleam would be lost on some, but on him it was not. His mind, half conventional, half casuistic, might deny it, but his heart owned the paramount claim of P. P. T. upon his life. Now for these many months her image had been little, ever less and less, with him. She had been suffering, and he had not even known it! In deep remorse he penned her a letter full of tenderness and commiseration. He thanked heaven there was no chance of her hearing this report about his marriage; but it made an added reason for his retirement from London, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his political and private friends, he left it suddenly towards the end of May. He betook himself to a country village—a little solitary place, hidden in a wooded fold of the Berkshire downs. Before leaving town he sent one of his brief notes, so guarded they make the reader ask his reason for such caution, to Esther at Twittenham; but she had left before it arrived, Cousin Purvis being out of danger from her stroke, though still hardly in her senses, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh unwell.

Chapter XIII.

When Molly was waiting for her chair to go to the ball, she remarked that Essie looked pale, which was only natural, seeing she had already had a week of severe sick-nursing at Twittenham. Essie, like many people before and since the generation that regarded weakliness as a charm, was somewhat conceited on the score of her good health. She flatly denied being pale, and taking out her own Turkish shawl, that her godfather had brought her from Adrianople, she wrapped it about her sister's white rounded throat and bosom, cautiously, so as not to crumple the laces and ribbons.

"Take care of your own health, miss," she said, "and leave mine to take care of itself. It can do very well, I dare assure you." And while she stood there wrapping Molly up, it struck her that she had never seen her sister look so pretty as to-night. It gave her pleasure to see that, but also it filled her with a vague unreasonable anxiety.

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"Pray now be good, Moll," she said, "and not a madcap, and be not too hugely diverted, nor come back with a great cold, but be good."

"I will answer thee, Hess, 'sad face and true maid,'" replied Molly, with her little smile that had in it a touch of satiric humour. "Know then, Governor Huff, I shall divert myself to the top of my bent this day, next day, and some two thousand days after, and be as mad as a colt in clover, and all this out of pure kindness to a certain sobersided Mrs. Moll you shall one day make acquaintance with, that she may know the world's a snare and live discreetly."

The chairman's knock resounded through the house, and tapping her elder sister delicately on the nose with her fan, Miss Molly tripped downstairs.

Esther was already undressed, and when she had settled her mother for the night, she threw herself into her bed with a sigh of contentment and fell fast asleep. She slept sound, for she was young and healthy, and it was many nights since she had had her natural rest. She must have slept for several hours when she became aware of some one talking in the adjoining room, the partition-wall of which was thin. She lay still for a little between sleeping and waking, hearing the voice but attaching no ideas to it, till suddenly she realized that this querulous moaning voice was her mother's, and that it came from Ginckel's room which should have been empty. In a moment she was out of bed and in the passage, with only her thin night-rail and bare feet. The door of Ginckel's room was open, and the moonlight was shining in at the uncurtained window as bright as day. To her surprise she saw that Mrs. Vanhomrigh was dressed in her new ball-dress, and had a lace commode on her head and a diamond necklace not fastened, but hanging loose among the trimmings of her bodice. She was pulling her son's numerous clothes out of the drawers and closets, and rummaging in the pockets, talking to herself all the time like a person who is very much worried about something. When she had finished searching each garment she threw it from her blindly, and the fine silks and satins and gold and silver brocade of Ginckel's wardrobe lay tossed about on the floor, glittering in the moonlight. Essie came softly and took hold of her mother to lead her back to bed, concluding her to be walking in her sleep, though her eyes were open.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, answering the touch, "I'm coming. But what is the use without the paper?"

"It is of no consequence, mamma," returned Esther.

"But it is, it is, I tell you," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh, with a pettish sob. "They cannot be married without it. There is six months' notice required, and then the clerks will do nothing without the paper. Oh dear! oh dear! Whatever shall we do?"

And she went on lamenting incoherently to herself, beginning words and not finishing them. Esther again tried to draw her away, but in vain.

"I will find it, mamma," she said, "if you will tell me what it is."

Mrs. Vanhomrigh sat down on the end of the dismantled bed; her eyes had lost their fixed stare, and glittered feverishly. She looked ghastly ill and aged as she sat there in the moonlight in her ball-dress, shaking her head with a smile half-sprightly, half-knowing.

"Tell Essie!" she said, as though to herself. "No, no, that would never do; Essie must not know a word about it. How surprised she will be, to be sure! Essie, salute her ladyship——" and she began to laugh, swaying herself about and exclaiming in her amusement as incoherently as she had lamented. It came on Essie with a shock that her mother was not merely sleep-walking, but delirious; and also that there was some secret, probably an unpleasant one, on her mind. Her first impulse was to fetch old Ann, but she reflected that she was no longer a child to run to her nurse in every difficulty, and that if any disclosures were to be made, it was as well she should be alone to hear them. No longer afraid of awaking her mother, she put her strong arm round Mrs. Vanhomrigh and spoke authoritatively to her. Mrs. Vanhomrigh yielded, and went down to her own bedroom in silence. But when her daughter began trying to take off her dress, which in spite of its elaborateness she had laced and arranged without any mistake, it seemed to suggest to her again the idea of making her toilette. She flew to seat herself before her pretty heart-shaped mirror, and called hurriedly for more lights.

"My necklace!" she cried, putting her hand to her throat, "I'll not go without it. Lady Peterborow herself will not have such stones, and Moll will be glad to show the fine jew'ls are not all on one side of the house. Make haste—my patch-box, you slut—the rouge! Sure I look frightfully. Ah, well—once

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I was the gayest, handsomest young miss in Dublin, and sighing won't bring it back. But the paper—don't let them go to church without that cursed paper."

Esther was cutting the lace of her smart be-ribboned stays, and undressing her again as quickly as possible. Then with an effort she lifted her mother's wasted form—how terribly light she had grown!—laid her in bed and stood by to see that she did not again rise. Esther remained half standing, half leaning on the bed, for more than an hour, during which her mother rambled intermittently in a manner that doubly alarmed her, both because it showed Mrs. Vanhomrigh to be more seriously ill than she had thought, and also because of the mysterious trouble to which she alluded in her wanderings. The names of Lord Mordaunt and Molly, mingled with confused talk about Ginckel and papers and money, were perpetually recurring. But Mrs. Vanhomrigh's wanderings grew more and more intermittent, and by the time it grew light she was sleeping. Esther called old Ann and went herself, not to sleep, but to dress. The vague anxiety with which she had seen Molly go out had returned upon her more strongly than ever, and she wondered why her sister did not return. The moonlight night had turned into a grey morning, and it was chill with the chill of dawn; but when she was dressed she opened one of the front-parlour windows, and leaned out into the little iron balcony. St. James' Street was at the centre of the fashionable world, and the traffic had not yet ceased in it. A group of sedan-chairs came down it just as she looked out, but some turned off towards St. James' Square and the rest in other directions. When the street was quite empty except for a few belated foot-passengers, a chaise came round the corner of Piccadilly. Esther had good eyes and she recognized the liveries, the horse and the vehicle itself at once. There were two servants on the box-seat, and one of them had a shawl thrown carelessly round his neck over his livery, presumably to protect him from the morning air. Esther observed that it was extremely like her own, the like of which she had never seen in all London. The coachman, half asleep or intoxicated, was driving carelessly, and just as the equipage passed the Vanhomrighs' house the horse stumbled badly, bringing his knees within a hair's-breadth of the stones, but recovering himself. The footman with the shawl threw it off on the top of the chaise and jumped down to see if the animal had scraped his knees. Esther looked straight down on the

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shawl and saw it to be not only identical in colour and pattern with her own, but to have the identical large brown stain at one corner which hers had always had, and which Ann had often tried vainly to remove. The sight of the shawl her sister had been wearing on Lord Mordaunt's chaise, gave her a shock; by an irresistible impulse she rushed down to the front door to see who was in the carriage, but by the time she had unbolted and opened it, the equipage was rattling down the street and away in the direction of Chelsea. She went upstairs to her sister's room, locked the door and took away the key. All was quiet in the street now. There was nothing more to be done at present, but wandering about the house like an unquiet spirit, she met Ann just outside her mother's door, and she could not help saying:—

"Ann, Miss Molly has not come home yet."

Her haggard eyes met Ann's as she spoke, and the old woman turned a shade more ash-coloured than she already was looking, less at the speech than at the manner of it.

"Lord love us, Miss Essie!" she cried, and then after a pause: "Maybe she went back along of Mrs. Harris."

"Why should she?" returned Esther, with the impatience of a person in pain. "Mrs. Harris is lodging in Park Place—'tis scarce three minutes' walk from here."

"Let me run and see, Miss Essie," said Ann.

Esther shook her head.

"I would not have them know she is not returned. I will go round myself as soon as I can decently rouse them, on pretence of asking my cousin to direct me to a good physician for the Mistress."

"May the Lord heal and preserve her!" replied the old woman solemnly. "I'll go pray. 'Tis all I can do, and it seems little use; and yet I warrant 'tis more use than a shop-full of pothecary's stuff."

So Esther roused her cousin, insisting on a personal interview with her at an unreasonably early hour. Mrs. Harris came in yawning in a bed-gown, and heard how her aunt had been taken ill in the night, and how, much as Mrs. Vanhomrigh disliked doctors, one must certainly be called. And all the time Essie's anxious eyes were fixed on her cousin, in hopes that she would begin to explain that Molly was under her roof. Something indeed she said about Molly presently.

"Sure then, 'tis all the more reason Cousin Moll had better

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have left the ball in my company last night, and as a married woman, my dear, I must needs inform ye I thought it vastly strange conduct her letting this young Lord Mordaunt drive her home in his chay."

"Did she so?" asked Essie, with trembling lips. "I—I—have scarce had time to enquire. She is sleeping very sound; she will not wake before noon, or after. 'Twas an indiscretion; but you must understand a message reached her, and she thought to get home the faster. Pray accept my excuses, Cousin Harris, and my thanks, and good-bye to ye."

When Essie left her cousin's lodgings, she turned at once and walked in the direction of Bury Street. She was only a girl of three-and-twenty, and the anxiety and responsibility of the situation seemed more than she could bear alone. Meanwhile a note which had been sent to Twittenham was finding its way in the postman's bag to St. James' Street, to tell her Swift was gone. At the moment when she stood on the threshold of his lodgings, he was riding slowly out of the Angel Inn at Oxford on the last stage of his Berkshire journey. The news of his departure was a great blow; she had not indeed time or attention to spare for herself in the character of the forsaken lover, but she felt that this desertion threw her back entirely on her own resources in a situation so critical for others.

With a sensation of vague anger against Swift and the whole world, she turned away from his abandoned lodgings—an anger that was unreasonable enough, but served the useful purpose of bracing her to meet her difficulties. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was still asleep when she got home again, and she could think of nothing better to do than to go up to Molly's room and ransack it for anything that might throw some light on her relations with Lord Mordaunt, or the money matters which in Mrs. Vanhomrigh's wandering talk had been connected with these. She found a sheaf of notes from Mordaunt, remarkable only for a certain disagreeable self-confidence, and for being better written and spelt than the *billets-doux* of most of Molly's fashionable admirers. She glanced through them, and through a packet of borrowed verses in various hands and variously inscribed: *To Chlöe; To Clarinda; To Phillida.* But none of them showed signs of coming from Mordaunt. Indeed they had all been laughed over in the family circle before now, when they had arrived by the threepenny post, or been slipped into Molly's muff. Baffled here, she next marched into Ginckel's room, with the

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determination that nothing there should be sacred from her search. The wardrobe had been turned out the night before. There was, however, a small standing desk in the room with an upright cupboard on the top; the cupboard was open and had papers in it; bills, recipes for cosmetics, and *billets-doux* in feminine hands, even worse spelt than those in Molly's desk, were mixed in careless confusion. The desk part was locked, and the same key did not fit it, nor did any on her own bunch. There then, if anywhere, must be something of importance. She pulled at the lid and shook it with all her might, but in vain, and, furious with rage at the strength of the lock and her own incapacity, looked round for some instrument wherewith to force it. One or two rapiers hung on the wall, and among them a short sword. At a bound she was on the table above which it hung, had snatched it from the wall, and, leaping down again, was at the desk once more. For a minute or two the tight-fitting lid refused to admit the blade, but at length the point got a grip of it. She thrust the sword in and out on the other side with the energy of rage, and, bringing her strength to bear on the blade, endeavoured to turn it. For a moment the blade bent, and then, with a crackling sound and a splintering of wood, the desk flew open, disclosing its hoard of documents, and, throwing the sword down clanging on to the boards, she hastily turned over the papers. Almost on the top lay a folded one, sealed with the Mordaunt arms. She opened it, and read in Ginckel's handwriting:—

"*I, Ginckel Vanhomrigh, Colonel in Her Majesty's service, do hereby promise to pay Thomas Mordaunt, Viscount Mordaunt, four thousand pounds, to be paid one thousand at a time on each quarter-day from this present date, September the 8th,* 1712*; and I also promise to ask no interest for the said money, on the conditions agreed to by the said Thomas Mordaunt.*"

This appeared to be only a copy of some document, but within was another paper, signed, sealed, and formally witnessed. It ran thus:—

"*I, Thomas Lord Mordaunt, promise to repay the said four thousand pounds within three months of my coming of age, or, in the event of my not doing so, to marry Miss Mary Vanhomrigh, sister of the above Ginckel Vanhomrigh, within the same time.*"

Esther stared at the strange document for a few minutes, the line on her forehead deepening as she stared; then with a cry

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of anger and disgust she threw the paper from her, and it fluttered to the ground by the side of the sword.

Had Ginckel paid the money, and if so where had he got it? The first question was soon answered, for Lord Mordaunt's receipts were there, and the answer to the other Esther guessed only too easily, before the letters lying before her had made it clear. It was more difficult to say why Ginckel had kept these letters. It may have been to remind himself of certain details concerning the family funds which they incidentally noted; it may have been merely for the same mysterious no-reason that often induces people to keep incriminating correspondence. He had for some years been sole trustee of his youngest sister's property, his brother who had shared the trust with him having died abroad. It was invested in the business of the flourishing mercantile house to which his father and brother had belonged. From that business nothing could be withdrawn at less than six months' notice, and it was so arranged that one-third only of the capital could be withdrawn at any one time, an interval of three months having to elapse between the withdrawal of each portion. The whole sum amounted to six thousand pounds; a much more considerable fortune then than it would be now, especially at the high rate of interest it was earning. How Ginckel had raised the thousand pounds immediately required on September 29, 1712, Esther did not understand, but in March, 1713, he had, after due notice given, withdrawn two thousand of Molly's capital. In the end of June of the same year he had been detained in a French prison, and had been obliged to empower his mother to receive and pay the next two thousand, not indeed informing her of the precise terms of the bargain, but persuading her that by laying Lord Mordaunt under this obligation, she was greatly facilitating that match of Molly's she had so much at heart. With Mrs. Vanhomrigh to desire a thing very much meant to consider it as good as obtained, and so she had long regarded Mordaunt as virtually her son-in-law. Consequently she had at the time felt little scruple in obeying her son's behest, though she had sufficient delicacy not to tell Molly about it. Esther she was of course forbidden to tell. But as the months went on, and Mordaunt came of age, and yet even to her sanguine eyes, appeared not in a "coming-on disposition," she became very uneasy. She had never kept a secret before, and never before in all her gay thoughtless life done anything really wrong. Now she was conscious that she had helped her

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son to rob her younger daughter, and though it had been done by both entirely in Molly's interest, the anxiety she suffered lest the money thus taken should be gone without return, had done much to hasten the progress of her disease.

The details of the business were of course not all to be found in the letters which Esther looked through, but there was quite enough to give her a pretty clear idea of what had occurred. She saw Ginckel, ever the most foolish and futile of schemers, baiting the hook, her mother standing by, impetuous, prompt as usual to share his self-complacent view of himself and his projects; saw only too clearly the shrewd young object of their attention making the most out of their fatuity, with many a private or, worse still, public sneer at it. "Good God," she thought, "he has the right to despise us." And if Mordaunt could become more hateful to her than he was before, he became so.

She closed the desk again, but it was so damaged that, had she wished, she could not have concealed her raid upon it. She looked at it with a bitter smile, and pressing down an ugly splinter with her finger.

"He will protest 'twas most dishonourable conduct," she said to herself. "Female treachery—that is what he will call it," and she laughed aloud. It was a strange brief burst of laughter that startled herself, and made her jump up from the chair by the desk, and turn to flee from the room.

The sword still lying on the floor caught her eye. She took it up, and feverishly handling the blade, "Oh that I were a man!" she thought; "I would kill him, kill him without mercy." Then she threw it away from her again, for it was only by feminine weapons that she could hope to make her way into Peterborough House. She dressed herself very carefully in a new blue damask dress, and her best lace Steinkirk; tried on a Leghorn hat, and discarded it in favour of a hood which was more stylish and becoming. All this, not with the pleasure of a girl adorning herself, but with the stern care of a duellist preparing his weapons. The fatigue she had felt the evening before had entirely disappeared in the exitement of the succeeding hours; she was pale indeed, but not haggard, as a person of less perfectly robust *physique* must have been after such a vigil, and the look of defiant determination that she wore became her face more than the soft bloom it had lost.

As she came downstairs she saw a fat man with a colossal

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peruke and a big cane standing on the lower landing to get his breath. It was the doctor come to see Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and she must stay her impetuous course, which seemed about to take her at one bound across St. James' Park to Peterborough House, in order to answer and ask questions. Mrs. Vanhomrigh had slept, and was much better for the time. The doctor's practised eye saw on her face the look of one mortally stricken, but the science of the day did not enable him to name her malady and pronounce her doom. He talked a long time to conceal his helplessness, prescribed nauseous physic, and went. Mrs. Vanhomrigh called Esther back as the two left the room. Her indomitable spirits had risen again, in spite of illness and anxiety.

"My love," she said, "I'm surprised at your impudence in bringing that creature to see me. When I'm inside a hearse, you may put him outside of it for an ornament, if he's to your taste, but I swear he shall not come near me again while I live."

"Oh mamma, do try his physic before you are so determined against him."

"Faith, I'll try it. There's poor old puppy sadly wants putting out of his misery, but I knew not how to accomplish his end; this physic comes most fortunately. But tell me now, Hess, how did Molly divert herself last evening?"

"I cannot tell, mamma. She is not awake."

"The lazy hussy! I warrant then things went well, if she slumbers so soundly. She has pleasant dreams, no doubt. What will you wager me, miss, that all is not settled between her and Mordaunt? Now never look cross for it—I believe that match s made in Heaven, and will be, and a prettier young couple you'll not find in all England and Ireland too."

"Pray, mamma, sup up this; 'tis good chicken broth, such as I know you love."

"It has an ill taste to-day, my dear, and I will none of it. I am all impatience to see Moll; send her to me as soon as she wakes."

"Mamma, I entreat you to keep quiet and not agitate yourself. Old Ann shall come to you, for I am forced to go out on business."

The word startled Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

"What business?" she asked sharply.

"Mr. Lewis has heard of a tenant for the house at Cellbridge," returned Esther, prevaricating with unusual glibness.

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Her mother turned uneasily on her pillow.

"Ah!" she moaned, half to herself; "I wish Ginckel had not gone away."

"So do I, mamma," replied Esther significantly; and leaving the patient in charge of Ann, she called a hackney-coach and drove off in the direction of Peterborough House, more calmly and despondently than she would have done had she started an hour earlier in the first flush of her wrath. When she caught sight of its high surrounding walls, she could not but think how she and Molly and Swift had passed and commented on them merrily more than once, when they used to "hobble," as he called it, to Chelsea and back that summer he had lodged there, and had been ill and wanted a great deal of nursing and cheering. But it was a passing thought, for the iron gates opened and the business of the moment again absorbed her.

Chapter XIV.

Lord Peterborough, though an early riser, was not yet fully dressed. He sat over his dish of chocolate in his velvet bed-gown and night-cap, relaxing his mind with a new Comedy. He was in particularly good spirits, as he had just received a letter informing him that Her Majesty was better again, and if only she would last through the summer, he believed he and Bolingbroke and the rest of them would certainly be able to bring in James III. Not that he cared a pin about the Stuarts and Divine Right, but he did care whether his own party or the opposite one finally triumphed. His money matters too were more flourishing than usual, in spite of Lady Peterborough having insisted on the payment of a long out-standing debt to her, in order that she might save her son from the consequences of his own folly and extravagance. So being in no particular dread of duns, he considered the matter when Adriano, his Italian valet, told him there was a lady below demanding a private audience.

"Is she young, Adriano, very young?" he asked in Italian. "Thou know'st my taste; I would have no woman but the Queen live past five-and-twenty. Is she young and tolerably pretty?"

"*Già*, Excellence, the lady is young and beautiful. But most

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beautiful!" And Adriano, who was a fresh importation, fell into an attitude of rapture.

Peterborough looked at him doubtfully.

"The dog takes every carroty miss for a beauty," he muttered, finishing his chocolate and meditatively folding up a fine fringed napkin.

"Well, Adriano," he resumed at last, "thou canst show her across the vestibule into the Venetian parlour. In that way I shall see enough of her to decide the matter."

So as Esther paused in the middle of the large marble-paved entrance hall, while Adriano was tying his shoe-ribbon, her keen young eyes caught sight of a small elderly face peering from behind the balusters, surmounted by a velvet night-cap. She smiled ironically to herself, recognizing it as Lord Peterborough's and guessing his object.

Twenty minutes after, when she was ushered upstairs, he looked as she had seen him do in the Mall and at Assemblies; an alert upright little figure well dressed in brown and buff, with a pair of blue eyes still lively and piercing, and a once-handsome face, whose wrinkles were half concealed by touches of paint and the shadow of a flowing flaxen peruke. He bowed with his jewelled hand on his heart as she came in, and she returned the bow with as fine a curtsey as ever he saw in his life. Adriano discreetly retired.

"This is indeed an unexpected happiness, madam," he said, handing her to a chair. "The stars indeed smile upon me this morning."

She was evidently a lady, well-bred, well-dressed, young and handsome too. Was she a petitioner for his interest with some Minister for a place, a fair Jacobite, or—pleasing thought—a romantic miss, enamoured of his reputation?

"My Lord," she replied, "my name and person cannot be known to you as yours are to me, although we have acquaintance in common." An instinctive, unreasoning pride made her avoid using the name of Swift, with whom Lord Peterborough was intimate. "I must then present myself to your Lordship—Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, Junior."

She spoke calmly and with dignity, but Peterborough's quick eye noted the nervous quiver of her lip and the knitting of her brow, and he hastily concluded himself to be what the French call in good fortune. He bowed again, looked at her critically, and saw one or two quite remarkably fine points about her.

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"Vanhomrigh," he repeated smiling, and thinking of her appearance more than of what he said. "Now where have I heard that name? Believe me, madam, had I ever set eyes on you, I could not have forgotten the least circumstance that concerned you."

"I trust that is encouraging enough," he thought; "Gad, I shall be in love in five minutes more by the clock."

"My Lord," she said, after a pause, "my business is of a nature so serious to me, though I am aware it may appear trifling to you, that—that—I scarce know how to open it to your Lordship."

Lord Peterborough, confirmed in his impression, would have liked to fall on his bended knee, and kiss the hand that was clasping and unclasping the arm of her chair, but fearing he could no longer do so conveniently or gracefully, he sat down and taking it delicately in his own, touched it with his lips.

She withdrew her hand hastily, and speaking with determination continued:

"'Tis as master of this house, I appeal to you, for I must beg you to have it searched. 'Tis my unhappy belief that your son has my sister somewhere concealed on these premises."

Lord Peterborough jumped up again, a little mortified to find himself not, as he had supposed, the object of a romantic passion on the part of this fine young woman, but not despairing of some success with her all the same.

"If the lady resemble you, madam," he replied, "my son is indeed enviable. But I believe Heaven doth not make these fine creatures in pairs."

"My Lord," she asked, with a sudden, disconcertingly direct look, "do you know if my sister is here?"

Peterborough, who was never still for long together, walked a few steps and took snuff.

"Confound the woman!" he thought. "What's her sister to me or Mordaunt either?"

He pretended to consider.

"Hath she a pair of eyes with all the charming softness of the blue, and all the vivacity of the black? Hath she a white skin and lips of the most inviting red? Can she—Oh no, surely she cannot—boast a hand and arm as finely formed, as white, as soft, as that I had the honour but now to kiss?"

In Esther's eyes there was none of that glamour surrounding the Hero of Barcelona, the Tribune of the Coffee-houses, which

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had inspired Francis Earle with awe when he stood before him in that same room. She saw in him nothing but what in fact he was to her—a heartless old fribble. She knew that her best chance was to remain calm and trade upon his vanity, but she also knew that her indignant impatience was fast getting the better of her diplomacy. So far, however, it showed itself only in the alternate paling and flushing of her cheeks.

"My Lord, you do so much honour to my poor charms, that 'tis plain you know nothing of my sister's. Yet I believe her to be in your house, detained there by your son."

Lord Peterborough shrugged his shoulders and smiled; he really could not understand why she should come complaining to him of his son's peccadilloes, but as she was rather attractive, he did not object to her doing so.

"*Que voulez-vous*, my dear miss? I am told our English fine ladies now-a-days divide themselves into the opposing factions of prudes and coquettes as openly as we men into those of Whigs and Tories. It cannot be that *you* have had the cruelty to join the prudes. I can assure you, child, that though people of fashion may censure your fair sister for form's sake, they have in general too much sense to be severe on the amiable weaknesses of a charming young female. Consider—'Tis Love, 'tis Love that makes the world go round.' For myself, apart from war and politics, I have thought every moment ill-spent that was not devoted to the fair, and believe me a few years more or less cannot cool the warmth of a heart such as this, or make me less entirely the humble servant of the ladies." And laying his hand on his heart as he alluded to it, he ended with a killing look at Esther.

"Have the goodness to send for Lord Mordaunt, my Lord. If my sister be here, as I feel too well assured she is," returned Esther, in a voice tremulous with indignation, "she is here against her will."

Lord Peterborough's temper began also to be ruffled. This young woman would end by being a nuisance with her eternal sister. After all she was not a great beauty. He laughed and tapped his snuff-box.

"Charming! Your fair sister is fortunate. She has got a lover who is a nobleman and a handsome fellow (for I am told the ladies find Mordaunt vastly handsome), and—he has carried her off against her will. That is the climax of good fortune, but more often boasted of than enjoyed. I will summon

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Mordaunt, though I warrant he will keep you waiting, for 'tis the laziest, most unpunctual dog in the universe."

But contrary to expectation Mordaunt appeared almost immediately, though sulky enough at being summoned by his father, when he had business of his own to attend to. He had changed a little since that autumn day at Windsor. He wore a Bolingbroke—that is, his own brown hair in curls, tied with a ribbon after the manner of the elegant and philosophic Secretary of State, and his face, though not less beautiful in its refined perfection of feature, was thinner and yet more pallid than before. Directly he came in he caught sight of Esther, and the sulkiness of his expression visibly increased. He saluted his father with respectful civility, but took no notice of her.

"You have the honour of Miss Van—Vanbrugh's acquaintance, I presume?" interrogated Lord Peterborough, impatient to hand the business over to his son, since it promised no amusement.

"I have, my Lord," replied Mordaunt, bowing ungraciously.

"Then why the devil can't you be civil? You're a charming gay good-tempered gallant for a pretty woman, to be sure, and I'm half disposed to think 'tis true you have run away with one against her inclination."

"I don't know what your Lordship is pleased to talk about," returned Mordaunt, "but I think you should recognize the name of this—lady. Lady Peterborough told me you had been informed of the Vanhomrigh affair."

"Eh? What? Vanhomrigh? Yes, of course—I knew I had heard the name, but I could not for the life of me think where. Yes, now I remember. The woman that thought to buy the heir of Peterborough for a son-in-law with her paltry four thousand pounds."

Lord Peterborough was doubly mortified, first by finding his admiration so little appreciated by its object, then by his own stupidity in mistaking this City miss—Mordaunt had somewhat exaggerated the middling position of the family in his account of the Vanhomrighs—for a woman of quality.

Esther rose to her feet. She appeared not to notice Lord Peterborough's observation, but advanced a few steps towards Lord Mordaunt and paused. There was a minute's silence which no one broke by a movement; then in a low but imperious voice she said:

"Lord Mordaunt, where is my sister?"

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"Your sister!" cried he, and swore an oath or two.

"Yes, my sister," she continued when he had done. "She left Lady Ponsonby's in your chaise last night—I have proof of it—and now I demand to know what you have done with her."

The young man looked at her for a minute in sullen disgust, and then; "Madam," he said, "on my honour, I don't catch your meaning. 'Tis none of my doing, if Miss Molly has escaped from your watch and ward."

"Do you expect me to believe you, my Lord?" she asked, holding on to the back of a tall chair that happened to be near. "The circumstances forbid it. Where is she, if not with you?"

"With some one else, I presume, madam. Miss Molly's admirers are so numerous that for my part I cannot venture to be positive."

"Thou infamous creature!" she cried. "None better than you know her to be all honour, except in so far as yourself may by some devilish device have deluded her."

In proportion as Esther's indignation overcame her, her antagonist's coolness became more settled, while Lord Peterborough did not conceal his contemptuous amusement at the scene.

"I assure you, madam," sneered Mordaunt, "I have not wit enough to do't. You sister is vastly too well trained to spoil a bargain by an indiscreet kindness. Let me do a Christian deed, and return blessing for cursing, by telling you I consider it a deuced deal more likely that, finding your humble servant not to be had at her price, she has carried off some gallant of fortune to the Fleet, than that she has been carried off by him to some more agreeable *villeggiatura*."

A Fleet wedding was not so uncommon an affair but that Esther might have believed him, if she had not been too well convinced that Mordaunt was the only man who could have persuaded Molly to such a step. She was silent a minute, looking on the ground and endeavouring to calm her excitement.

"My Lord Peterborough," she said, "'tis impossible for me to accept this young man's denial, seeing I have such good reason to believe that my sister left Lady Ponsonby's in his company. Will you, as master of the house, have the goodness to procure me the certainty whether she is or is not in it?"

Now a miracle had lately happened. Lord Peterborough and his lady and his son had found a subject on which they were all

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at one. This was the subject of the Vanhomrighs, whom they not unnaturally regarded as having attempted to catch the heir to an earldom by the stupidest and most barefaced of devices. Besides, it would have been Peterborough's natural inclination to take a man's part against a woman in any case; this humble servant of the ladies habitually regarding them as players on the opposite side in a game where there were no rules of honour.

"I vow, madam, you have a great deal of assurance," he replied. "Your money, that is your mother's, has been paid down, and you have no more grounds for extortion. I tell you all this pother about a trifling amour concerns me not, and I beg you will not continue to besiege and annoy me."

"Rest assured, my Lord, I shall besiege and annoy you by every means in my power," returned Esther. "I know the law gives us women the least possible justice, yet my sister is a minor, and it cannot be that you can forcibly detain her without punishment."

Lord Peterborough laughed disdainfully.

"'Tis a very tender force, I warrant, has been necessary to detain the pretty creature. Madam, your conduct is ridiculous. I wish you a very good morning."

"Farewell, Miss Vanhomrigh," added Lord Mordaunt, with a cynical smile. "I desire that our acquaintance may cease. Present my adieux to the fair, the chaste Miss Molly, when next you meet her."

Father and son were looking in her direction, but their eyes seemed simultaneously attracted to some object beyond her.

"Coward!" said Esther in a low voice. "You can insult her with impunity. Oh that I were a man, or had at least a man by my side!"

The moment of silence, during which she slowly loosed her hand from the carved chair, was to her a long pause of despair. Then a voice behind her said—

"Essie!"

Peterborough and Mordaunt had already perceived that a door, which appeared to form part of a bookshelf in the back of the room had opened, and a young man in a travelling dress was standing in the doorway. As Esther finished speaking he advanced a few steps towards her. It was he who had said, "Essie."

Esther turned and looked at him in bewilderment. Then—

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"Francis—Cousin Francis!" and she ran to him and clung to his outstretched hand and arm like a drowning creature. "Oh by what miracle?"

"By luck, Hess, very good luck, if I can be of service to you. My Lord Peterborough, there's some mistake here. This gentlewoman is my cousin, and I cannot submit to see her used with disrespect, even by your Lordship. As to Lord Mordaunt, I see no reason why I should submit to anything from him."

Francis Earle's habitually cold and almost nonchalant way of speaking made it possible for Lord Mordaunt to overlook anything provocative there might be in his concluding remark.

Lord Peterborough hastened forward rubbing his hands and laughing, partly in slight embarrassment, partly in pleasurable surprise.

"Faith, my dear boy, I'm very pleased to see you, and sorry you should find us and your cousin engaged in a trifling dispute. I own we should have been more patient of a lady's tongue. 'Tis the privilege of the fair to use it, and I make Miss Vanhomrigh my very humble excuses."

He took Francis by the shoulders and embraced him on both cheeks in the foreign fashion; a mode of salutation to which the young man submitted but awkwardly.

"How cam'st here, lad? I scarce expected you would reach Dover till last evening, nor London till this."

"I came over yesterday with a favourable wind, my Lord, and rode hither straight. Joseph let me in about six o'clock this morning, but I would on no account disturb your Lordship. He showed me into the closet yonder, and I fell asleep on the bed there."

This was not the first meeting between father and son since they had made each other's acquaintance. They had again met in Germany, where his Lordship had heard a most gratifying account of the young man's courage and conduct as a soldier.

"On my honour," said Lord Peterborough, smiling with pleasure at Francis's account of his journey, "I myself could hardly have used greater expedition."

"My Lord," replied Francis, "'tis enough for me to have satisfied you. But I have here a private concern to which you must allow the *pas;* for this young gentlewoman is the daughter of the lady who reared me up, as I have told you, and to whom you must therefore be sensible I am very much beholden."

"Oh, ay, no doubt," returned his Lordship, good-naturedly;

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"I believe I remember some such matter;" and he was back at the fire-place, taking snuff. Francis had said little, and he had remembered less of the boy's earlier circumstances.

"Essie," said Francis, taking his cousin's hands, but looking at Lord Mordaunt with a look that had more meaning in it than his tone, "I heard you wish for a man at your side, and here is one you have every right to command, if you will do him the honour. Tell me, what should you do, if you were a man?"

Essie had all this while been standing close to him, scarcely raising her eyes from his coat-sleeve, somewhat bowed, and at once weakened and comforted by his presence. At this question she straightened herself suddenly, and turned about almost with a bound in the direction of Mordaunt.

"I would kill him," she cried, and pointed at Mordaunt with her fan.

"What—for a word, Essie?"

"For word and for deed, Francis. 'Tis proven that he took our Moll from a ball last night in his chaise, on some excuse he would take her home, but she never reached home. You know Moll—all honour—all virtue;" and leaning her elbow on a high shelf of the bookcase, she covered her face with her hand and began to weep. "God knows where she is," she whispered.

Francis looked down and bit his lip a moment, but showed no other sign of emotion. It was perhaps for this reason that Mordaunt thought him but a half-hearted, as well as an insignificant antagonist.

"My Lord," he said, speaking deliberately, but addressing Peterborough, "I could wish this business had fallen to some other man, but you see how I am situated. My Lord Mordaunt, 'tis far from my desire to push matters to an extremity, but I must ask you for some explanation of this circumstance. My cousin is naturally agitated, and may have been hasty in her accusation."

Mordaunt from the vantage of his great height looked down at Mr. Earle very coldly from under his full drooping eyelids.

"Who is this, my Lord?" he asked of his father, indicating the young man by a nod.

Peterborough, who was weary of the matter, and had betaken himself to his toothpick for occupation, at this point showed more interest.

"'Tis a friend of mine, a young gentleman, on whom I set a value," he replied sharply.

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"Friend?" repeated his son, looking steadily at Francis. "I thought he had been something nearer."

"I care not to deny it," returned Peterborough.

"I heard as much from Germany. He certainly favours brother John, who, poor dog, was not the beauty of the family."

"If you must talk of me, let it be to me, my Lord," interrupted Earle. "But no matter. What I ask you is, if there is any truth in this accusation concerning Miss Mary Vanhomrigh."

Mordaunt looked at him again with a cold but bitter anger which Esther's attack had not been able to provoke in him.

"Damn the fellow," he said. "I am not here to answer his impertinent questions, and I shall not. If my father chooses to let his base-born brats eat up his fortune, I must suffer for't in mine; but I'm not forced to submit to an acquaintance with 'em."

"You'll not answer my question?" asked Francis very deliberately again. Then after a silence—stepping up to him—"No? Well, I'll open your mouth—or close it for you;" and he struck Mordaunt on the mouth with his open hand.

"Francis!" cried Peterborough, half in enjoyment, half in deprecation of his conduct.

Mordaunt was livid with rage.

"He shall fight me, my Lord, indeed he shall!" cried Francis, stamping his foot.

Mordaunt, who had a cane at his wrist, raised it and struck suddenly and savagely with it. Francis leaped back, and received the blow on his lifted hand instead of on his face, at which it was aimed.

"My Lord," said Mordaunt, taking up his hat and digging his cane into the carpet, "I suppose I need not expect you to bid your servants turn out this insolent fellow. I wish you a good morning. I am for Windsor."

"What? Mordaunt, I say! My God, sir! You'll not accept a blow?" cried Peterborough, scandalized.

"I have returned it, my Lord," replied Mordaunt.

"I must have satisfaction for Miss Vanhomrigh and for myself," said Francis, placing himself between Mordaunt and the door.

"Ay, certainly; 'tis a matter for honourable satisfaction," announced Peterborough gravely, coming forward to act as umpire in the interesting game. "I regret it" (the regret was not very visible in his manner), "but there is certainly no choice.

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Mr. Earle is a soldier and a gentleman, Mordaunt, and you cannot refuse him."

"*Cannot* refuse him?" repeated Mordaunt, haughtily. "Ay, but I can, and mean to. Why should the heir of Peterborough pit his life against a foundling's? The stakes are not equal, gentlemen."

"H'm! The swords are," retorted Francis, and pulled out his blade, flashing it in his enemy's face. Peterborough gave a cry of genuine emotion, not at the appearance of the naked sword, but at the expression that passed over Mordaunt's face as he started back.

"Great heaven!" he cried. "Are you a coward, sir? And a son of mine? Oh, 'tis too much!" and he struck the air violently with his clenched right hand, in a passion of mortification.

Mordaunt recovered himself immediately, but the look of fear had been unmistakable. That he was a coward was not to be counted among his vices; it was his physical misfortune, as much as the trick of swooning that had grown upon him of late, and probably proceeded from the same weakness of nerves and circulation. In a way his cowardice was almost a source of virtue in him, for it was the one defect of which he felt ashamed. To cure or at least to conceal it, he had often enough coerced and controlled that dear self that otherwise he existed but to pamper and respect. But in vain; an ironic fate ordained that he to whom his personal dignity was so sacred a thing, should be conscious that any moment might expose him to the contempt of his equals—of those whom, not superiority, but overweening self-importance made him despise. Heretofore he had wonderfully concealed his weakness, which indeed seemed not proper to one so proud. It galled him to the quick to have let out the secret in a moment, he hardly knew how, to his father and to this fellow whom he despised and also hated, as a person to whom his father probably gave away money. However, he carried it off.

"Sure, your Lordship is a truly amiable parent," he said, holding his head high. "You will be pleased to observe you are hounding on two of your own sons to fly at each other's throats, as though they were a couple of butcher's dogs."

Peterborough laughed loud, but not cheerfully.

"'Tis touching to hear such a fine domestic homily from Mordaunt," he cried; yet he could not but blush a little for

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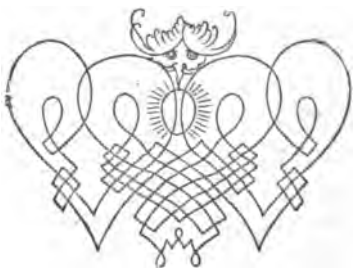
himself. Then—"Mr. Earle, let him pass. 'Tis true, he is your brother and my son."

Francis obeyed, and Lord Mordaunt went out, without closing the door behind him. After a moment's hesitation Francis slipped out after him. Mordaunt was walking slowly down the wide, magnificent staircase, which began with a short flight of stairs and then branched off into two longer but equally broad flights on each side of a landing. Francis spoke his name, but he took no notice. Then, going down one step and leaning forward, with one hand on the broad polished oak rail of the balustrade, Francis spoke quickly and low to his back.

"You'll understand, my Lord, 'tis only my gratitude to Lord Peterborough that forbids my straight proceeding to the extremity. I care not a jot for our kinship. If you have played the villain to my cousin, why, I'll kill you if I can. Whatever the event, I lose either my life or my good hopes of fortune by it; so never say the stakes are not heavy enough."

As he finished speaking, Mordaunt reached the landing. He went at the same pace a little way down the left-hand flight of stairs, without making any sign that he had heard his antagonist's words; then he did not so much look at Francis, as turn his face somewhat in his direction and show on it a smile of quiet, haughty mockery and immovable contempt.

(*To be continued.*)



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THE NATIONAL MONUMENT FOR MAZZINI.

I.

SHAKESPERE'S saying about the whirligig of Time bringing in his revenges, is fully illustrated by the proposition of a national monument in honour of the whilom Triumvir of the Roman Republic of 1849—a proposition made by Sig. Crispi in the name of the King's Government, and unanimously assented to both by Parliament and by the Municipal Council of Rome. Those who remember the obloquy of which the great patriot was often the object during his troubled life, may well have been astonished, or pleasantly surprised, on learning that King Humbert in person contributes a hundred thousand lire to the memorial. In his speech in the House of Deputies, the then Premier exclaimed:—

"Mazzini was the Apostle of the Idea of National Unity. When he conceived that idea, everything around him lay in dreary depression. It was he who vivified and encouraged with his spirit the laggards and the despairing. His word became a law, which had to be converted into a fact. He was no adherent of the Kingship; but Monarchy will not bear a grudge to him, for it issued from national unity as the consequence of an inner necessity. The Unionist idea itself sprang from Mazzini's own breast, and he has gained thereby immortal glory before Italy and before the world."

This noble tribute will seem nothing but due meed to any one fully acquainted with the history of the revival of the Italian nation. A great many men of note have passed through the political school of him who once was hunted as the "Arch-Revolutionist." Among Mazzini's former intimate associates was Sig. Crispi himself, who only parted from him, though in

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a most friendly spirit, after the striking events of 1860. The divergence of ways was indicated in a pamphlet by Crispi. A copy of it, inscribed by the late Italian Premier's own hand to a common friend of his and Mazzini's—who has also been an honoured friend of mine, namely, Aurelio Saffi—has, by way of gift from the latter, remained in my possession since then. It is a relic from a time when Republicans, and men who afterwards became adherents of the Monarchy from reasons of national expediency, were working together for the reconstruction of a fatherland.

Out of Italy it is scarcely yet known as it ought to be, that the expedition to Sicily, in 1860, which led to the establishment of United Italy, was originally planned, not by Garibaldi, but by Mazzini. Sig. Crispi knows full well the facts of the case. He was one of the three Sicilians (Corrao and Rosalino Pilo being the others) who had a first hand in the preparations for that decisive rising. At first Pilo acted as the leader, until he met with his death by a bullet before Palermo. It was only after the movement had been alive for six weeks that Garibaldi landed with his Thousand at Marsala. Without the heroic Captain of the Red Shirts, the rising might have failed. Without Mazzini, it would not have been begun.

Taking these events alone into consideration, it will easily be understood that the Italian Premier, when referring in his powerful speech at Palermo to the leading founders of United Italy, should have mentioned "Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour." The order in which he placed the names was significant enough. The statesmanship of Cavour certainly set the ball rolling. But men of Crispi's stamp cannot forget to what subserviency their country had been reduced, under Cavour, towards Napoleonic France. Nor do they grant that that astute statesman's original aim comprised more than the formation of an enlarged Piedmont. Cavour doubted whether populations of such different temper, and of such diverse race-characteristics as the North and the South Italians, could be brought into constitutional harmony. On their part, Mazzini and Garibaldi always went by that programme of full Unity, which in days of sore oppression and dismemberment was mutely, but graphically, indicated by the popular gesture of the pointing forefinger.

Hence Swinburne aptly says, when singing of the two fore-

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most Genoese, the discoverer (or rather re-discoverer*) of America, Columbus, and Mazzini :—

> One found a world new-born from virgin-sea,
> And one *found* Italy."

Carducci, Italy's greatest living poet, thus addresses the memory of Mazzini :—

> Egli vide nel ciel crepuscolare
> Co 'l cuor di Gracco, ed il pensier di Dante,
> La terza Italia.
>
> (He saw in dusky welkin twilight
> With Gracchus' heart, and with the mind of Dante,
> The dawn of a Third Italy.)

In working for the independence, unity, and freedom of his nation, Mazzini looked upon Dante, the Ghibelline, as his prototype. This may appear extraordinary, but it explains a curious trait in Mazzini's character. Whilst siding with the German Emperor against the Pope, Dante hoped for an eventual reversion of the "Roman Empire" to Italian hands; Germany, in his view, being destined to act as the useful caretaker or vice-gerent. In similar manner Mazzini, whilst striving for the reconstitution of Italy, hoped to bring back, if not the universal dominion, at least the universal influence, of his country in Europe. This was one of the reveries so strangely interwoven with the practical aims of the politician. Always looking to mankind at large, though promoting the cause of true nationalities, he held, in the background of his humanitarian principles, some lingering notion of the providential and overruling grandeur of the "Eternal City" whose voice he professed to be.

Mazzini's first political experience dates from the *Carbonaro* conspiracy. Afterwards he himself founded the association of "Young Italy." Even Cavour once said:—"I have been a conspirator all my life!" To conspire was the only way for Italians of those days to attempt re-embodying the poor tormented soul of their down-trodden fatherland. Hence the word *cospirare*—literally, the breathing together of kindred enthusiastic souls—had a most respectable sound. But though a Republican in principle, young Mazzini was open to the consideration as to whether a Prince might, perchance, be

* I refer to the landing of Leif Erikson, the Icelander, on American soil, nearly five hundred years before Columbus, and the authenticated colonization, for several centuries, of Helluland, Markland, and Vinland—events of which Columbus must have heard, when in Iceland, in 1477.

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made the instrument of the national cause. The appeal he addressed to Charles Albert was, however, contemptuously flung aside. Upon this, the unselfish patriot, seeing his dearest hopes deceived, only thought of his country's sufferings, which for ages had been a "hostelry of grief"—*ahi Italia, di dolore ostello,*—and then he grimly took his cue from Brutus and Tell, whose hands were once poetically blessed even by him who afterwards became the leader of Her Majesty's Conservative Opposition and the Premier of England.

Still, when Pius IX. mounted the Papal Chair, Mazzini had another moment of passing doubt. He had often dreamt of a regeneration of Europe by an Italy reborn. He had always regarded Republican Rome, as well as the Rome of the Imperators and the Popes, in the light of a series of historically justified developments, to which a Third Era, representing the humanitarian idea, was to be added. Musing on this notion, the sudden appearance of a "Liberal Pope" seemed to him like the accomplishment of a pre-ordained law, on which the progress of mankind was to be wrought out by Divine will. This mysticism has influenced Mazzini's doings in many ways. Not that he accepted the dogmas of any hierarchical system. Yet he moved within forms of thought which, with all their loftiness, were contrary to the more advanced ideas of those with whom he acted afterwards in exile.

The "Liberal Era" of Pius IX. vanished in a trice. It was an unnatural apparition; and Mazzini quickly resumed that propaganda which in principle he had never given up. The Pontiff, having deluded the expectations of Italy, had to fly in the garb of a valet. Mazzini, the Genoese, entered Rome—for the first time in his life! A few days afterwards he was at the head of a Commonwealth. A more characteristic change it would have been impossible to invent. Some years later, when the Continent was once more oppressed by a cruel reaction, Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, said that "Never had Rome been better administered than under the Republic!"

II.

Personally, I first saw the renowned Italian agitator in London some nine years after the political shipwreck which had cast so many exiles on the shores of England. The meeting, for which he had expressed a desire, took place in presence of Aurelio Saffi, his former co-Triumvir. It was in

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December, 1858, before Louis Napoleon's famous New Year's harangue to the Austrian Ambassador, which gave the first alarm of a coming armed conflict. Mazzini's wish was, to bring about a co-operation between the Italian and German propaganda. At that time I had been empowered by many of the chief leaders of the German Revolution of 1848–49 to act in their name for the furtherance of the national and democratic cause.

Mazzini was then still in the prime of manhood, but in look much aged. As soon, however, as he opened his lips, the fire of his eloquence shed a ray of youth over his wan and worn features. He spoke—as I afterwards found to be his habit—with much passion, albeit not with vehemence ; and in doing so, his glance actually seemed to shine through the dusk in the small, dark, corridor-like room where we met. In that interview, which was held at a friend's house who formerly had occupied a diplomatic post at Florence, Mazzini made a startling communication to me, referring to the war scheme of Napoleon III., the existence of which was then yet unknown in public. As he proceeded in his exposition, he threw in remarks of a pathetic nature, designating the Man of December as "Evil incarnate." In terms the most positive he announced the coming attack, next spring, upon Austria for the purpose of wresting Lombardy from her. He even detailed the plan of the intended campaign, and the way in which an early peace would be sought by the Emperor of the French. It seemed impossible for any one to know of these projects, except their Imperial originator. Yet the Italian leader showed himself fully informed. I still possess the record I drew up of that first communication ; and when I read it again by the light of events, I found it verified in all its main points.

There was a suspicion, then, that Russia might use the opportunity of that war for joining in an attack against Austria, and that the whole result would be an increase of the power of the Man of December and of the Northern Autocrat. For this reason, Mazzini was opposed to the alliance of Piedmont with Napoleon III. Garibaldi, on the contrary—so Mazzini explained—had accepted the task of "enrolling the revolutionary element under the Sardinian banner," as Cavour had put it in an interview with the whilom military Defender of the Roman Republic. Finally, Mazzini said to me :—"This war will, of course, not be a war for Italian freedom. It is a horrible chaos, a dishonouring war—dishonouring even for you—*un affreux gâchis, une guerre*

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déshonorante, déshonorante même pour vous. What can be done among you in the face of this situation?"

In expressing such views, Mazzini did then certainly not stand alone. I have before me a declaration, dated February 28, 1859, signed by the most prominent Italian exiles, which is quite to the same effect. Among those who added their signatures were Francesco Crispi and Rosalino Pilo. When events, however, took their course as arranged between Napoleon and Cavour, the endeavour of Mazzini was to turn the movement into a broader national channel. The plan of Napoleon had been to enlarge Piedmont, but at the same time to introduce Bonapartean vassalates in Tuscany (Prince Jerome), and in the Kingdom of Naples (Murat); to establish an Italian Confederacy, with the Pope as its honorary President; and to make France its Protector and Over-lord. That Mazzini should have successfully aided in foiling this scheme is now acknowledged as his great merit by a grateful nation.

Few are aware that so early as in autumn 1859, when Lombardy, Tuscany, and some of the smaller principalities were freed, Mazzini had planned an invasion of the Roman States and of Naples from the land side. Garibaldi, then a General of Volunteers in Sardinian service, on being confidentially approached, consented to act as the leader. Unfortunately, he thought it right to mention the matter to the King, who on his part believed he should inform Cavour, through whom finally the project came to the knowledge of Napoleon. The consequence was, a sudden veto thundered down from the Tuileries.

Warned by this experience, Mazzini left Garibaldi, the next time, out of the first preparatory deliberations. When approached at last, through Pilo, Garibaldi—so he himself avows in his posthumously published Memoirs—"*gave his advice against action*, throwing the ice of the man of experience on the fervent and powerful resolution of youthful energy." Even on March 15, 1860, Garibaldi still wrote to Pilo that he did not consider a revolutionary movement in any part of Italy to be advisable. In April, when Pilo and his fellow-workers were already in Sicily, Garibaldi yet was doubtful. To the messenger that came to him, he said, with arms crossed and head slightly bent down, his glance directed to the ground: "But France? But Cavour?" However, at last, it was Garibaldi's strong help which led the rising to a glorious triumph.

Of the details of the planned, but foiled, invasion of the

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South, in autumn 1859, I was informed by Mazzini. On his return to London, he also gave me written proof of his communications with Ricasoli, during a secret sojourn at Florence. At some of the preparatory discussions concerning the rising in Sicily, in 1860, I was present in Mazzini's dwelling. I can aver that the programme was, to carry the campaign, in case of success, up to Rome. In Mazzini's idea, a Constituent Assembly of United Italy was then to be convoked. As to the spirit in which he wrote to Garibaldi, when trying to make him assume the command of the expedition of 1860 from the very beginning, the following programme of Mazzini speaks for itself:—

"Italy free; Rome our capital; the French compelled to withdraw. I understand the times; I respect the will of the country; I shall not act against the King; I shall not conspire for a Republic. I speak but of Unity; I urge on the annexations [of Tuscany and Central Italy, not finally accepted by Piedmont until the following March]; and should we succeed in Sicily or elsewhere, the only compact that I insist upon is that of immediate annexation. If the country elect a King—be it so. It lies with him to prove himself worthy by throwing off his vassalage to France, and frankly accepting the nation. What now is all-important is the insurrection in Sicily, and contemporaneously, or immediately afterwards, a movement as far as the Abruzzi. I believe that, frankly and loyally united, we shall succeed."

III.

The deliverance of Italy from French influence runs like a red thread through Mazzini's whole activity. In the first interview I had with him he had asked what could be done in Germany in presence of Napoleon's scheme. I replied that, unfortunately, after the sanguinary overthrow of a revolution which had led to the proscription of a vastly larger number of men in Germany than had ever been driven forth from France, Poland, or Italy, no movement was as yet possible there—except, perhaps, in Schleswig-Holstein, whose people lived under a foreign yoke, even as the Venetians and the Lombards did. Under these circumstances—I added—Paris was generally looked upon as the city where the first move would have to be made.

Mazzini answered that "it appeared strange to him that even Germans should be imbued with this feeling, considering that it was but natural there should rather be distrust than any-

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thing else between Germany and France." He clearly gave me to understand that he was averse to looking upon France as the main centre of democratic aspirations. This I always found to be his attitude in a long and intimate intercourse lasting down to his death. Already in 1832 he had written :—

"All minds are turned towards France ; all look upon France as the country from which the destinies of every European nation depend. Such a concentration is highly dangerous ; it is a sign of slavery rooted yet in the public mind by force of custom. France, by the favour of circumstances, by her compact unity, by a social spirit more diffused there than anywhere else, and by an intelligent insight which has risen to a high degree, has no doubt constituted herself the most powerful centre of activity and of European civilization ; but it is not the exclusive, not the only centre. The Europe of freemen does not acknowledge an absolute dictatorship either of princes or of nations. The lever which is to bring down the antiquated political structure has its fulcrum wherever there is a people to rise. . . . It is time we should emancipate ourselves."

The overthrow of the Roman Republic of 1849 by the bayonets of a France still marching under the banner of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, planted still deeper in Mazzini's heart the aversion against Gallic lust of dominion. When on this topic, he became very bitter. He liked to tell an anecdote about Godfrey Cavaignac (the brother of the General of cannonading repute during the days of June, 1848), who was considered one of the best types of French Republicanism. When Godfrey Cavaignac once drew up the new map of nationalities, Mazzini remarked to him :—

"In that case, I suppose, Corsica would return to Italy, and France give up all demands for further annexations of territory on the left bank of the Rhine ?"

Cavaignac majestically rose, exclaiming :—"Never!"

In an "Open Letter," which Mazzini addressed to me early in 1861, similar views concerning France are embodied, together with warnings against the aggressive designs of the Czar upon Constantinople. In that letter he said :—

"The forces of the Party of Reaction daily dwindle away more and more. To vanquish them in open conflict is only a question of time, and of a near time. But French Imperialism which pushes itself into our own camp, which struggles at our side, and which shares the spoils of victory with us, is a far more

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dangerous foe. . . . Help us, therefore, to found Italian Unity! The Mediterranean will then become a European, not a French lake; and in the South you will have a stronger line of defence than the Mincio. . . . Your mistrust is in the direction of France. And you *must* mistrust her as long as you have a weak Italy, which itself is accessible to the invasion or to the seductions of a promise of military support. . . . Let there be an alliance between us, not a war of brothers. We have a common enemy; let us be united in combating him."

These views will give an idea as to the side on which Mazzini's sympathies, were he still alive, would be in regard to the Triple Alliance. In one of his treatises he actually, when there was danger of a Russo-French combination, advocated an alliance of Germany and England, even Austria included, if that were the only means of obtaining safety. In the same way, in spite of his detestation of Turkey, he had issued the strongest appeals, in 1853, in favour of war against Russia. Thus, in times of a great crisis, he knew very well how to take a practical view. All through his life he denounced the ambition of the Autocrats of the North. "If to-day,"—he had already said in 1832—"there is a danger of invasions and conquests which might destroy the European balance of power, it is to be found in the North. Russia is the only foe which the South of Europe has to fear." In 1871, shortly before he died, he still called Czarism the "standing threat to Europe." He wished to see "Russia confined to her true boundaries;" repeating his warnings against "the tenacity with which Russia, from the days of Peter the Great down to our own, has followed out the idea of the conquest of Constantinople."

The reconstitution of Poland Mazzini ever had at heart. Panslavism he looked upon as "a dream of ambition on the one hand and of servitude on the other—a dream that arose with the rulers at St. Petersburg, and with courtiers and writers ready to bend truth and fact." It was through the envoy of the Secret National Government at Warsaw that Mazzini and a small circle of other exiles (Ledru-Rollin and myself among them) were informed beforehand of the very day when the ever-memorable rising of 1863 was to be begun; an event which took all the diplomacy of the world by surprise. I have stated elsewhere how strangely at fault Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, was, both when he said that the Polish rising had been "organized by a cosmopolitan revolutionary party, with Mazzini at its head,"

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and when he asserted that the aim of that insurrection was a "Communistic" one. In point of fact, Mazzini had expressed his doubts by a letter as to whether the moment for the rising was well chosen. As to Communists, there was not a single man to whom that description could be applied among those who were in the secret here, or among the leaders in Poland.

IV.

In Mexican affairs, Mazzini took part in a confidential memorandum addressed to President Lincoln, which, had there been time to act upon it, might have brought about a decisive change at Paris. A very different course might thus have been given to European politics from what it became through the war of 1870, into which Napoleon was driven after the failure of the "Latin Empire" he had tried to establish under Archduke Maximilian. There can be no doubt that the Mexican enterprise of the two Imperial adventurers formed a threat to the United States, over which the tempest of the Slaveholders' Rebellion had begun to burst. The memorandum in question, drawn up by the writer of the present, and signed by Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin, as well as by me, showed how the French intervention in Mexico could be foiled by an effective blow at Paris and in some other French towns. The suggestions made were not declined by President Lincoln. He gave his answer through an American Senator, that he would reserve his decision for the moment of urgency. When the crisis came, Lincoln fell under the murderous weapon of Booth, and the plan came to nought.

Clear as the Italian leader's judgment had been in Mexican affairs, he rather misconceived the probabilities of the Union War. Many years before its outbreak he had foreseen that the contrast between the institutions of the North and the South must lead to an armed conflict. But he believed even then that a separation could not be avoided. This older view of his warped his judgment. He doubted the possibility of a full victory of the North almost to the very last; a subject on which we were much at issue. When the cause of freedom came out victoriously, he saluted the great civic triumph with heartfelt joy.

The two expeditions against Rome, under Garibaldi, in 1862 and 1867, which ended disastrously at Aspromonte and Mentana, were not of Mazzini's framing. With the project of the first-

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named expedition—which certainly saved Italy from an infamous alliance, at that time planned between Napoleon and Rattazzi, both against the Mexican Republic and against Germany—Mazzini had not even been previously acquainted. By special messenger, Garibaldi had fully informed me of his intention and of the pressing motives which guided him in drawing the sword. But the condition attached to this communication was, that Mazzini should not be spoken to on the subject! The two aged leaders, whose names had so long been a common watchword of Italian democracy, were much estranged then from each other. I often tried, though in vain, to help in bringing about a better feeling between them; being connected by friendship with both. Still, Garibaldi, after his Aspromonte campaign, did full justice, during his stay in London, to Mazzini in a speech marked by the accents of true greatness. He said:—

"I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man amongst us here who has rendered the greatest services to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man, even as he who is athirst seeketh the spring. I found the man. He alone watched when all around him slept; he alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend; ever as full of love for his country, and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my Friend and Teacher!"

In spite of this, dissension and rivalry were renewed. Perhaps it will not be out of place here to say something of the contrast between the two distinguished leaders, who were alternately moving in the same orbit or following each a separate course.

V.

In many ways Garibaldi and Mazzini formed a curious mental antithesis. In bodily appearance, too, they were like North and South. Garibaldi, as his very name shows, hailed from the Teutonic stock. "Spear-bold," or "War-bold," is the meaning of that name, once a frequent one among Bavarian dukes, and among the German people at large. There is a village, to this day, in Norfolk, called Garboldisham; of yore the home of a Saxon leader of the name of Garbold or Garibald. In the famed Çaptain of the Red Shirts there was nothing of

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the typical Italian. His broad, massive face and forehead; his square shoulders; his reddish hair and blue eyes; his few and simple gestures, his measured speech and general calmness, gave one the impression rather of a German, or of a Lowland Scot. Mazzini was the exact opposite: the head comparatively small, though with a large forehead and finely-cut features; dark-eyed, dark-haired; slender in build; of utmost rapidity of speech and lively Italian gestures. With advancing years, when his form had assumed an almost spectral thinness, he—in his dark dress; with his pale, noble brow; his white beard and hair closely trimmed—looked the very picture of a martyr, whose galled mortal coil is only kept together by his spiritual energy. The unearthly impression was, however, greatly softened by his vivacious glance, and by the pleasing smile which played about his lips when, standing upright in a circle of friends—his hand, in southern fashion, placed on his heart, or high above on his breast—he poured forth persuasive words with a breathless enthusiasm. Whilst he thus spoke, his figure (he was but of middle height) actually seemed to grow—a wonderful delusion. In an age of religious fancy, it would perhaps have been called a transfiguration.

It were a great error, though, to conceive Mazzini as a gloomy fanatic, to whom joy and cheerfulness were denied. I have never heard him, it is true, indulge in an outright, hearty laugh. But the sense of the humorous he had in a large degree. Among intimate friends he was amiability personified. Occasionally he made himself the playmate of a child in thorough sportive manner. When our daughter, Ottilie, was bustling in and out of the room, like a sprite, enjoying the infantine domestic help she was allowed to give, he would greet her, with some words from Shakspeare, as "Ariel." At the seaside, where our son Ferdinand—whose name had perhaps given rise to this association of ideas—gained a silver oar at a boat-race, Mazzini hailed his return home with a: "See the conquering hero comes!" A genial simplicity was one of his most attractive qualities. The *desipere in loco* of the classic poet he understood to perfection. In a moment, however, he would return to serious matters with all the fervour of his soul. "*Ora e sempre,*" ("Now and Ever") was his rule in life.

Garibaldi, who had led a seaman's and a roving warrior's life in his youth, was fond of the charms of nature, in true Teutonic manner. Mazzini, who resided in England for upwards of thirty years, barring occasional sojourn or secret

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travel abroad, scarcely ever went beyond London. This man who held so many threads of revolutionary action in his hands, lived a most secluded life. He did not frequent society, only moving in a restricted circle of English and foreign friends. In his own dwelling he confined himself, hermit-like, to a narrow room, to which those only had access who could give the password of his assumed name. It was "Ernesti" when he lived in Onslow Terrace and in the Fulham Road. He had a fondness for small rooms, as he often told me, when I urged him, for the sake of his health, to go to larger quarters. For this there was all the greater need as he was an inveterate smoker, to such an extent that on coming into his room I often found the atmosphere intolerably dim, thick, and, being myself of the counterblast disposition, utterly deleterious. There can unfortunately be no doubt that by this, his only indulgence, he ruined his digestion and accelerated his death. For many years he, through whose hands considerable propagandist means passed, spent his days in abodes of abject poverty. In the evening he often went out to friends. Only at last, when his health visibly declined, could he be induced to choose some better accommodation. He then had rooms in which birds flew about during daytime, unsecured by the cage. But pretty as the sight was, it is to be feared that, windows and doors being carefully closed, the little songsters were not thriving on the smoke-laden air.

When I entreated him to seek fresh power of working by exercise in all-healing Nature, he would place himself, with his peculiar smile, before me and say:—"Nature, with its manifold phenomena, disturbs me. When out in the open, I must sit down, cross my arms, and first collect myself in thought before I can enjoy Nature at all and regain the necessary concentration." His whole strength, as well as his failings, lay in these words. The long habit of recluse life had spiritualised him to an extreme degree. On seeing him one day nearly broken down, I wrote him, on coming home, a short note couched in almost imperatively urgent words, indicating the seaside place he ought to go to. In spite of the energy of his own will, he knew how to appreciate a friend's loving firmness. After we had spent many weeks at Broadstairs, where we met him in company of his most intimate friends, the Stansfelds, he did not fail to express his warm thanks for the timely advice.

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VI.

Garibaldi, though not to be compared to Mazzini in intellectual culture, had mused in still nights at sea, and in his island home, over the great riddle of the Universe. In these meditations he had come to the same conclusion—as he once said to a deputation of Swiss Freemasons—as Alexander von Humboldt. The cause of Freethought he, the passionate hater of all priesthood, had deeply at heart. In this, again, Mazzini wholly differed from him. Whilst utterances of enlightened philosophy came from the warrior, the more cultured thinker used formulas rather at variance with the spirit of that modern research whose results coincide with the thoughts formulated in ages long past, from Hindoo antiquity to the days of Greek and Roman thinkers.

Lively encounters sometimes occurred between Mazzini and us on these subjects. In his younger days he, too, had held freethinking views. But—as he has himself explained in a bit of autobiography, and as he once pathetically told us when philosophical questions were the subject of conversation at table—a great change came over him many years ago. It was—he said, by way of answer to a question of my wife—owing to his having been unable to bear any longer the strain of struggles in which so many lives had to be sacrificed, that he felt driven to seek consolation in entirely rebuilding the system of his moral philosophy in a sense of strong faith. Had he not done so—he added—he "must either have gone mad, or sought death by suicide; so troubled was his mind by seeming to hear, day and night, the voices of victims that had perished in hopeless struggles organized by him." After such a confession it was easy to understand the personal cause of his altered views. Generally speaking, these questions were handled, in the circle of friends, with kindliness by him, and with toleration on both sides. Yet in his more moody moments he would, all of a sudden, grasp, as it were, a spear and throw it with much fierceness upon his opponents. Then he became unjust, even apt to set aside the courtesy due to a lady friend that opposed him, although female society had the greatest charm for him, and he was fond of quoting Goethe's "*Das ewig Weibliche zieht uns hinan!*" In these intellectual tournaments he forgot that scientific questions do not depend upon individual wants and desires. Sometimes he had to be reminded that men who did not hold the dogmas he cherished, had nobly given away their

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lives, or their personal freedom and all that man can enjoy, and that their sacrifices were thus, comparatively, even the larger ones.

Extraordinary was Mazzini's dismay when he learnt, through me, of the appointment of Professor Moleschott to the Chair of Physiology at Turin. When Dr. Ludwig Büchner, the distinguished scientist, and a fellow-worker in Democratic movements, asked for Mazzini's photograph with his signature, I actually had a difficulty in getting it for him. At last, when I playfully spoke about the superior toleration shown by freethinkers, Mazzini gave his portrait, but adding to his name the words: "*Quand même.*" However, having been much thrown together from early times with eminent German patriots, Mazzini prized our literature most highly, albeit his own "synthetic mind," as he liked to say, was troubled by the spirit of critical analysis so prevalent among our countrymen. Among German poets he preferred, in accordance with his own character, the "subjective" ones to those who indulged in "objective" description. Hence, he felt himself more drawn towards Schiller than towards Goethe, whose Olympian repose irritated his ardently striving individuality. The poet of freedom, who spurred men to action, attracted him far more than the self-contained artistic delineator. Even in the opinions which I heard Mazzini express on the most powerful dramatic genius whom England, nay, all nations and ages have produced, there was an accent which showed that in the drama, too, he sought something else than the portraiture, however striking and unmatched, of human passions and of the inevitable concatenation of events. Of English poets, Byron, who struggled for the Greek cause, was his favourite author. In Byron, Mazzini would even overlook those utterances of "gnawing doubt," which he otherwise resisted with such glowing favour of belief.

VII.

Mazzini and Garibaldi were originally at one in their appreciation of the right of Germany, when assailed by France in 1870. Yet Garibaldi finally sided with the French—that is, after Sedan; whilst Mazzini, in the *Roma del Popolo*, defended German nationality against Ernest Renan, even after the tremendous struggle was over. In a public letter Garibaldi had addressed to me in 1865, he had said:—

"A Leading Nation is required, which, similar to a Knight of

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the Middle Ages, devotes itself to the redressing of grievances; which ranges itself on the side of the weak; which sacrifices, for the present, its own material welfare for the much more precious boon of having a soul satisfied by the alleviation of the sufferings of its neighbours. . . . This foremost part, which the vicissitudes of modern times have left vacant, might well be occupied by the German nation. The serious and philosophical character of your fellow-citizens would be a guarantee of confidence and of stability for the future of all. May you, therefore, shake with your strong German arms the rotten catafalque of your Thirty Tyrants! Establish, in the heart of Europe, the imposing Unity of your fifty millions, and we shall, all of us, throw ourselves with enthusiastic eagerness into your brotherly ranks!"

Again, in 1867, when war was threatened by France on account of Luxemburg, Garibaldi, as honorary President of the League of Peace and Liberty, wrote to me:—"To combat Bonaparte, is to combat the Evil. Hence not only whole Germany, but Italy, nay, the entire world, ought to be against him!" From these and other reasons I was convinced, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, that any proposal that might have to be made to Garibaldi on our part would not fall on sterile ground. For reasons well-known to me, he, however, allowed himself, after Sedan, to take the side of the French—an act for which afterwards the worst ingratitude was meted out to him. When the war began, a proposal to the Italian Party of Action had been entrusted to my hands by a group of German patriots at Berlin, belonging partly to the Liberal, partly to the Republican camp. The question was, whether Italian Democracy would be willing to co-operate with Germany by means of a diversion upon Rome, so that the Florentine Government should not be able to make common cause with Napoleonic France. It was inevitable to make the first confidential communication to Mazzini. He had shortly before been with us, at my house, on the eve of his departure to Italy. He accepted the offer, which I conveyed to him to Genoa, with enthusiastic readiness; the necessary arms and pecuniary means being ready for the enterprise. The rapid victories gained at Wörth and Forbach put, however, a stop to the negotiations. Soon afterwards followed Mazzini's temporary imprisonment. But when he was freed and came back to London, he expressed his thanks to me for "the great proof of confidence which Germany had given to him." In the reply to Renan, Mazzini said:—"As to the victory, it was the victory of

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German nationality over those who arrogantly endeavoured to hinder its development."

Among his last writings were some on the "International Society" and the Commune. In regard to the rising of the Commune, he chiefly reprimanded a section whose doings destroyed the necessary union of the Republican forces, thus opening a way for monarchical reaction. It is well known how near France came to this danger under Marshal MacMahon. To the idea of free communes, within a compact nationality, Mazzini certainly was not averse. He distinctly wished to qualify the principle of unity by such an antidote of local self-administration —not of States or provinces, but of towns and villages, in order to avoid the bane of a deadening centralization. This strong leaning towards unity made him the warm advocate, in defiance of the most apparent difficulties, even of a Scandinavian and Iberian Union. On the Irish Question, the strict maintenance of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland was his clearly recorded parole.

He was Socialist enough to be accused by his ignorant or malicious foes of being a champion of Communism—a theory which he absolutely rejected. He did not answer the claims of the disinherited millions with the stony-hearted:—"Let men do as they like; let things go as they may!" (*Laissez faire; laissez aller!*) He believed that no State can prosper in which individual liberty is not combined with the principle of association and co-operation. At the same time, in a forty years' struggle with the enemies of Democracy, he had learnt that to dissolve a popular movement into a mere "war of classes" between working men and *bourgeois* was a sure means of mutual ruin. He knew history too well not to remember that the policy of tyrants and would-be usurpers has often fostered such class-feuds within the popular parties.

These ideas he also applied to the events in France. His argumentation concerning the Commune—bringing in, as it did, the religiously dogmatic element—may in part be liable to objection; but in the main he showed strong practical sense. Bitter were the onslaughts against him by writers of a Utopian bent of mind. Bitterest in their strictures were those who had not moved a finger for the popular cause, and who only came out to mar it by impossible issues which brought Republican France once more to the verge of a monarchical or Cæsarist Restoration. Still, in his own country Mazzini had the satisfaction, shortly before his death, of seeing the mass of the

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operatives standing to his own principles in a Congress held at Rome by the "United Associations of Italian Working Men."

With a cry for union still on his lips, he broke down in March 1872, at the age of barely sixty-seven. Throughout Italy an indescribable feeling of sorrow arose when it became known that within the walls of Pisa, against which the singer of the *Divina Commedia* had launched his curse, there had died, unrecognized and in secrecy, the "Last of the Romans," the man whose name had once been the terror of oppressors—he whom patriots had honoured, in the ardent language of the South, as the "Apostle of the Great Idea," as the "Sublime Teacher and Guide," nay, as the "Martyr and Angel of Sacrifice." "For the tomb of the Master whom we adore,"—so wrote one of the popular journals—"we have no flower. The lily of the valley has not the purity, the violet of the meadow not the fragrance, that would be worthy of him." The Italian Parliament, by which he had been twice outlawed, led the way, even then, in the recognition of his merits. All over the world, in circles where he had formerly been vilified, men acknowledged at last his great qualities, the loftiness of his aim, and the success he had achieved or rendered possible. A champion of freedom must die before he can earn the praise of those sages.

In him, Italian nationality, which seemed to have lost its very soul, found the most high-minded exponent. In him, democratic Europe possessed a force than which a more indefatigable one has never been concentrated in a single man. Only those intimately acquainted with him knew what strength there was in that slender, nervous form which gave rise to so many important movements, and to which the popular forces of action felt an attraction as the iron does to the magnet. The generous aspirations of that enthusiastic heart, always deeply appreciated by his loving associates, are now gratefully recognized by a new generation, which intends raising a fitting monument to him who held so great a place as one of the Restorers of the Italian Nation, and as the Champion of Universal Freedom.

KARL BLIND.

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SOME TRANSLATIONS OF HEINE,

BY THE LATE LADY DUFF GORDON (LUCIE).

IN August, 1833, Heinrich Heine was at Boulogne, and at the table-d'hôte of the hotel sat next to a child of twelve, with long plaits of hair down her back, who spoke German perfectly. The child was my mother, Lucie Austin, and the friendship between the great poet and the little English girl began by his saying that when she went to England she could tell her friends she had seen Heinrich Heine. Whereupon she answered, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" which amused him.

The poet and the child passed long hours on the pier together, she singing old English ballads to him, he telling her wild tales about the watersprites who brought him greetings from the North Sea, the mermaids and the fish, all quaintly mixed up with an old French fiddler, who had a black poodle and was diligently taking three baths a day.

The poem,

"'Wenn ich an deinem Hause
Des morgens vorüber geh',
So freut's mich, du liebe Kleine,
Wenn ich dich am Fenster seh'.

Mit deinen schwarzbraunen Augen
Siehst du mich forschend an:
Wer bist du, und was fehlt dir,
Du kranker, fremder Mann?'

'Ich bin ein deutscher Dichter,
Bekannt im deutschen Land;
Nennt man die besten Namen,
So wird auch der meine genannt.

Und was mir fehlt, du Kleine,
Fehlt Manchem im deutschen Land;
Nennt man die schlimmsten Schmerzen,
So wird auch der meine genannt.'"

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was written for his child-friend, whose magnificent hazel eyes we shall see the poet did not forget.

Eighteen years passed ere they met again. In 1851 M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent his apartment in Paris to my parents, and they heard by chance that Heine was living close by, in the Rue Amsterdam; that he was poor and very ill. Lady Duff Gordon sent to ask if he remembered the little girl to whom he had told fairy tales at Boulogne many years before, and whether he would receive her. He begged she would go directly, and when she entered his room raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers and said, "Ja, die Lucie hat noch dieselben grosse Augen" (Yes, Lucie has still the same large eyes).

In 1855 my mother was in Paris for two months and went to see the unfortunate poet every other day. He welcomed her as "a beautiful, kindly angel of death,"* and evidently enjoyed talking German to her. M. Léon de Wailly had told him that Lady Duff Gordon's admirable translation of his novel 'Stella and Vanessa' had called attention to the book, and Heine vehemently pressed her to undertake the translation of all his own works. He offered her the copyright as a gift, gave her *carte-blanche* to cut out what she disliked, and drew up lists of the arrangement he considered best. With boyish eagerness he sent her all his works and wanted her to at once begin a prose translation of his songs. To this she demurred, but to please the dying man did "Almanzor" into English and read it to him. This only made him more anxious to obtain her promise to translate the rest.

Had my mother's health permitted she might perhaps, out of affection for Heine, have tried to translate more of his untranslatable poems. I have been induced to publish a selection of those she did by Mr. John Addington Symonds, who (no mean judge) thinks they are too good to be lost. JANET ROSS.

THE CONVERT (ALMANZOR).

IN Cordova's great cathedral
There are thirteen hundred pillars,
Thirteen hundred massive pillars
Bear on high the vaulted roof-tree.

And the dome and walls and pillars
Are adorned and written over
With texts taken from the Koran,
Wise and beautifully painted.

* See 'Three Generations of English Women,' p. 223, *et seqq.*

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For the Moorish kings who built it
Raised the same to Allah's glory;
But so many things have altered
In fate's dark mysterious whirlpool.

From the tower, whence the Muezzin
Daily called to prayer the faithful,
Now is heard the dismal jangling
Of the bells rung by the Christians.

On the platform whence the faithful
Chaunted forth the Prophet's sayings,
Now the shaven priests exhibit
The stale wonders of their masses.

There they twist and bow and curtsey
Low before their painted idols,
Ring and bray and burn their incense
While the silly tapers twinkle.

In Cordova's great cathedral
Stands Almanzor Ben Abdullah,
Gazing sadly on the pillars
While within himself he mutters:

"Oh, ye pillars, strong and massive,
Once adorned for Allah's glory,
Do I see ye now subservient
To this hateful Christian ritual?

"If you yield to the oppression,
If you bear the yoke with patience,
Shall not I, so much the weaker,
Rather bow my head before it?"

And Almanzor Ben Abdullah
Bows his head, and gaily smiling,
He receives the rite of baptism
In Cordova's great cathedral.

II.

Forth he steps from the cathedral,
Springs upon his fiery charger,
And the dark locks, lately moistened,
Flutter wildly as he gallops.

On the road to Alkolea,
By the banks of Guadalquivir,
Where the tender almond blossom
Mingles with the fragrant orange,

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Rides the knight in merry humour,
Whistling, singing, laughing gaily,
While the birds join in, in chorus,
And the rushing of the river.

But in Alkolea's castle
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares;
Her father in Navarre is fighting,
And she lives with greater freedom.

From afar Almanzor heareth
Drums and trumpets loudly pealing,
And he sees the castle windows
Gleaming brightly through the darkness.

In the halls of Alkolea
Twelve fair ladies lead the dances,
And twelve knights in gorgeous raiment—
The most graceful is Almanzor.

As though led by wanton humour,
'Midst the ladies now he flutters,
And in turn to every fair one
Some sweet flattery addresses.

The lovely hands of Isabella
To his lips in haste he presses,
Then he sits beside Elvira
Gazing boldly on her beauty.

Laughing he asks Eleonora
If to-day he please her fancy,
And displays the golden crosses
Richly worked upon his mantle.

III.

Now in Alkolea's castle
All the sounds of mirth are silenced,
Knights and ladies all have vanished
And the torches are extinguished.

Donna Clara and Almanzor
Now are left alone together,
And the last expiring taper
Sheds its feeble glimmer o'er them.

The lady in her chair is seated,
At her feet the knight reclining
Rests his head with sleep o'erpowered
On the lap of his beloved.

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And the lady, sadly musing,
Sprinkles precious oil of roses
On the dark locks of Almanzor;
But he sighs like one heart-broken.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly presses silent kisses
On the dark locks of Almanzor;
But his brow grows stern and gloomy.

And the lady, sadly musing,
Softly bends, with hot tears streaming
O'er the dark locks of Almanzor;
But his closed lips fiercely quiver.

And he dreams he still is standing
With his head bent low and dripping
In Cordova's great cathedral,
While mysterious voices murmur.

Yes! he hears the giant pillars
Muttering in indignation
That they'll bear the shame no longer.
Presently they rock and tremble,

And they wildly burst asunder
O'er the pallid priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome in ruins
On the wailing Christian idols.

Nay, make no vows, but only kiss—
No woman's vows can I believe;
Thy words sound sweet, but real's the bliss
Of one sweet kiss I now receive;
The kiss I've had, and 'tis my own
When words and vows away have flown.

Nay, plight me, love, thy faith and troth,
And let me sink upon thy breast,
For I will trust each word and oath
And quite believe that I am blest;—
For evermore and many a year
Beside, I know thou'lt love me, dear!

Lyrisches Intermezzo, XIII.

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SORELY they have teased me
And vexed me early and late,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

They poisoned the drink in my cup,
They poisoned the bread I ate,
Some with too much loving,
Others with downright hate.

But she who most has grieved me,
Who saddened and changed my fate,
Alas! she never loved me,
She did not even hate.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, XLVII.

I NEEDED rest and comfort
And came to seek them with you;
You hastened away and left me,
You had so much to do!

I swore that my soul was wholly
Devoted to you, my dear;
You answered with a curtsey
And laughter loud and clear.

You did all you could to vex me,
You went so far as this:
When I took leave you even
Denied me a parting kiss.

Don't fancy I'll blow my brains out,
Howe'er ill things may go;
All that sort of thing, my beauty,
I once did—long ago.

Heimkehr, LIII.

AT first I sank in wild despair
Beneath the grief I feel e'en now;
That grief at length I've learnt to bear,
But ah! in pity ask not how.

Buch der Lieder, VIII.

I WEPT in my dream, for I fancied
You lay in the grave so cold.
I woke, and I knew you were living,
But the tears from my eyelids rolled.

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I wept in my dream, for I fancied
That you had forsaken me.
I woke, and all night I lay weeping
Till morning, bitterly.

I wept in my dream, for I fancied
You loved me as before.
I woke, and I still am weeping,
And shall weep, evermore.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LV.

EACH night in my dreams I behold thee
With a smile so soft and sweet,
And I weep aloud, and wildly
I throw myself at thy feet.

Sadly thou gazest upon me,
Sadly thine eyes meet mine,
And down thy soft cheeks slowly
Steal pearly drops of brine.

Thou giv'st me a wreath of cypress
With one word, whispered low.
I wake, and the cypress I find not,
And the word I do not know.

Lyrisches Intermezzo, LVI.

FEAR not, my sweet, I should betray
The love I bear thee in my lays,
Howe'er my lips may overflow
With thy matchless beauty's praise.

Beneath a thicket all of flowers,
Hidden from all envious blame,
Lies, my love, that burning secret,
Burns, my love, that secret flame.

Fear nought, though some suspicious flash
Burst wildly forth from time to time:
The world knows nothing of such fires
And takes them all for merely rhyme.

Neue Gedichte, XXXV.

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FRAGMENTS.

My heart is sad and heavy
In this merry month of May,
As I stand beneath the lime-tree
On the bastion old and grey.

Beneath my feet the water
Flows gently in the moat,
A boy sits idly fishing
And whistling in his boat.

"If all the mountains were of gold
And all the seas of wine,
I'd rather have thee than them all,
Sweet maiden, treasure mine."

"If thou dost love me best of all
As I would fain believe,
Go stand before my father's face
And ask my father's leave."

"I stood before thy father's face
And he did say me nay;
Take leave then of thyself, sweet maid,
And come with me away.

I never shall forsake thee, love,
Until that I be dead;
Thou art the daughter of a King,
A rosebud blushing dead."

"If I'm the daughter of a King
Thou art an Earl so free."
He led her by the snow-white hand
Beneath the Linden tree.

He led her from the Linden tree
Away by the snow-white hand.
In time she bore the knight a child
Far in a distant land.

LUCIE DUFF GORDON.

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WHAT THE BAG CONTAINED.

AN INCIDENT OF 'NINETY-EIGHT.

A SHORT mile from this hospitable roof, under which it has often before been my good lot to stay, in the middle of a stony road, the passer-by finds himself confronted by a couple of entrance gates. Entrance gates are usually very characteristic objects in Ireland. The history of their owners—more often, perhaps, of their former owners—is apt to be written large upon them, in characters so distinct that he that runs may read. Who that knows that country, even casually, does not know the formidable castellated gateway, with its frowning portcullis, its towers with windows only adapted for the convenience of archers, its crenellated copings, the whole surmounting an apparently impassable barrier of iron, enough to strike terror into the heart of any harmless passer-by, unless he knows—as he probably does—that only three steps away he will come to a hedge, through the gaps in which the cows are wont to saunter out so as to enjoy an illicit mouthful now and then upon the Queen's highroad.

Again, who does not know the elaborately decorated gingerbread style of entrance, all twisted shamrocks and gilding—tarnished gilding, as a rule. The entrance flanked with the enormous architectural lodge, large enough to accommodate any reasonable family, and giving rise to wild anticipations as to the sort of palace we are about to approach, anticipations which only fade away when we learn that but one wing, or portion perhaps of one wing, of the intended palace was all that the owner was able to accomplish before "bad times" or other hindrances supervened, and that therefore this solitary wing, rising forlorn in its grandeur, is all we are destined now to find above ground.

The two entrances of which I was about to speak do not

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come under any of these categories. One of the two is simply a large, plain, well-kept gateway, supported by a large, plain, well-kept lodge, leading up to a large, plain, well-kept house, that for anything specially characteristic about it might as well be in Norfolk or Yorkshire as Ireland. The other is different and is highly characteristic, but its characteristicness is not due to anything specially erratic in its architecture or pretentious in its intention, but simply to the depth of decay, a decay long-continued and melancholy even for Ireland, which has overtaken it, and to an even greater extent the house up to which it leads: a house which we approach along an avenue greener than many grass fields, green with that peculiarly clinging vegetation which grows upon deserted roadways, and where in spring-time certain delicate flowering weeds, otherwise rare in the district, may be found by the curious in such matters.

Sir Thomas and Lady Barrington are at present the occupants of the larger and more prosperous of these two houses, but they have nothing to say to my story. The Barringtons are, in fact, quite new comers into the county of C——, Ballybrophy House having been only bought by Sir Thomas's father at the death of the late Lord Ballybrophy, who died here a bachelor, and at whose death the title accordingly became extinct.

Mount Kennedy, the other and dilapidated house, belongs also to Sir Thomas Barrington, and it has often been a matter of wonder, especially to strangers, why he should like to keep anything so forlorn and eye-afflicting in its ruinousness so close to his own, rather noticeably spick-and-span abode. Probably the explanation is to be found in the fact that, being uninhabited for nearly a century, it had long before his time reached a stage of dilapidation which rendered any hope of letting or otherwise disposing of it hopeless; while, on the other hand, there is a well-understood reluctance, strongly felt in Ireland, against pulling down and so utterly abolishing and rooting out the memory of those who have once lived and "reigned" on any given spot, a reluctance naturally increased by the peculiar circumstances under which this house of Mount Kennedy passed out of the hands of its former owner.

A small but delightful little stream, rapid, babbling, confidential, ending in a dancing, tossing imp of a waterfall, is only to be reached down this green approach and through a portion of the neglected shrubberies which cover this part of the Barrington property, and this circumstance has several times

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lately brought me within sight of the derelict house. Last time it did so I was alone, and curiosity induced me to approach nearer to it than I had ever hitherto done. On doing so I discovered that a piece of one side of the once solid entrance-porch had, apparently recently, fallen in, doubtless from the sudden rotting of some of the timbers beneath, and that though the front door still remained rigidly bolted and barred, one could now easily peep in, and little by little distinguish nearly the whole of the entrance hall, from one of the mouldering walls of which a couple of huge elks' horns still branched colossally; while beyond, through a half-open door, I could see a corner of what had evidently been one of the living rooms, with part of an enormous fireplace, black, or rather greenish grey, with that insidious mouldiness which in this climate inevitably overtakes and makes its own everything that has been submitted to it. There was something, I thought, peculiarly piteous in the suggestion thus called up of what had doubtless once been a warm hearth, lit as Irish hearths in this neighbourhood are wont to be, by a mountain of red glowing turf, warmed, too, as I could not doubt, with other cheering elements, such as friendship, hospitality, family love and jollity, now for ever blackened and extinguished, given over to darkness, emptiness, and the gloom of a long dead, nay, almost forgotten and abolished past. Where I stood the air was warm and comforting; the trees, just beginning to change colour, were soft with greenish yellows and dusky reds; an old disused graveyard a little way below the house sent up its quota of appropriate melancholy to the scene, and I lingered a little while, supping, half-luxuriously as one sometimes does, upon that sense of all-pervading decay which, when it does not come home too pressingly to oneself and is not too intrusive in its moralizing, is rarely without charm. That there were deeper chords than such mild moralizings to be touched in connection with this scene I was, however, aware, though my impressions as to what those chords were had grown not a little vague and blurred; and this sense of an exceptional gloom and tragedy was naturally deepened by the tale told at my request in ampler detail than I had before heard it, by my hosts the same evening over the dinner table. I will take it up for the reader's benefit at what may be called its most dramatic moment, thereby sparing him those preliminaries which are apt to be the bore of such recitals.

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Lord Ballybrophy was dreadfully disturbed! He was standing beside the sundial which formed a central ornament of his deer-park, looking down a long bracken glade, on one side of which lay a small triangular-shaped wood, across which the sun was just then shaking its last rays. He had dined, for it was already seven o'clock, and four was the fashionable dinner-hour a century ago in Ireland. He had dined liberally, with that leisurely discrimination so important for digestion, and had strolled forth to enjoy an hour's saunter over the grass previous to settling down for the night to cards. All this was customary and as it ought to be, and yet his mind was most unaccustomarily disturbed, and the cause of that disturbance is what you are about to be informed.

It was a year when a good many minds in Ireland were disturbed—the still unforgotten year of 'Ninety-eight. For months the whole country had been ringing, first with alarms, then with the actual details of Rebellion in all its horrors. It was not that any pains had been spared by the Executive of the day to hinder the misguided island from rushing upon its destruction. For months past an indefatigable soldiery had been allowed full discretion, and in their zeal for the cause of loyalty had spared no means, however painful to their own feelings, to coerce recusants into the paths of order. The Commander-in-Chief was a man known to entertain the largest and most liberal ideas in this respect, and as such to be fully worthy of the confidence reposed in him by his superiors in England. At the time of which this story treats, the first scenes of the rising were already over, but the fire still in places burned fiercely, and that same system of energetic and not always too fantastically discriminating discipline was still held to be absolutely indispensable.

These larger public matters were not what at that moment were chiefly disturbing Lord Ballybrophy's mind. It was a smaller and more personal one. Throughout his youth and early manhood his most intimate friend and ally had been Eustace Kennedy, son and heir of the owner of the neighbouring property of Mount Kennedy, whose entrance gate stood, as we know, nearly opposite to the Ballybrophy one. The two young men had been at College together; had stood by one another in not a few duels; had seen together the bottom of more bowls of punch than it would be possible at this hour to enumerate; and when upon his father's death Lord Ballybrophy

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had succeeded to the family estates, it had been an added satisfaction in the lot to which a kind Providence had called him that his friend Eustace, whose father was also dead, would be his nearest neighbour, and would be able no doubt to support him in carrying out not a few local reforms upon which his own energetic mind was already actively engaged.

But alas for these anticipations! "Constancy lives in realms above, and life is thorny, and youth is vain," and before many years had gone over their heads, the two men had quarrelled bitterly, and the cause of this quarrel had been no other than that wretched little piece of triangular-shaped woodland, at which Lord Ballybrophy was at this moment gazing!

To begin with, it was a "Naboth's vineyard," a fragment of the smaller property which had got enclosed as happens sometimes, in Ireland as elsewhere, in the larger one. Lord Ballybrophy would willingly have purchased it at many times its value. Eustace Kennedy, who was always more or less in want of money, would probably as willingly have sold it. Unfortunately it was impossible. A strict entail barred him from doing so, added to which at the farther end of the wood, and actually touching it, lay a graveyard, still used by the Kennedy family, and as such inalienable.

It was not the mere fact of the existence of this Naboth's vineyard so much as certain circumstances which arose out of its ownership which had caused the breach. Lord Ballybrophy, as already hinted, was a man of strict principles; a disciplinarian; one to whom the belief in a natural hierarchy was almost a matter of religion; an intense believer in the inherent difference between—let us say pewter and silver—and the duty, nay, obligation of the latter in all things to direct, control, and if necessary coerce the former. Now upon all these points Eustace Kennedy was deplorably lax; "lax"—as his friend had more than once told him in the measured language of the day—"to the verge of licentiousness." He was emphatically what we call "easy going." No doubt he had always been so, but it was only when he became a neighbouring proprietor that the trait revealed itself to Lord Ballybrophy in all its heinousness. Not being a game preserver, for instance, he did not sufficiently concern himself with the game rights of others. In this and in all respects he allowed the Mount Kennedy property to drift along in a comfortable, happy-go-lucky time-immemorial fashion. His tenants did as they liked; their rents

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were never raised; their wives might rear as many chickens and pigs as they chose; their children were allowed to pick sticks through all the Kennedy woods, and if a stout *gossoon* knocked over a hare or a rabbit, and carried it home under his rags to his mother's pot, Eustace Kennedy was quite capable of winking hard, and declining to prosecute the offender, even if the deed was brought home to him in the clearest and the most unmistakable light.

Now all this was acutely painful to his friend, the rather that —owing to the position of the two properties, especially owing to the position of that unlucky little Naboth's vineyard—the Kennedy belongings, their wives, children, chickens, pigs and families generally, were continually trespassing upon the Ballybrophy property. No matter what leg-breaking man-traps, no matter what hand, knee or foot-destroying fences were put up, under, over, or round those fences, the Kennedy "tinints" would manage to crawl or otherwise get. Walking across his fields, or strolling in his woods, Lord Ballybrophy would continually come upon a hundred traces of recent depredations; the marks of bare feet upon the poached mud of a gap would stare him in the face; broken twigs from his young plantations would litter the ground; worse still, there had been yet darker suspicions, in the form of rabbits or hares believed to have been trapped, and always, as his gamekeepers were ready to take oath, by "thim owdacious divils" from the other side of the fence!

At last the fire, long smouldering, burst into open flame. A boy was caught red-handed with a rabbit in his possession which he was taking home to his grandmother. He was not actually captured upon the Ballybrophy estate, but upon the limit of that wood and graveyard which, as already explained, broke like a splinter through the centre of it and grievously marred its symmetry. This being the case, it was clear as the sun in the sky that the rabbit in question was a Ballybrophy rabbit, and as such Lord Ballybrophy was only within his rights in demanding, nay peremptorily insisting, that his friend Eustace Kennedy should prosecute the offender.

This Eustace Kennedy equally peremptorily declined to do. As it happened, the boy was the grandson of an old pensioner and former servant of the Kennedy's, one Thaddeus or Thady O'Roon, a privileged old being, united to his master by one of those odd ties, half-feudal, half-personal, of which our more

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advanced civilization has well-nigh forgotten the existence. With that disproportionate vehemence which was one of his failings, Eustace Kennedy swore, and swore moreover before witnesses, that rather than break old Thady's heart by sending his grandson to jail, possibly to the gallows—for the game laws were no joke in those days—every rabbit in the county of C—— might, for ought he cared, be killed and eaten.

Lord Ballybrophy's patience, long tried, fairly broke down under this unexpectedly unneighbourly conduct. Mr. Kennedy, he retorted with that formality which characterized him in moments of displeasure, must choose between the O'Roon family and himself. If his regard for those interesting persons was of so excessively tender a nature that he preferred it to his duties as a landlord and the ordinary courtesies of a neighbour and a gentleman, Lord Ballybrophy regretted the circumstances, but could not, in duty to himself, continue to hold further friendly relations with one whose views of the becoming stood in such painful and diametrical contrast to his own. He repeated that he regretted the matter, but at the same time that his decision was irrevocable.

The quarrel, thus handsomely inaugurated, grew and deepened as it is the custom of quarrels to do. Eustace Kennedy made one or two efforts at a reconciliation, but since nothing would induce him to yield in the main point, his efforts made matters rather worse than better. The close propinquity of the once friends, now foes, added fuel to the fire. Perceiving how matters stood, the underlings on both sides naturally made haste to pour oil upon the flames; in short, it was as pretty a quarrel as the county of C—— had enjoyed for many a year past.

So matters had gone on nearly up to the time at which this little history is laid. In the interval both gentlemen had married, but neither of those events had produced the slightest relaxation in their mutual attitude. The ladies, consequently, were all but strangers to one another, and no intercourse of any sort was kept up between the two houses, although so near were they that the graveyard belonging to the Kennedy family actually constituted an inconveniently conspicuous object from the windows of the "Great House," as Lord Ballybrophy's ugly but commanding residence was called in the neighbourhood.

If private affairs were stationary, public ones meanwhile had been moving rapidly, and the unhappy country had been drifting

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nearer and nearer to that vortex of rebellion into which it was the destiny of a large part of it to plunge. Then it was that that laxity of principles so long and painfully obvious to his neighbour and quondam friend began to be generally observed in Eustace Kennedy. It was not that he shared in those revolutionary sentiments with which so many of his countrymen were at that time saturated; far less that he took any personal part in the rising. It was that as a magistrate and a local magnate he was again deplorably "lax," and it was this laxity which proved his ruin. Even the fierce heat of a religious and social panic could not turn the too mild milk of his nature to anything resembling gall. He even, contrary to his customary indolence, went the length of remonstrating with some of the local military authorities against what seemed to him their excess of zeal, especially as to their mode of extracting evidence, which he went so far as to assert was contrary to the dictates of ordinary humanity. That these uncalled-for observations produced no result beyond causing him to be regarded as a firebrand and a probable favourer of rebels goes without saying. Human nature, it has been observed, being so constituted that only one violent sentiment can, as a rule, be conveniently contained in it at a given time.

Nor had Mr. Kennedy the prudence, when he discovered the impression produced, to at once change his tactics, and distinguish himself by a greater degree of zeal than his neighbours. On the contrary, when every other gentleman in the county either fled from home, or implored to have troops sent into his house for protection, he did neither, declaring that he felt no fears upon his own account, and with regard to the troops in question repeating those uncomplimentary remarks as to their character and discipline which had already produced so strong and natural a feeling of resentment against himself.

Had he stated publicly that His Majesty King George III. had no right to the throne upon which he then sat, it would have been a less hazardous proceeding at the moment! Not only every soldier but every official in Ireland was in arms against him. He became a marked man, and it was openly declared in all official circles that Mr. Kennedy of Mount Kennedy either already was a rebel, or would shortly be proved to be one.

Nor, as events turned out, had the prophets long to wait. The Rebellion broke out; its leaders being by this time mostly in prison, the command fell into any hands willing to take it up.

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A thousand wild schemes were suggested and acted on, and amongst others it came into the heads of a portion of the rebel force that nothing would be easier or more satisfactory than to make a sudden descent upon the neighbouring county town of T—— and take it by storm. No sooner proposed than carried into execution! The original plan, so far as there was any plan at all, had been to divide the forces into four detachments, and for each detachment to march separately upon T——, arriving there at the same moment. As might have been expected, some other and still more delectable idea had meantime suggested itself, and the result was that only one of those four detachments did actually appear upon the scene.

The military had meanwhile concentrated themselves in and about T——, being fully informed of these proceedings. At Ballybrophy House there was also a strong detachment, as in most of the other important houses in the neighbourhood. There being no military at Mount Kennedy, it and the lawn in front of it was naturally selected by the rebels as their camping-ground. The owner's leave was not asked, so that his participation in the arrangement was a purely negative one. Next morning the unwelcome visitors departed, smashing fences and out-houses, breaking down gates, and generally destroying everything on which they could lay hands, but giving—so it was subsequently sworn at the trial—three cheers for their unwilling entertainer as they went.

Those three cheers were Eustace Kennedy's death-warrant! On the ragged host poured; shouting, gesticulating, yelling. The attack was intended, it may be observed, to be a surprise! The result was what was to be expected. The suburbs of the town were taken with yells of triumph and tipsy enthusiasm; a little further on the rebels were met by a steady fire of musketry, before which the wretched undisciplined force collapsed like a pricked balloon. The slaughter was considerable; many of the unfortunate rebels tried to take refuge in the houses, but the houses were set on fire by the soldiery, and . . . in short one is not called upon by the necessities of one's tale to go further in this direction, and any reader who has the recollection of Cruikshank's prints before his eyes will be thankful for the forbearance! Punishment by the sword over judicial punishment followed. A former sergeant, believed to have taken part with the rebels, was the first arrest made; the second was Mr. Eustace Kennedy of Mount Kennedy, who was triumphantly

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captured the next afternoon in his dining-room, while sitting quietly at dinner there with his family.

The news of this successful arrest was brought to Ballybrophy House the following morning by the officers quartered there, two of whom, a captain and a cornet, had already been named as amongst those who were to sit upon the court-martial appointed to try the culprit.

"Gad! the fellow has done for himself *now* and no mistake!" Captain Bullock, the captain in question, exclaimed gleefully. "Couldn't have managed it better if he had tried for a century, d—— him! None of your half measures, praise the stars! Court-martial to-day, sentence to-morrow, hanged and—the rest of it the day after! That's your style, gentlemen, and I only wish we could rattle off the rest of the rascals in the same fashion!"

"But, my goodness! goodness gracious me! Do I understand you, Captain Bullock?" Lady Ballybrophy exclaimed, dropping her egg-spoon in her consternation. "Mr. Kennedy of Mount Kennedy—Mr. Kennedy, our nearest neighbour!—our—— Me lord, me lord, d'ye hear?—hanged and, and—the rest of it! Oh my gracious goodness! Me lord, me lord! Are you listening, me lord?"

"'Pon honour, your la'ship. 'Pon my soul and honour, if I'd ha' guessed your la'ship ud ha' taken it so, 'pon my soul and honour I'd ha' held my tongue about the matter, I would, indeed," Captain Bullock replied in rather crestfallen tones. "But I never for a moment dreamt your la'ship would interest yourself in such a fellow. Why, he's known and cited all over the county of C—— for a common firebrand! Every one has heard of the way he spoke of Colonel B——; your la'ship sure knows all about *that?* And think too of the example! Why, d—— it all—begging your la'ship's pardon for swearing—those other turf-and-buttermilk rascals would never have had the impudence to lift their noses if t' hadn't been for fellows like this Kennedy—a gentleman born, curse him!—condoling with them, and talking up and down the country about their treatment. Their *treatment!* God bless my soul, the very expression is treasonable, and so I'm sure my lord there will say!"

But Lord Ballybrophy said absolutely nothing. The news had shocked him horribly, literally, unspeakably. With that rapid revulsion to some half-forgotten sentiment of which even well-balanced minds are capable of under strong emotion, he

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suddenly felt all his old affection for his former friend spring up again within him at the news of his appalling peril. Making an excuse for leaving the room, he spent the whole of the rest of that day pacing to and fro his study, a prey to the liveliest anxiety, now and then sending to T—— Courthouse to find out how the case was proceeding, and what the chances were of a favourable verdict.

He was not long kept in suspense. The next day but one came the news that the court-martial's proceedings had been quite as rapid and unhesitating as Captain Bullock had predicted, and that its sentence was—*Death!* Lord Ballybrophy suffered horribly. Had he been himself instrumental in that result he could hardly have felt it more. After an utterly sleepless night, he ordered his horse early the next morning and galloped off ten miles to the house of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, a nobleman who, as the master of many votes, had no small influence with the powers that were. Here, by dint of vehement entreaties, not unmixed with objurgations, he induced him to bestir himself actively, and both gentlemen besieged the gates of mercy so as to try and obtain, if not a reversal of the sentence, at least a postponement of it.

Unfortunately they found those doors doubly and trebly barred against their efforts. Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant, a well-meaning man but a weakly one, was himself at his wit's end with alarm and conflicting rumours. Lord Ballybrophy went to Dublin and saw him, but the interview proved utterly barren of results. His Excellency regretted the affair; was quite willing to admit the severity of the sentence; Mr. Kennedy, he had heard, was a gentleman of the utmost amiability in private life—so, for that matter, were many of the leaders in this most disastrous, bloodthirsty rebellion. He would have been truly glad for the sake of the family to have been able to show mercy, but really examples, you know, examples were terribly wanted! The condition of the country was awful; the seeds of disaffection spreading daily; instances of panic had recently occurred with scandalous frequency amongst the soldiery, and it was thought by the military authorities that an example of the sort would be sure to have a great and immediately good effect.

In vain Lord Ballybrophy suggested that, as Mr. Kennedy was not a military man, to hang and decapitate him could hardly produce any particularly soothing or encouraging effect upon

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those that were. His Excellency, as a matter of politeness, admitted the argument, but clung all the same tenaciously to his position. If Mr. Kennedy was not a soldier and a deserter, then probably he was a United Irishman; or if he was not a United Irishman, then he was certainly tainted with dangerous principles of some sort; in any case it was admitted on all hands that he had used highly offensive language about officers commanding in the C—— district; in short, his was clearly not one of those cases in which the arms of justice could with any safety be shortened.

While Lord Ballybrophy was thus inconveniencing officials in Dublin, Mrs. Kennedy had been similarly engaged in troubling those upon the spot. It had come to her knowledge that several important witnesses upon her husband's side—Protestant witnesses, and therefore presumably persons of unblemished loyalty—had been refused admittance to the court by the sentries on guard upon the day of the trial, and, armed with this as it seemed irresistible plea for delay, she presented herself boldly before General H——, then newly come to command the district, by whom the fatal sentence would have to be confirmed.

The conversation which took place on this occasion is so short and has been so well authenticated, that it seems worth setting down in full.

Upon finding herself in the great man's presence, Mrs. Kennedy lost no time, but at once entered a protest againt the sentence, so hastily passed, being carried into execution.

"And pray, madam," exclaimed the General impatiently, "what grounds have you for asking for any delay?"

The poor lady might perhaps have answered with truth that she had a good many grounds, but being, as it appears, a person of unusually strong practical sense, she contented herself with stating briefly what has been said about the refusal of the sentries to admit her husband's witnesses into court.

"Good God, madam! Are you certain of what you are stating there?" her hearer exclaimed, with some dismay.

"I am perfectly certain, sir," she replied, quietly, "and can prove it upon the oaths of the Prevented."

With that she put her hand into her pocket and proceeded to read aloud a deposition attested upon oath by one of the said Prevented. Unfortunately, before she got to the bottom of the first page an orderly rushed in with an important despatch.

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General H—— read it, muttered a hasty apology, and rushed from the room. Mrs. Kennedy never saw him again.

Whether upon reconsidering the matter he discovered it would be ungentlemanly to "go behind" his subordinates, or whether it was that time pressed and it was too troublesome to go over the same ground twice, or whether the crowning necessity of an "example" forced his hand, whatever the cause may have been, certain it is that no delay *did* take place. On the contrary, the sentence was rigorously carried out the very next day, down to its last grim detail, at the termination of which ceremonial Eustace Kennedy's head was set up upon the spikes of T—— jail almost within view of his own drawing-room windows. One relaxation must indeed be recorded. By a special act of grace Lord Camden desired that what remained of the criminal—not his head, that is to say, which was otherwise required—should be restored to the widow, to be interred as she thought fit, provided, indeed, she could discover any clergyman bold enough to utter Christian rites over so scandalous an offender.

Lord Ballybrophy took the matter very badly. He could not get it out of his head. Day and night, night and day, he was haunted by the thought of Eustace Kennedy. Now he reproached himself that he had not flung aside all decorum and openly taken his place beside his poor friend in the dock; again, that he had ever allowed that foolish quarrel to grow up, which had robbed the latter at a critical time of his own priceless aid and advice; again, with that he had not at least exchanged a last melancholy handshake with poor Eustace in T—— jail. No amount of self-argument, no amount of knowledge that the deceased had brought it upon himself—if not by what he was actually accused of, at least by a reckless disregard of his own interests which amounted to a crime—all this and much more was of no avail. The sight of the officers quartered in his house, especially of the two who had served upon the court-martial, became as poison to him. He could not eat with their detested faces opposite. His food did him no good. Even steady drinking—that great and inexhaustible refuge of the age—brought him no perceptible comfort. He wandered incessantly through his grounds and about the deer-park, fixing his eyes now upon Mount Kennedy House, now upon its churchyard, now again upon the distant landscape, at which point he would suddenly avert his eyes with a horribly vivid realization of what at that moment was to be seen upon the top of T—— jail,

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whose walls were even at this distance perceptible between the last pair of big oaks, the broad, lichen-covered branches of which waved low down over the grass and feathery bracken.

It was in this uncomfortable and for him highly unaccustomed mood that we found him upon the evening selected to take up this little history, an evening only separated by a few days from the events above recorded. Ever since dinner Lord Ballybrophy had been wandering aimlessly about—he knew not himself why or whither—only feeling that it was utterly impossible for him to return to the house and to take up his own ordinary, dignified *rôle* in life. The sun sank below the horizon; the night fell; a moon began to twinkle upon the grass and illuminate the sundial; but still he lingered. His thoughts were in the past; his mind against his own will kept going over and over again scenes in which he and Eustace Kennedy had shared. Even his friend's faults; even that unfortunate "laxity" of his; even the ridiculous indulgence he had always shown his inferiors; all these were forgotten; irradiated by that light which Death is apt to confer upon those who have passed beyond the reach of even our most vigilant criticism.

Suddenly, as he stood there, looking across the park, now whitened by the moonlight, a figure crossed the plain of his vision. An odd-looking figure—odd enough to have caused a superstitious mind to take it for one or those familiar gnomes or elderly pixies called "clurícans," famous in Irish fairy lore as the bearers of bags or purses which, if seized dexterously at the right moment, will render their captor rich beyond the dreams of avarice ever after. Like the clurican too, the figure in question carried a bag which it seemed anxious to conceal from observation, for every now and then it paused, peered cautiously round it, and again proceeded slowly and laboriously on its way.

Lord Ballybrophy was not superstitious—certainly not in so ignorant a fashion as this—and it did not therefore occur to him to suspect the figure he was looking at of being anything so vulgar as a fairy. All the same he did eye it with a considerable degree of suspicion, as was indeed natural, the times not being so safe or simple that unaccounted-for figures could be allowed to prowl as they pleased through one's private deer-park.

Suddenly he recognized it. It was he and no other—that rascally old poacher and progenitor of poachers, Thady O'Roon, the original and utterly contemptible cause of the quarrel between himself and poor Eustace Kennedy!

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A flood of angry recollections poured across his mind at the remembrance. But for that miserable old creature who knows but what they might never have quarrelled? Nay, who knows but that his friend might at that moment be alive?

"Poaching again too!" he exclaimed aloud. "And poor Eustace that so believed in their gratitude!"

Why he should have felt the offence of poaching to be an especial insult to Eustace's memory, seeing that when alive he had never shown any adequate sense of its enormity, he could not have explained. It was not strictly logical perhaps, but then, are our emotions ever strictly logical? Anyhow it gave a fresh turn to the current of his thoughts, which so far was a benefit. He started and ran actively down the grass, which here lay at a considerable slope, calling as he did so in commanding tones to the poacher to stop.

Instead of doing anything of the sort, after a sudden violent start of consternation, the old fellow merely ran all the faster in the direction in which he was going, which would take him in a few minutes out of the deer-park into that small triangular-shaped piece of wood of which mention has already several times been made.

Lord Ballybrophy followed hotly. If he had paused to consider the matter, perhaps the lateness of the hour, perhaps a sense of his own dignity, perhaps other considerations might have hindered him; as it was, he did not pause to consider. The most elementary of all instincts, the instinct of the hunter, was aroused, and to run the old rascal down, take his bag from him, and, if its contents proved what he expected, pack him off that very night to T—— jail, became an imperative necessity.

The wood being a small one, by the time he had got into it old Thady was already clambering out over the fence at the further end, which led, it may be remembered, into the Mount Kennedy churchyard. Lord Ballybrophy followed, tearing his hands badly as he did so upon one of his own elaborately contrived defences, and nearly losing his hat and wig, which had caught in an over-hanging bough. Once out and in the clearer space he flattered himself he should have no difficulty in running the culprit to earth.

To his surprise he found himself mistaken. When he got into the churchyard the moon was filling the whole of it, but not a sign or trace of old Thady or his bag, high or low, was to be seen. With an activity that astonished himself, and which was

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perhaps partly due to the state of excitement he had been in all the evening, Lord Ballybrophy followed up the search with all the zest of a schoolboy. Sword in hand he explored the bushes, the briars, every corner of the enclosed space. His feet got entangled in the grass, which grew long and rank, as its wont is in churchyards; the few upright stones threw a weird and goblin-like shadow upon the ground; the moonlight was broken and baffling, but still he persevered. He knew that the old rascal must be lying somewhere close at hand, and with that fact before his mind was resolved not to leave the spot till he had secured him.

All at once he caught sight of him curled like a scared rabbit behind one of the upright stones! With a whoop of satisfaction, hardly to have been expected from such dignified lips, Lord Ballybrophy pounced upon him, clutched him by the neck, and dragged him into the open moonlight.

"Why you old——! You—you—you——" He was too much out of breath at the moment to think of any sufficiently scathing terms of abuse, indeed he was not at the best of times an eloquent nobleman. As for the culprit, he appeared to be struck idiotic from sheer dismay. A scrubby old red wig which covered his head had fallen awry in the scuffle, and under it his bald poll glistened in the moonlight. He wore an old-fashioned livery coat, which hung in flaps about his thighs; his breeches were torn; his knees knocked one against the other; his wrinkled old monkey face was of a dull yellow hue; his eyes seemed to be half-sunken in his head with apprehension. In short it is impossible to imagine a more ridiculous and at the same time suspicious-looking figure.

Meanwhile the bag, which was the most important element in the matter, was reposing quietly behind the tombstone where it had been left by its bearer. Lord Ballybrophy promptly picked it up, and, still retaining his grasp upon old Thady, turned to leave the churchyard. His first impulse was to march both culprits up to the "great house," but on second thought it seemed better to burden himself only with the live one, leaving the other where it was, since it could be sent for at any moment.

The flat-topped slab of another tombstone caught his eye at this juncture, and suggested itself as a suitable place upon which to institute a sort of preliminary examination. If the contents of the bag proved, as he felt certain they would

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prove, to be a hare or a rabbit, worse still a pheasant, in that case he would simply pack old Thady off that very night without further formalities to G—— jail, there to await his turn at the next assizes.

It was not without some sense of derogation that he decided to institute this preliminary examination with his own hands. Still having achieved the whole affair single-handed so far, he felt a natural pride in bringing it single-handed to a conclusion. Accordingly he picked up the bag and carried it to the tombstone, retaining his hold upon old Thady, who indeed offered no resistance, but allowed himself to be dragged like a piece of inert matter in the grip of his capturer. Evidently something very hard and solid was at the bottom of the bag; harder and more solid than Lord Ballybrophy could account for under the circumstances. An indescribable reluctance overtook him as he was about to plunge his hand into it; instead therefore of doing so, he simply lifted the weighted end, and tilted it a little forward so as to allow the contents to roll over on to the smooth flat surface of the tombstone.

Over they rolled sure enough; further; further still; over and over—certainly something very round and very hard was in that bag! Something too—very—very— "Why?—What? What? What?—" Lord Ballybrophy's eyes began to start out of their sockets; his hair to rise up stiff and bristling under his wig; his blood, to first coagulate and then seem to be bursting like a tide of red-hot lava through his veins. The next moment a succession of piercing shrieks startled the card-players at the other end of the park. Pell-mell, out they rushed; the officers first, the chaplain next, the ladies last, the latter gathering their skirts around them. Once in the moonlight they stared helplessly here and there, not knowing in the least where to turn, or in what direction to look for the cause of their alarm. They were guided at last to the right place by the apparition of a little old man, leaping, gesticulating, and running wildly to and fro like a clurican in front of the churchyard. There, flat upon the grass, apparently in some sort of swoon, they found Lord Ballybrophy. His hat had fallen in one direction, his wig in another, his sword was doubled up under him, and immediately above him, upon the smooth flat slab of the tombstone, and looking as white and placid in the moonlight as if it had been merely part of some monumental effigy accidently broken from its context, lay—the head of Eustace Kennedy!

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How had it got there? and what under all the circumstances of the case was now to be done with it? were two questions, which—the first attentions to the sick man having been paid—not a little exercised the minds of those who were the witnesses of the foregoing rather singular scene. As regards the first it was easily answered, old Thady O'Roon making no secret of having himself stolen it that very afternoon from off the spikes of T—— jail, where the majesty of the law had impaled it. He thought—"may be the poor mhaster might slape aisier t'home," was the only explanation he seemed capable of giving when called upon to account for the startling piece of larceny of which he had been guilty. As to the second question—well, in the end the poor head was allowed to rest peacefully enough not far from where it then lay, with the remainder of the clay thereto appertaining. The truth was, once the first blush and enthusiasm of their zeal was a little abated, the authorities, civil as well as military, were not eager to allow too dazzling a blaze of publicity to fall upon all their recent proceedings. So successful indeed were they in this administrative modesty, that to this day the foregoing transaction is rarely alluded to, and to the best of my friend's belief is known as a whole to but few, and those few chiefly the descendants of the actual partakers in it.

Lord Ballybrophy, the reader will be glad to hear, recovered in due time from his attack, and lived to a good old age, respected by all who knew him. The Kennedy family soon afterwards left Mount Kennedy for good; the property was let upon a long grazing lease; the house shut up, and by degrees fell into that condition of neglect and decay in which we now see it. With regard to old Thady O'Roon, about whom I specially enquired, my friends could give me no further information.

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GREAT STEAMSHIP LINES.

V.—THE MEDITERRANEAN AND BLACK SEA.

THE Mediterranean is from every point of view—geographical, historical or commercial—extremely interesting, but it should perhaps hardly come into account under the heading of Great Steamship Lines. Although it is now a thoroughfare and a gateway to the East, and therefore traversed by the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental and the British India Steam Navigation Companies, to say nothing of fifty other smaller lines, in itself it is not of sufficient importance for any great firm to carry either cargo or passengers over its waters exclusively. Yet it cannot be left out, and has undoubtedly much interest peculiar to itself. It is to a very large extent exploited by small firms with a few vessels; it is a great haunt of the pure cargo boat; its waters are covered with what may be called with more or less justice the "tramp" steamer.

The pure "tramp" is not seen to its best advantage in seas whose ports are in connection with England by wire or submarine cable. It is in far-off lands, on the western coast of America, among the Eastern Archipelago, and in other oceans to which orders cannot easily be sent that the steamer whose captain has a roving commission to do the best he can for himself and the owners comes out strongest. Still even in the Mediterranean a vast amount of business is done by boats which belong to no well-known line, and which, though subject to orders, receive such as are extremely irregular, depending entirely on the state of the commercial barometer. A boat which went one voyage to Taganrog in the Sea of Azof, may go the next to Smyrna, may follow that venture up with a trip to Egypt, and afterwards go to cool off in the Baltic to catch the last of the open season there. Although the trade may be chiefly Cardiff coal out and wheat home, there is an aspect of uncertainty about everything, and the

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very managers in Liverpool or Swansea or Hartlepool may be as ignorant of the vessel's next destination as the officers who navigate her first to one port and then to another.

Nevertheless, although this quasi-tramp steamer is the most characteristic feature of these inland waters, it is not entirely true that all the business is done by small and publicly unknown lines. The Cunard Company of Liverpool, the premier company of the trans-Atlantic trade, take an important share of the Mediterranean traffic, although their ten boats, of an aggregate tonnage of about 25,000 tons, do not run into the Black Sea to such an extent as the other great line belonging to Wilson's of Hull, whose green-painted boats with red funnels go in all directions from that port. A considerable amount of round trip passenger-trade is taken by the Cunarders, although this has been considerably cut into by the yachting trips of the Orient Line, whose vessels engaged in this business do not take cargo. And of course the loading and discharging of cargo is not much pleasanter to passengers than the coaling, which is inevitable. Still to a great extent the holiday traffic in the Mediterranean is falling off. This is due in some measure to the undoubted change in the weather in these latitudes of late years. Seamen are very apt to attribute the alteration to the cutting of the Suez Canal, but the deduction is hardly correct, and savours somewhat of primitive logic. As a matter of fact European weather generally has changed during the last two decades, to go no further back, and as nowadays it snows heavily in Algeria, the Mediterranean has lost the character for blue skies which made Captain Marryatt's celebrated quartermaster rejoice in the drifting scud of the English Channel.

As regards these cruises of the Orient Line's smaller boats, it is a great question whether the final differentiation into pure passenger vessels pays directly. Since, however, the great port of call of this line is Naples, it may be advantageous from a business point of view to advertise the line all round the borders of the sea, in order to draw a more paying business to Naples. For the competition is now very keen, what with the Cunard, the Orient, Wilson's, Papayanni's, the Liverpool and Eastern Steamship and the General Steam Navigation Lines, to say nothing of the innumerable tramps which are almost ten to one of the well-known Companies' boats.

Business on some of these lines is done in a very primitive way. For the Oriental is keen, and has to be considered

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curiously. Often the owner of a certain number of bales of mohair is himself given a passage in consideration of shipping his goods in a certain boat. For lately business has been so bad there, that every trick that cunning could devise has been employed to get a full cargo.

Looking at Turkey, which was once in a better way, the trade has been declining, if not absolutely at least relatively, for the exports and imports have both been stationary. Egypt, it is true, is a little livelier, for since the English occupation much more cotton has been exported. In Russia the tariffs are so heavy that the export English trade has sunk to zero, and as to homeward freights, the competition has cut them to an almost irreducible minimum. Last year the freight per quarter of wheat from Odessa was 1*s.* 9*d.* The year before it was 4*s.* 6*d.* The orange trade from Valencia, which was once a lucrative branch of steamship business, is now as bad as wheat. The freight is 1*s.* a box instead of two, and the boxes are nearly twice as large as they used to be. Then, not very long ago a large quantity of flour was sent to England from Austria and Hungary. The introduction of steel rollers into flour-mills in England has resulted in the English making their own Viennese flour; and again the cargo boats from the Mediterranean lose freight. Some years back a good export trade was done to Italy. But the Italians began manufacturing themselves, and although the transportation of machinery to the Peninsula gave the boats good freights for a time, that was essentially a fleeting business.

The trade to and from Greece last year was also bad. The growers held 20,000 tons of currants on account of the low English market prices. And in Asia Minor the fruit crops failed to a very large extent. A good business, however, was done in vallonia or acorn-husks, which are sent to England for some process in the tanning trade. Prices went up from £14 to £24 and English steamers took home some 12,000 tons. But the raisins and figs were less by 50,000 boxes.

Thus it is easy to see that the Mediterranean trade has had a very rough time of it, especially when we take into account the over-building of steamers and the fierce competition with a falling-trade barometer.

It is such a state of trade which gives the very last improvement in the pure cargo boat its chance, showing that even in the most desperate struggle the really fit can not only survive, but come out absolutely triumphant. Not very long ago I was on

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board such a boat in Leith Docks. She was about 950 tons register, and was built to carry the utmost amount of cargo that could be put into an iron box without any fine shape. Her designers had one end in view, the construction of a cargo-carrier. Convenience for the crew, the officers, real safety, good stability, were not things to be greatly considered. A big tonnage-capacity and a small coal-consumption are the first qualifications for earning money. Accordingly this sea-tramp burns a fraction over eight tons a day for an average speed of eight-and-a-half knots. There is only one fireman on watch at a time; there are but three in all, and a coal trimmer besides. As to the deck hands, they are also reduced to a minimum, a boatswain and four able seamen. There are three engineers to her small triple-expansion engines. This boat is, as I have said, almost the last thing in cargo-carriers; her expenses are nominal compared with vessels running at a great speed; in a whole round trip, say from Swansea or Cardiff to Batoum and back, she burns no more than the *Teutonic* does in a day, that is 300 tons. A vessel of this character, and of 1000 tons register, costs about £18,000. She paid last year a dividend of 41 per cent. on that capital. Such figures doubtless speak well for the management at home, but very much is due to the character of the boat itself.

For there comes in here a point of very considerable interest, which I hope to deal with more fully in a later article, and that is the "natural speed" of vessels. I am not aware if the phrase has been used, but undoubtedly there is for every model a certain speed which is easily possible. To go less is loss of time and a waste, to go more is to drive recklessly and overtask the boat, to strain her engines, her hull, and to burn coal without any reasonable return. And it is to be remarked, that just as in a sailing vessel extra sail-area does not always increase the speed, but by burying her in the sea checks her way, so very often in steamers a large part of the extra engine power put in to drive a boat beyond the normal and natural speed is, owing to her form, devoted merely to piling up the Atlantic and dispersing the hardly gained energy in waves. When a boat goes through the water "sweetly," as they say in Cornwall, she has reached her highest easy speed. Beyond it she should not be driven. And the problem given to ship-builders is to find in every case this true speed, putting engines in the vessel which will enable her to attain it, and having only a certain margin of reserve force in case of necessity.

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In considering the small coal-consumption of such a boat as I have described, it is interesting to note what distance a ton of cargo can be carried for the absurdly small sum of a penny. In an ordinary trans-Atlantic cargo-boat of about 3000 tons, running 13 knots, a single pennyworth of coal, or about 13 lbs. will take a ton of cargo 400 miles. It is easy to see, when the speed is reduced to 8½ knots, and the coal-consumption to 8, for the 13-knot boat would burn at least 50 or 60 tons, that this same pennyworth will carry the ton a distance very greatly exceeding 400 miles. This is the main secret of a 41 per cent. dividend. And the general way such boats earn their money is by such a round trip as this. The vessel will load steam coal at Cardiff for, let us say, Pola in Austria in the Adriatic. This is an Austrian naval station, and about 20,000 tons of Cardiff coal go there yearly. Then in ballast to the Black Sea, perhaps into the Sea of Azof to Taganrog, where she is loaded with wheat by steam lighters, for the roadstead is very shallow, and a 1000-ton vessel may have to lie 17 miles off the ground. Coming out of the Sea of Azof she may have to lighten to pass Kertch Bar. On reaching Kavak, the Black Sea end of the Bosphorus, she gets *pratique*, which, by the way, is commonly corrupted in the Mediterranean trade into "prodig," and there takes in fresh water and stores. She will call at Gibraltar for orders, and perhaps a little coal, and will go to Dublin or Hull to discharge. This is quite a common round with such vessels, although it is frequently varied by a visit to the Danube.

The weather in such a trip with such a vessel is a matter of great concern to those who are in charge of her. She is not built for safety, she is built to make money, and is always heavily insured. It is impossible to run in a heavy beam sea, a cranky craft with a round bottom might easily capsize. So she is turned round head to sea in such circumstances, to wait till the weather moderates. And even then she will, to use the picturesquely comic expression of a seaman I know, "rear over-end like a billy-goat in a cabbage garden;" that is, she will pitch most fearfully. Very often when the barometer gives indications of a gale, and it is possible to get in the lee of any land, the captain will be as ready to run for shelter, and even anchor on a weather shore, as though he were one of the early navigators whose open boats were hardly less unsafe than the very last thing in modern cargo-carriers.

One of the reasons that this class of vessel does well in the

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Mediterranean and Black Sea trade is that they draw no great amount of water. The bigger boats belonging to Wilson's Line cannot, for instance, go up the Danube to Galatz and Ibrail. Just as Greenwich Reach is shallow in the Thames, so the water at Tultch in the Danube is very shoal, and there is no tide to enable the difficulty to be got over. Generally speaking, the Danube is by no means like the beautiful broad blue river of the popular imagination, at least below the Iron Gates. All its three mouths are narrow, and even above its width varies greatly. In the widest parts the channel winds as it does in the Scheldt going up to Antwerp, and it is an easy thing to get aground, especially when coming down with a cargo. These vessels frequently have to lighten, to put some of their cargo over the side into barges, until their draught is only 16 ft. 3 in. When the shoal water is passed, the wheat or maize is taken on board again. It is probable that in the immediate future Kustendje, in Bulgaria, on the Black Sea, will destroy the Upper Danube ports, for grain now comes there by rail, and can be shipped at any period of the year; while the Danube is frozen up for at least two months, and sometimes three, although during this period some shipping is done at Sulina with grain which is stored there to be used in the closed time. This will be a blow to the smaller steamers built especially for Danube traffic, but that cannot be regretted, seeing the methods employed at Ibrail and Galatz for shipping grain. These cereals are brought down to the water's edge in four-wheel wagons, and as the banks are so muddy that it is impossible to go ashore without sea-boots on, the horses have a very bad time. It is doubtful whether animals are treated worse anywhere in the world, unless perhaps the oxen at the Carrara marble mines, than they are while doing this work on the Danube. They fall and die, and are beaten to death in the mud.

Generally speaking, and quite apart from cruelty to animals, the character of the men in this quarter of the world is hardly to be described as good. Every one thieves whatever he can lay his hands on. In the Russian ports, such as Batoum and Poti in Georgia, they have a special partiality for pieces of small chain. In the Danube they will come on board at night and unreeve the running gear. On one occasion the watchman on a steamer found that some men had come on board, taken the end of a warp, passed it over into their boat, after seeing that it would most likely run clear without kinking, and had succeeded in hauling about three parts of it overboard before he found it out.

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The boatswain's duty on coming to these places is to take everything that is removable—even with difficulty—and lock it up. Greeks generally have the worst character, but the Armenians and all who belong to the petty principalities about the Balkans seem just as bad. Constantinople is looked upon, however, as the very headquarters of thieving in all the world.

Almost all business of every kind both in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea is in the hands of Greeks. And they are good business men, being oily, persuasive, polite, sharp, keen and unscrupulous to the last degree. There is little chance of getting to windward of a Greek who has learnt his trade among Orientals, it is the utmost one can do to hold his own.

Speaking of Poti in Georgia, there is one thing in connection with the mooring of steamers inside the breakwater which is interesting to seamen. A westerly wind blows there at times which is so heavy, that the steamers as ordinarily moored with warps break adrift and go ashore. In order to obviate this, the vessel has, if lying with her port-side to the wharf, her starboard anchor carried out broad on that bow, while her port anchor is placed on the wharf and very lightly lashed there. If a gale springs up and her warps part, she swings right away from her berth, is brought up by her starboard anchor, while the port one is dragged off the wharf. Thus she lies safe at her two anchors until the gale blows itself out; then she hauls in again to her berth. At this place manganese ore is chiefly shipped. At Novorosisk there is a curious plan of mooring at an open wooden pier, with springs running through holes in the timbers, which have heavy weights attached to them. This allows the vessel to work to some extent without parting her warps.

Batoum, as the petroleum port in the Black Sea, is more interesting than either of the places just mentioned, for it suggests the question of liquid fuel as a substitute for coal. Most if not all of the Russian boats in the Caspian have dispensed with solid fuel, which is so heavy to handle, which needs so many men, and which is of necessity dirty and unpleasant. In steamers whose furnaces are fed by spray petroleum, the fireman is practically done away with, coal-trimmers are abolished, and the whole laborious operation of coaling is dispensed with. The petroleum is pumped on board just as fresh water is, and consequently there is neither dust nor noise, nor anything which makes coaling so hideously unpleasant to all on board a passenger steamer.

The usual method of burning petroleum in the furnace is to

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mix it with a blast of air which divides the oil into a fine spray. For the purpose of obtaining the air-blast when the furnaces are black, a small subsidiary engine is employed ; but when steam is obtained in the main boilers, part can be of course diverted to keep the air-pumps going without the aid of the small quantity of coal employed in starting the lesser engine.

The chief and indeed only valid objection to the use of this fuel is its liability to catch fire. But it is not too much to expect from scientific men some method of rendering it at least as uninflammable as coal. And in one respect, at least, it is safer than coal, for it is not liable to spontaneous combustion. It may be noted that some of the steamers belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, running now in the intermediate coast service of Peru and Chili, are burning this oil, which is obtained in Peru from wells worked by the Peruvian Corporation.

The bare possibility of abolishing the present methods of obtaining steam is worth on many grounds the best efforts of engineers. Few passengers on steamers have any notion of the stokehold. A few of them go down with one of the engineers and look at what is humorously called the "mill," but to go further through the dark passage, which is so narrow and dirty, leading "forward," is more than most care for. They see some of the firemen when they come up on deck for a breath of fresh air, but they have rarely watched them at the terrible task of stoking. For it is a terrible task, and one which shortens the lives of the very strongest men. There is hardly such a thing as an elderly fireman. For, considering that the temperature in that dark hole varies from 100° to 170°, or even more, in spite of ventilation, that each man has three or four furnaces to attend to ; and that as soon as one is filled, another needs instant attention, it is even for the highly skilled and strong a task of unremitting labour during the four hours' watch. Then unfortunately, owing to the natural laws of heat, the hardest work is often in the tropics, when the fiery hell in the lowest portion of the vessel's hold grows more and more intolerable. The draught is best in cold latitudes ; but when the sun is intense overhead, the air heavy and thick with tropic heat, the fires below must have more labour bestowed on them. And if in addition the men have the misfortune to handle a bad streak of coal, as very often happens, it may be very difficult to keep steam up to its normal pressure, and the furnaces may have to be hammered at continually. Sometimes the bunkers of a vessel may get filled with Cardiff coal which will not burn well, which

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cakes, which has to be broken up again and again to let the process of combustion proceed at a normal rate, and if, under these circumstances, the vessel happens to be one which has less boiler power than she should have for her engines, the men may be worked almost to death.

It is to be considered too that firing is a following requiring some training and no inconsiderable skill. A man who has never faced an open furnace, which glares at him almost like molten iron, will think that the very skin is coming off his face with the heat. And it takes some minutes before that open door to fill it as it should be filled. A tyro at the task will very likely throw the coal in such a way that it strikes the top of the furnace half-way down, and he will thus fill up the middle without projecting any fuel to the end. The coal should be sent first to the back, which is not to be quite filled, and should gradually increase until the front part is blocked. The new hand, even if he can stand the heat, will often find that each furnace as he runs to it is almost empty, and the result not unfrequently is, that one of the older men has to carry him out on his back and let the exhausted novice come to in the fresh air. But the universal adoption of petroleum, controlled simply by a tap, will do away with this man-killing labour. Surely it is a point which deserves very serious consideration. In speaking thus of firing I do not talk simply as a man who has watched the process only, for though I have never fired with coal, I have done so with wood in a lake steamer in British Columbia, and can answer for the arduousness of the task, even when one is young and strong. And if the experience of the Russians in the Caspian with oil does anything to abolish firing as at present carried on, seafaring men will owe them something which may be to a little extent a compensation for their disagreeable manners and methods when dealing with vessels in the Black Sea ports. For there is no doubt that trading in Russian ports and dealing with Russian men in office is an exceedingly valuable training in self-control.

Although, as I said in the earlier part of this article, the Mediterranean is hardly sufficient to employ any one great steamship line entirely, very much of that trade is carried on by about a third of the tonnage belonging to Thomas Wilson and Sons, of Hull. And that one-third is rather over 40,000 tons, for this firm owns fifty-five steamers, whose aggregate registered tonnage amounts to 140,000 tons at least. In one way this firm is almost

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singular. Of the other companies some run their boats across the North Atlantic, some down through the tropics to South America, some take the Peninsula of Hindostan as their destination, and others again go to Australia ; but Wilson's Line includes all these, and takes cargoes and passengers at advertised intervals to almost every part of the known world, with perhaps the sole exceptions of China and South Africa. These boats command a large portion of the northerly trade to Norway and Sweden, some eighteen of their largest steamers go to New York, another eighteen run to Bombay and Karachi, doing a very large portion of the carrying trade to the East from Continental ports, and although the vessels which go to Australia are owned by the Anglo-Australasian Steam Navigation Company, their movements are practically controlled by the Hull firm, which seems disinclined to leave any part of the world entirely to any other company. For a large number of their vessels trade regularly during the period of open navigation in the Baltic ; they run to Riga, St. Petersburg and Reval ; to Stettin and Danzig, Copenhagen and Stockholm ; and furthermore they command a large portion of the home trades, which include much of the North Sea, and take in Hamburg and Antwerp. As far as the coasting trade of the East of England is concerned, although none of the red-funnelled, green-painted boats go coastwise, yet the firm which finds better business for its own vessels, acts as agents for other owners, even in this trade. Taking it all round, there is no other Steamship Company with which I am acquainted which acts over such an extended sphere of operations, nor, were all others destroyed, with any which would be in a position to at least attempt to do at once the absolutely necessary part of the whole world's carrying trade.

Of other firms working in the Mediterranean are Messrs. Papayanni, the Greek firm of Liverpool, with over 20,000 tons of steam shipping ; and Messrs. Moss and Co., also of Liverpool, who own over 30,000 tons, and devote themselves greatly to the Levant trade, though they also run regularly to the furthest Black Sea ports.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

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BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS," "THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

SPREADING THE NET.

SUNDAY was a pleasant break in the monotony of Mabel's life at Beechwoods. There was the walk to church through the cool, quiet woods to the gate in the park wall, a shorter and more direct, as well as enjoyable walk than down the avenue, and along a pretty country road, whence some steep, uneven, red-brick steps led up to the lich gate admitting to the churchyard, through which ran a path shaded by fine old trees. The quaintly picturesque old ivy-clad church, with its tower slightly aslant, much-patched roof, and deep porch, was situated on the brow of a somewhat steep hill, and overlooked a winding valley and fine stretch of country beyond.

The village of Braydon struggled in divergent, uncertain fashion nearly up to the church, and, nestling among the folds of the hills in the distance were comfortable homesteads, the gardens gay with flowers, the trees in the orchards bending under the weight of fruit, rich pasture lands with drowsily feeding cattle, and golden wheat fields almost ready for the sickle. This August morning there was the hush of rest over the scene; no sound breaking the stillness save the chimes of the church bells, faintly echoing from distant steeples amidst the hills.

The Beechwoods' governess attracted not a little attention among the small, primitive congregation. The farmers' daughters, to say nothing of the sons, were much impressed by her appearance, their eyes noting her every look and movement as

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she followed the service in the large square pew. She imagined she was very simply attired, but hers was certainly very different from the simplicity—if it could be called that—of the toilettes around her. "Costumes" had found their way to the villages, but many a young girl wondered how it was that, if what she wore was in the "latest style," there should be so great a difference between her own appearance and that of Miss Leith. Two or three could see that the difference consisted in something besides the clothes she wore, and endeavoured to imitate her easy, unconscious grace.

Gerard and his host walked over to the church in the town, a mile or so farther than and in the opposite direction to Braydon. The orthodoxy of the old rector was on somewhat narrower lines than that of Aubyn. Outside the church, they were the best of friends; but inside, the rector was apt, when Aubyn was present, to improve the occasion by impressing upon his hearers the great importance of what he termed "sound doctrine;" entering into long explanations as to the true grounds of belief not solely for the behoof of his usual congregation, who had indeed for the most part been carefully drilled by himself. A sincere, earnest man, who would shake his head at the mention of the teaching of Charles Kingsley and his school, and express grave fears as to its being "safe." In his respect for the man, Aubyn could bear his dissertations well enough. Nor did he take offence at never being invited to share in the duty, when he happened to be at Beechwoods. But he did not choose to give Harcourt an opportunity for bringing his new philosophy to bear upon certain of the dogmas put forth by the old rector; and thus cause him to over-estimate its value, by gaining too easy a victory.

Not to allow the children to obtrude themselves on the notice of their uncle or his guest, this first day of Gerard's visit Mabel so contrived the going and returning from church as to avoid meeting them; and dined with her pupils in the schoolroom. Somewhat spoiled by late indulgences, the children a great deal resented her decision, and consequently gave her more trouble than they had yet done. She found them very refractory at the dinner table; and when they set forth for afternoon church, Algy had made up his mind it was to be a "naughty Sunday;" and Mima had come to the same decision. Mabel did not note the signs of a coming storm. She was, indeed, more than usually absorbed in thought, as she walked slowly through the woods,

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wondering what would come of Gerard's visit, and how she would be able to keep up the character of a governess with him, in the presence of Mrs. Brandreth and the servants.

By the time they arrived at church, Mima and Algy were prepared for war. Mima chose Algy's corner, as he considered it, of the pew for herself; carefully measured out the space she required; placed a book to mark the boundary line on each side; then, spreading out her skirts, sat down with a glance of defiance at him.

He considered the situation for a moment; then stole softly to her side and carried off her book to the further end of the pew; and when she returned with it, there was Algy in triumphant possession.

A whispered complaint to Mabel only drew forth the reply; "What does it matter where you sit? there is plenty of room."

Mima returned to Algy's side, prepared to take the law into her own hands; crowding up to him as closely as possible, and contriving to make him very hot and uncomfortable, although not any the more inclined to yield on that account.

Unaccustomed to the care of children, and apt to be forgetful of what was expected of her, Mabel joined in the service, taking no heed of them. By the time the congregation had decorously settled down to the sermon, and the old rector had enjoyably commenced his "firstly," a new method of getting rid of the too close proximity of Mima had suggested itself to Algy; and she presently sprung up with a half-suppressed scream. All eyes were directed to the pew; and the rector paused a few moments in the midst of one of his best perorations to look in that directions.

"What is the matter?" anxiously whispered Mabel, imagining that the child must have been suddenly taken ill.

Mima sobbed out, under her breath, that Algy had stuck a pin into her; and Algy whispered that she had squeezed him nearly dead.

With heightened colour Mabel took each by the hand, and dragged them out of church. Their voices rising in crescendo as they reached the porch outside, her difficulties did not diminish. In her annoyance she said something about punishment on the morrow; and the "'Thusian method" suggesting itself to Algy, he fell upon Mima as the first offender, and she retaliated until Mabel feared their voices would be heard in the church. In vain

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did she and Sissy endeavour to pacify them. They refused to be pacified in any other way than by her giving a promise that they should not be punished; and this she was not inclined to do under pressure.

Mabel was almost at her wits' end, although not any the more inclined to let them triumph over her on that account, when, suddenly, help came. Hearing herself addressed by name she turned in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and beheld Richard Noel.

Since his sister's departure he had spent a great deal of time in hovering about the park, but had not once succeeded in coming upon Mabel and her pupils; and the opportunities he had counted so much upon seemed slipping away. Now that Aubyn, with whom he had never succeeded in getting upon familiar terms, had arrived, he would be obliged to keep still farther away from the vicinity of the house, except to make a formal call. He had calculated upon Mabel attending afternoon service with the children, and upon being, perhaps, able to join her afterwards; but such an opportunity as this he had not dared to hope for. His appearance on the scene, just at that moment, was, indeed, very welcome to Mabel.

"Will you leave them to me, Miss Leith?" he said, after they had exchanged a word or two, and matters had been explained to him. "If you will go on with Sissy, I will bring Algy and Mima."

"You are very kind," she replied, glad enough to avail herself of his assistance. "I am ashamed to trouble you; but they may, perhaps, behave better, if only for a change. You will come with your uncle, will you not, Algy?"

Algy, to whom his uncle had whispered a few words and who had made certain conditions, acquiesced. Mabel passed on with Sissy, and presently looking back saw that the other two were following with their uncle.

It seemed to Mabel a matter of course that he should accompany them to the park gate; and it also seemed natural enough that he should enter with them, and rest awhile in the cool woods after the walk along the road in the hot sun. She did not care to attract attention and enquiry by returning to the house before the usual time; and therefore sat down in the shade with the children for awhile, pleasantly exchanging a few words with Richard Noel as he stood leaning against a tree. How kind he seemed! how considerate for the governess! and

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how respectful was his whole bearing! she thought; her gratitude for his ready assistance with the children, and her belief that he could have none but the best motives in showing kindness to one in her position, rendering her less penetrative and on her guard than she would otherwise have been.

She could not know that he was, in fact, acting from the coolest calculation; taking the first steps towards the carrying out of a carefully arranged plan. He had taken the precaution to make searching enquiries, and was in possession of all the facts respecting her; knowing now, for a certainty, that she was the Miss Leith, the heiress, who would in a couple of years or so have unlimited control over something like five thousand a year. Moreover, she was said to be at present fancy free, with romantic notions about being loved for herself. There was, at least, a chance for him—a fair field with no dangerous rivals to encounter. Young and beautiful, as well as rich, she would be a prize such as he had hardly ventured to dream of winning. The chances seemed to be all in his favour; and with better prospects, came good intentions for the future; proving, quite to his own satisfaction, that certain shortcomings in the past were to be ascribed rather to the pressure of circumstances than to anything radically wrong in himself. With five or six thousand a year, and a beautiful young wife, he was convinced he would be quite a different man from the Richard Noel of the past; and this belief imparted an earnestness and genuineness to his manner which told in his favour.

His greatest difficulty was to prevent himself becoming more effusive than the occasion warranted. But he contrived to act the part he wanted to play pretty well; only, in a deferential kind of way, letting her see how great a pleasure it had given him to be of some small service to her; and depending upon his fine dark eyes for the rest.

"How kind and considerate he seems!" thought Mabel. "How pleasant to be treated in this way so entirely for oneself!"

He was sincere enough, so far as his admiration and desire to gain his end went. But he knew he would have a difficult part to play, unwilling as he was to entirely give up his chance with Miss Severn until he had made sure of the heiress. Could he have only taken his sister into his confidence it would have been something; but he still feared to do so, under the impression that it would be impossible for her to avoid behaving to the

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rich heiress as she would not to the poor governess; in which case she would be doing him more harm than good, by arousing Miss Leith's suspicions as to the truth being known by him also, and thus making his motives clear.

He was not dissatisfied with his progress so far. The fact of his having been of some slight assistance to her enabled him to pose naturally and effectively enough, and at the same time he had contrived to advance a step or two with the children, whose good will would be of some service to him.

When Mabel found it was time to walk on he was reluctantly obliged to take leave, acknowledging that he did not care to go to the house during his sister's absence. But he managed, in a few hesitating words, to convey the impression that it was the pride and reticence of a poor man which prevented his being upon more familiar terms with the owner of Beechwoods.

Mabel thought she quite understood, although she felt sure that Mr. Aubyn needed only to know the cause of the other's keeping aloof to take the initiative and place matters on a more friendly footing between them. She shook hands with Richard Noel, bidding him good-bye in as friendly and pleasant a fashion as he could hope for.

The children, with the exception of Sissy, who remained silent and thoughtful, were singing his praises all the way home.

"Uncle Richard says he will buy me a lovely French doll if I keep good and do not give you any trouble, Miss Leith," said Mima. A speech he calculated on being repeated.

"And he says he will never bring me any more games nor give me anything again, if I do not ask you to forgive me, Miss Leith, dear, so of course I shall," graciously said Algy.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOROTHY'S SISTER.

Mabel knew it was not quite by chance that Aubyn and Gerard came upon her and the children next day when they were taking their afternoon's walk in the park. She quite understood, too, and appreciated Aubyn's kindly motive when he presently proposed to tell her charges some stories about the children of Grigg's Court, if Miss Leith would show Mr. Harcourt the lower part of the park leading down to the sea for him.

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She made no demur, believing the victory was so far won that she could trust herself to be alone with her sister's lover without arousing his suspicions or incurring her own self-reproach. It was only a sister's love now, she was sure of it, sure, she repeated to herself, a little defiantly, angry at the bare thought of the question arising in her mind. It would be an acknowledgment of weakness, at any rate to herself, if she dared not go with him.

"Very considerate of Aubyn, was it not?" said Gerard, as they walked down the slopes together, Mabel with what she flattered herself was a sisterly, matter-of-course air. "Rather an improvement this upon the Grove, eh, Mabel?"

She stood still for a moment, catching in her breath, a hot flush suffusing her cheeks. He knew then! But she was equal to the occasion, lightly replying, "Yes, oh, yes; altogether it is."

"What is Mrs. Brandreth like?"

"I have seen so little of her that I hardly know. She does not interfere about the children in the schoolroom, but I think that is because she is careless about what they learn."

"A not undesirable person to deal with from the governess point of view, I suppose."

Mabel understood, but made no reply, not just then inclined to take up the glove. They strolled through the park down towards the cliffs, where Nature had been left free to follow her own devices and had done her best. Half-way down the cliff they came to a delightfully secluded nook, from which, Gerard pointed out, the rest could be seen without the trouble of going to it, to say nothing of climbing back. A naturally formed resting-place, carpeted with fine, yielding, green turf, and the scent of the heather, growing in all directions, blending delicately with the soft fresh sea air. Facing them was a wide and seemingly limitless expanse of gently swaying waters, all hint of the proximity of human habitation was shut out, and no sound met the ear save that of the slow, heavy wash of the sea in the small cove below, and the occasional mew of a bird sailing slowly by.

Mabel sat down on the rocky seat, took off her hat and gloves, pushed her hair from her brow and leaned enjoyably back. Gerard stretched himself on the turf at her feet.

"Now I know what a holiday really means," she presently said. "Had you been dragging Algy and Mima through words of one syllable all the morning you would appreciate this as you cannot now," inclined to make the most of the difficulties she had encountered. "Mima is really the stupidest little pudge—so

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irritatingly content to be stupid, and Algy's conscientiousness requires a great deal of developing, but Sissy—you will like Sissy, Gerard, if you take the trouble to understand her. If only her mother does not prevent it, Sissy will show some character by-and-by."

"Would not Mrs. Brandreth approve of character?"

"Not if it interfered with her plans, I think," returned Mabel, her thoughts reverting to Mrs. Brandreth's more than half expressed speculations as to Sissy's and Mima's "chances."

"Would character interfere with them?"

She smiled. "Who cares to go into the reasons of things such a morning as this. It is enough just to be!" turning to caress a bit of heather obtruding itself over her shoulder.

"Without a *raison d'être?*"

She nodded in the forgetfulness of the moment, her sunny eyes meeting his with the frank gaiety of old times as she said, "How delightful it is to be off the stilts for awhile! Having to be constantly shocked with little naughtinesses makes one feel almost like an impostor. I should quite enjoy misbehaving a little on my own account, just to try how it feels, you know."

"I fear I cannot suggest anything very novel in that way, the opportunities seem to be rather limited here—unless you were to throw yourself over the cliff and give me the—trouble of rescuing you from a watery grave."

"Not original, and the rescue doubtful. Besides, my mood has changed," her gaze going dreamily over the sea, as she presently went on in a low voice, "If one could only forget for awhile, just let one's thoughts slip anchor and drift away from all that is mean, and sordid, and selfish, into an ocean of——"

"Something substantial enough to float them, let us hope."

It was his way to induce her to try her wings; though, did she venture a short flight, she was as often as not brought down again by a shaft of ridicule.

"You are——" She checked herself with a certain remembrance, the smile fading from her lips and a troubled look coming in her eyes, then hurriedly went on, "How thoroughly Dorrie would appreciate this, Gerard. In a letter I got from her this morning she sends her love to you. You will run up to see them soon, will you not? It is getting dull for her and auntie, now all the people have taken flight, and they seem determined to remain at Kensington while I am here. Dorrie says she misses you so much."

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"It is good to be missed by Dorothy," gravely.

Not even he could throw a jest at Dorrie's love! Afraid of herself, she hastily dashed into a fresh subject. "How much I like Mr. Aubyn, Gerard!"

"He is the best old fellow. Strange to say, I like him even more than I did in the old scapegrace days."

"Why is it strange?"

"My dear Mabel, I might not be able to explain without shocking you."

"Would it be right or wrong to be shocked?" shortly.

He smiled, amused at her deftness in using the weapon he had once taken so much pains to teach her to use. "That is a question which would involve more discussion than you might approve, on your holiday."

"One almost knows what it would be," impatiently. "You are——"

"Ah, you were going to tell me that just now. What am I?" softly.

"Not so bad as you are always trying to represent yourself, perhaps; but the most—I do believe it is your nature to play with the truth."

"Is it quite reasonable to reproach me on account of my nature? I can imagine a better one, certainly. It must, for instance, be worth something to possess Aubyn's faith in certain things. Delightful to feel capable of being the regenerator of one's species, I should think. But that is not given to all, or where would be the material to work upon? Therefore, I, for one, must content myself with being a humble looker-on and admirer."

"You admire nothing—at least, not openly," impatiently flinging the bit of heather she had been caressing to the winds.

His eyes were fastened on her half-averted face with an expression in them which might have absolved him from the charge of not being able to admire one kind of beauty, at least, as he gently replied, "Don't be hard upon me. Deficiency of enthusiasm seems my chief defect, and, if it could be begged, borrowed, or even stolen, I would try to procure a stock to please you." Adding, with a veiled glance at her, "Will—Dorothy be able to improve me by-and-by, do you think?"

"If any one will. You cannot turn some things into a jest with Dorrie, and she will make you acknowledge the rest, by-and-by."

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"The rest? Do you mean she will make me help her to hold mothers' meetings and all that sort of thing, and that we shall join Aubyn and become the founders of a worshipful company of Griggs?"

"There again! You jest at everything!" striving not to laugh.

"You used not to be above a jest. I believe you would take Aubyn's squire seriously, in your present mood. Have you seen him, Mabel? Wright begs to inform me that he can hardly be expected to associate on any terms of equality with Bloggs. Bloggs! Is he a Grigg? He must be something more than an ordinary sinner to enlist Aubyn's sympathy as he appears to do."

She broke into a little laugh. "If you knew! Ah, look at that delicious bit of colour, the shaft of light striking athwart the —but it must be getting quite late!" she ejaculated. "Oh, Gerard, the children! I entirely forgot about them!" hurriedly rising and gathering up her hat and gloves.

"Do not trouble about that, they are all right. Aubyn is on guard for you, you know."

"But it is past six o'clock—their tea hour!" glancing at her watch. "You might have reminded me how fast the time was flying," hastening up the steep.

"My dear Mabel, it was flying with me," he smilingly rejoined, as they began the upward walk. "But you need not fear. Aubyn is such a considerate fellow, and—I fancy he has taken it into his head that we are something more than cousins."

"More—than—cousins?" she faltered with dismayed eyes, catching in her breath as she spoke. "How—could he—think that?"

"How, indeed?" with a glance at her flushed, downcast face.

She was silent, hurriedly running over in her mind what had passed, and presently gathered courage again. She had kept her secret safe! Had he suspected her weakness he would not look and speak in that way. It had only been the mistake of rambling about with him alone. There must be no more of that, and Mr. Aubyn must be undeceived as soon as possible.

They found Aubyn on the terrace with the children, apparently in no way disturbed by her defection. Her confused attempt at apology was smiled away as altogether unnecessary. He had been careful about keeping up appearances, too, so successfully

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whiling away the time with the children, that they were not aware it was so late. He had even provided against their being reminded of the flight of time by hunger. They were telling her that Uncle Reggie had taken them to see the dairy, and given them each some warm milk, just as it was brought in from the afternoon's milking. And Mima solemnly informed her that he had given orders for tea to be later than usual, with "cakes, and fruit, and things."

"How kind and thoughtful! How much I am obliged to you, Mr. Aubyn!" gratefully said Mabel, as they walked towards the house. "I had quite forgotten the time."

"Naturally. Harcourt would have plenty to tell you about home doings," he replied, in an easy, matter-of-course tone, but with an undercurrent of feeling very like envy at Gerard's good fortune.

Soames' suspicions had been aroused by the delay, and the orders which the schoolroom maid told her had been given respecting tea, and she soon contrived to extract the truth from the children, less upon their guard about matters which did not concern themselves. She learned that Miss Leith and Mr. Harcourt had spent the afternoon together down by the sea—"somewhere;" and that, meantime, they had been with Uncle Reggie, who was, "Oh, so kind!"

She listened without comment, but every word was stored up in her memory, to be brought forth for her mistress's edification by-and-by. Had Mabel been "mutual," it might have been different, but one who was foiling her every hour in the day, and teaching the children to, as she imagined, despise her, was not to be spared. In fact, lax as she was in the matter of school etiquette, and openly showing her impatience with dulness, Mabel kept the moral atmosphere pure and wholesome, and this, while telling upon the children's mental health, separated them more and more from Soames.

Aubyn imagined that only one construction could be put upon signs and symptoms he had observed, and told himself that the knowledge had come to him in time to spare him the life-long regret which would have followed his indulgence in certain hopes. But he was half conscious that he had already sufficiently indulged in them to feel that a great deal of sunshine had gone out of his life. In his desire to serve her, he formed little kindly projects for taking care of the children, and leaving Mabel and Gerard to entertain each other during the next few days. To

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his surprise, when he, the next afternoon, suggested that if she had letters to write she would find it cool in the library, and it would amuse him, meanwhile, to have the children with him, she at once declined. She preferred to walk slowly up and down with him while the children were chasing each other round the flower-beds, and he presently gave her the opening she was seeking by making some allusion to her sister, when the rest was easy.

"Do you know that an engagement is pending between my sister and Gerard, Mr. Aubyn?"

"Your sister!" stopping short and gazing at her in the greatest amazement. "Is it possible? I quite thought—that is, I stupidly understood——"

"He *did* think it was I then, and I must have been to blame for his thinking it. There must have been something in my manner which gave him the impression," was her quick thought, as she stood with downcast eyes and flushed cheeks in shame and humiliation, sensations quite new to her. She little suspected the real effect of her words—the joy that was mingled with his astonishment. The world seemed suddenly to have been flooded with sunshine, and all nature fraught with new and delightful meaning to him. The one fact of her being free, meant so much in comparison with his previous hopelessness. In the new light that had so unexpectedly broken upon him, he saw how sombre would have been the life which just before had been in prospect, the congenial work mapped out for himself notwithstanding. Mabel was not a little surprised at his tone and look as he offered his congratulations.

"That is grand news, indeed!" adding, a little confusedly, as he noticed her look of surprise, "No every-day woman would have the power to keep as well as win Harcourt, and your sister will do that, Miss Leith."

"Dear Dorrie! Yes, it is worth a great deal to be cared for by her, Mr. Aubyn," she returned, honestly able to assent to that. Then it occurred to her that Dorothy would not like to have the engagement talked about until everything was quite settled. Gerard had shown her that there was only the signing and sealing to be gone through; but, for Dorothy's sake, it ought not to be talked about until that was done. "But I must ask you to regard this as a confidence, please. Gerard will, of course, tell you when it is all settled."

"Certainly. I should not think of alluding to it without your permission," he replied, only too glad to be considered worthy of

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her confidence. Would he not gladly lay down his life to serve her!

They had walked on, forgetting the children; and when they presently returned to the terrace, they found Gerald seated upon one of the garden chairs, with Mima and Algy on guard on either side.

"We are taking care of Mr. Harcourt, Miss Leith, dear!" gleefully called out Algy, as she came within hearing. "He says he requires it sometimes; so we are 'musing him with stories."

Mabel laughed, her cheeks flushing a little, as she replied—

"That is only Mr. Harcourt's way of reminding your governess that she is remiss in her duties, I think. He looks big enough to take care of himself, does he not? But I suppose he knows best; and, if he really requires it, some one must be got to take care of him. Your uncle might, perhaps, spare Bloggs."

"Oh, yes; with the greatest pleasure," laughingly responded Aubyn, entering into the spirit of the jest.

Gerard whispered lugubriously to Mima, who became consoling, earnestly assuring him, in a little aside, that he need not be so much afraid, really. Miss Leith was never angry about anything for long.

"You have only got to say you are sorry, and mean to behave better next time, you know."

When, presently, the children challenged their uncle to a race, and Gerard, left alone with Mabel, was endeavouring to induce her to compare notes with him over a new book he had brought her, in the hopes of arousing her combative powers again, she was on her guard; and, replying with only a word or two, walked quickly on to join the others. Her only chance of safety was, she thought, to keep firmly to her decision to avoid *tête-à-têtes* with him, at any rate for the present; shrinking painfully from the bare thought of his guessing her secret; although she must be equally careful to avoid seeming constrained and different from her usual self. With others present, she would be more sure of herself.

To her relief, Mr. Aubyn seemed now much less inclined to make opportunities for *tête-à-têtes* between Gerald and her than he had hitherto been; although she was far enough from suspecting the real motive for the change. His scruples had, in fact, been entirely set at rest by the communication she had made; and the

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hope that the prize was still to be won gave him the courage to strive and wait for it. Imagining they each held the key to the position, the three became more unconstrained and at home with each other; airing their opinions with the frankness and freedom of old friends.

Mabel had now a strong ally in Aubyn. But, in their encounters with him, Gerard was perfectly cool and good-humoured, which the others could hardly be said to be; and they did not defeat him so often as he told them they ought to do, if their powers of proving their position were as great as their powers of asserting it.

"My dear Harcourt, we consider you defeated when you resort to the negative position, or give us jests for arguments," smilingly retorted Aubyn.

"The worst of it is, he doesn't mind being defeated," said Mabel.

"A compliment that, to my philosophic impartiality, isn't it?"

"It was not meant for a compliment," shortly.

"Miss Leith thinks, perhaps, that some of your arguments are, in fact, put forth to be defeated," said Aubyn.

"Yes, it is just that. How well you know him!" said Mabel. But not so sure that, if Gerard began to put forth arguments he did not wish to be defeated, the victory would all be on their side, she made some excuse about having to look after her pupils, and hurried off.

As the two men were smoking their after-dinner cigars on the terrace, Gerard made some remarks *à propos* of Mrs. Brandreth's return on the morrow, adding—

"Your sister-in-law is a fixture here, I suppose, Aubyn?"

"No, she does not expect to remain—has not the slightest grounds for doing so, at any rate. She came here only for a short visit, and has stayed on; but it is quite understood that the arrangement is not a permanent one. I have been careful to give her no reason for indulging in false hopes." That she might indulge them without his giving her reason for so doing did not occur to him. "I intend to make a substantial addition to her income, and give her the use of the Dower House, if she pleases, while the children are young. But it will be time enough to tell her that when she is about to leave here, which she will do when I marry," not affecting to be more attached than he was to his sister-in-law.

"When I marry!" Gerard glanced at him a little curiously.

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Had he some one in his mind? After a moment he said, "You do not intend subjecting your wife to the influence of the Griggs?"

"On the contrary, I shall hope to subject them to her influence. But this would be our home. For health's sake—if the people are to get what is wanted out of us—it would be necessary to spend part of our time here. But"—breaking off with a little laugh—"the wife has still to be found."

"But I fancy you know where to look for her, eh? And I would not give much for the chances of the Griggs, when you are settled down here with a wife and children—a county man. You will leave the Church, of course. Already loosening the bonds a little, are you not?"

"No; if you are alluding to my having engaged another curate, that was done simply to enable me to devote more time to the Griggs, as you call them. By-and-by, perhaps, when we lose the old Rector, I may try to help some of those who want it down here; but that is for by-and-by."

"Well, I can't help thinking you will tire of all that, and become in time no better than the rest of us. It may be the fate of both to become Conservative land-owners, with voices in the House, which we shall raise to bray at new men, and their radical innovations in favour of the lower orders."

Aubyn laughed.

"We shall see; and, meantime, I have some fine projects in hand for the Griggs. That reminds me. You will not, I hope, put your veto upon Miss Leith's endeavours to assist me in that direction, Harcourt?"

"Dorothy? My dear fellow, not I. At present, I am much too curious to see what the finale is going to be, to interfere in any way. But you and she are too much alike to be trusted without some kind of looking after. Of the two, it would be safer to trust you with Mabel, I think."

Aubyn smiled, with the hope that he might in time be able to ask him to do that.

(*To be continued.*)

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ESSAYS IN THE OBVIOUS.

PART II.

IF you are just on the point of making a confidence, it is a good plan to pause before doing so to note the proportion between the times you have regretted giving a confidence and the times you have regretted withholding it. If, after this, you decide upon making your friend a confidant, you must have weighty reasons for thinking him worthy of it.

When a casual acquaintance makes confidences to you which you do not want, you may suspect that his motive is to invite your own.

It is a great deal easier to see alleviations, and to apply philosophical consolations, in the case of a friend's trouble than in our own. The one and only form of consolation which is universally true and applicable is that "it might be worse." There is no conceivable case so bad that this may not truly be said of it.

Sympathy is a blessed thing, but one of the direst aggravations of ill-health is the multitudinous advice of amateur physicians.

We are told that truth is the end of all art; but too much truth is not part of the best methods of the art of pleasing. If your host be a Liberal, you should not point out to him the mutability of party battle-cries. It is true that when last the Liberals were in power we were perpetually told that it was the duty of every citizen to bow to the sacred majority of the ballot-box, and that now that the ballot-box has decided against Home Rule the Radicals will not permit legislation until Home Rule passes. All this is true, but it would be contrary to the first principles of the art of pleasing to emphasize its truth before a Radical host. In some companies, however, you may treat Mr. Gladstone as you do the weather—abuse him for lack of another subject of conversation.

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Similarly, if you sit beside a soldier, whose devoted breast is valorously decorated, it may occur to you that the account of one of the actions thus commemorated ran somewhat as follows :—"We met with a stubborn and desperate resistance. Our troops behaved gallantly, and at length the enemy were repulsed. Losses on our side : a drummer boy of the 150th Regiment has a severe hole in his drum. Losses of the enemy : variously estimated at between 100 and 1000." The report of the action may have been somewhat like the above, but it would not be in accordance with the principles of the pleasing art for you to point out to the soldier the infinitely greater dangers of a day's covert shooting.

There are different ways of looking at things. For the tenant to decline to pay his rent is, probably, quite in accord with the greatest-happiness-of-the-greatest-number principle. It is true it is to the disadvantage of the landlord ; but, on the other hand, it is to the obvious advantage of the tenant, as, also, of the professional patriot. Above all, the land trouble has been a boon to a large class of gentlemanly paupers who talk much of the hard times and the sorrows of landowners—though our sympathy might be far less severely taxed if we knew how little, in many cases, these landed proprietors have lost.

Society is composed, principally, of women and ladies. They call upon each other and bore each other fearfully, yet each would feel mortally injured if the other did not call.

The natural prey of man is woman, and of woman, man ; but man has less leisure to pursue his natural instincts.

The appreciation in which a woman is held by the male sex gives a good index, on the inverse ratio method, of the estimation in which she is held by her own.

Nor, though husband and wife are one and indivisible, does it follow that the admirers of the one will be equally attached to the other. Politically speaking, England and Ireland stand to each other in a very similar relationship.

Intellect in woman is appreciated by man only in so far as it qualifies her to appreciate it in him.

No one knows a man so well as a woman who has ceased to be in love with him. Thus, wives know their husbands most intimately well.

In nothing is man's inferiority to woman so apparent to her as in the clumsiness of his methods of making love.

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She is so very faithful in her own attachments that she is unable to forgive change in man.

She can forgive man anything sooner than the impotence of her own fascination. The siren whose charm is resisted becomes a venomous snake.

Thus, though there is much human nature in man, it appears that there is more in woman.

Some have so charming a manner as to lead you to think that you are, for them, the only person of interest in the world. Observation of their way with others may make you modify your opinion of the manner which once seemed so charming.

Previous infidelities are most readily condoned by the person for whose sake the last was committed. Yet no one has more reason to mistrust you than the person for whose sake you have deceived another.

Our power of deceiving others depends greatly on our power of deceiving ourselves. It is having this gift highly developed that makes woman, and some statesmen, so dangerous.

A kind act has a longer life in the memory of the doer than of the recipient. Woman knows this well, and allows man many opportunities of impressing her in his memory. Ingratitude is the independence of the heart.

Wounded vanity is generally by far the largest factor in the agonies of disappointed love.

Woman's love of admiration is apt to vary inversely with her power of exciting it.

He is the worst enemy of a woman's reputation who seeks to defend it when he has not the right.

That which most endears woman to man is her willingness to sacrifice herself for his sake—and that which most endears man to woman is his refusal to accept the sacrifice.

It sometimes happens, though very rarely, that a woman's best friend is the man that is in love with her.

He who best knows women is seldom woman's best friend.

A knowledge that she has been nobly loved has saved many a woman from the temptations of ignoble love. It is the weakest natures, spurred by the impulse of the moment, that do the most

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desperate acts. In some dispositions it is the wish, in others the fear, that is the father of the thought.

A siren whom you have successfully resisted is seldom dangerous, in your own presence, when she is talking. It is when she is silent that you should watch her—and yourself.

As many sirens as there are, so many are their ways of charming. There are assaults and there are sieges, open battles and ambuscades. The Platonic affection stalking-horse is one of the most frequent. There is ever danger present when a woman listens with patience to a man's talk about himself. Woman flatters man on the qualities by which she enslaves him. A woman never tells a man that his will is of iron, save when she is bending it to her own uses. Some are attracted by the simplicity of a character; but to many the difficulty of understanding a character constitutes its greatest, perhaps its only, charm, so that when once they have probed it, they throw it aside, as of no more interest.

Though in society it is useful to bear in mind the maxims of cynicism, it is indispensable to forget them in intercourse with friends.

True friendship can endure the truths of criticism, but they should be applied sparingly. Criticism is the grave of sympathy and the cradle of self-consciousness, and is, as a rule, unpalatable in direct proportion to its truth.

It takes a high degree of generosity to forgive a person who has placed us under an obligation. Also, forbear to set your friend on too high a pedestal lest you make him self-conscious of the feet of clay.

It is no good asking a favour of any one with whom you are on terms of such intimacy that he can refuse it without embarrassment.

The feelings which make most show on the surface are seldom summoned from great depths, and the truest sympathy is commonly the most silent.

Maxims which seem truisms in their application to the conduct of others are apt to escape us altogether in their bearing on our own.

There is a great element of consolation in the sight of sufferings greater than our own. The salt of life is to have some one to look down upon. If there are many high and mighty

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ones whom I envy, there are still many who are even more lowly than I. This is the reason of the unpopularity of the workhouse—that the pauper can scarce find anybody over whom he may triumph. Another name for this feeling is "divine discontent."

If we cannot make life happy, we may at all events make it interesting.

A great factor in human happiness is an object in life which shall be both fairly definite and unattainable. The latter is a necessary condition of its permanence.

It is imagination, rather than reason, that distinguishes man from brute; and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

No age is so old-fashioned as childhood. That childhood was happy may be one of the illusions which is fostered, if not engendered, by lapse of time. Of the happiness of second childhood there can be no question.

If you dislike games of cards it will greatly conduce to your comfort in society to announce that you are not able to play whist. Should you once yield, you have delivered yourself up as a potential martyr, should "a fourth" be required, until death releases you.

At the end of a game of chance it is curious how much more appears to have been lost than any one is ready to own to having won.

No one should play games who is incapable of concealing the fact that he has lost his temper. There once was a man who continued playing, in despite of this maxim, till he lost all his friends but one. Now he plays patience, and when things go badly, is for days not on speaking terms with that one—which is himself.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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SWEDISH GYMNASTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I am constantly asked as to the details of the Swedish Gymnastic system. As it has been in practice for some years in the Board Schools for girls in London, and accepted on a two years' test for the boys of the same schools, it might interest some of your readers if I attempted to give a general idea of the theories on which the system depends.

Different methods of gymnastics exist which all are aiming at the raising of the physical strength. The greater the muscular development caused, and the more special the athletic exercises produced by a certain system, the higher the value of this system is regarded to be. But this theory is not exact, for strength does not always signify health.

The muscles, although forming about three-quarters of the body, are not the most vital organs of the human frame, and therefore the development of them as a principal aim is very often procured at the expense and strength of more vital ones. Therefore a person with less muscular development, and consequently less capacity of carrying burdens or lifting weights, is often in reality much more healthy than a person who for a short time by his herculean development and enormous muscular strength, is able to astonish his public in a sporting match or at a Music-hall.

The dead machine works till it goes asunder or is worn out. The power of living organisms is wasted by inactivity, kept up and increased by moderate exercise and destroyed by overtaxation. Therefore, just as it is impossible to lead a healthy life without a moderate quantity of bodily exercise, so we often find in a person who has practised heavy athletic sports, that his nervous power, more or less, is

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exhausted, and his vessels destroyed in one way or another, generally so that the action of the heart is abnormal, the heart itself hypertrophied, and the vessels have undergone such dangerous changes in form, mostly of aneurism, that the man's life in fact is not worth a penny. Space does not permit me to enter into details about the dangers of the experiment of raising the human muscular power beyond the limits Nature has fixed, but those of my readers who are interested in this matter ought to seek information from the scientific and valuable discourse by Dr. B. W. Richardson, in his work 'On Diseases of Modern Life.'

As the tendency in many countries, and perhaps before all in England, nowadays is to overtax the value of the development of the muscular system, I think the theories whereupon Ling based his system of gymnastics are worth consideration. "Ling," says Dr. A. Wallace, whose words I take the liberty of citing, "was a man of rare genius, who by his poetry aroused the patriotic spirit of his countrymen about the time when Sweden was compelled by the war of 1807 to cede Finland to Russia, and by his anatomical and physiological studies prepared himself for establishing a system of gymnastics on a thoroughly rational basis, at first, I understand, with the hope of improving the constitutions of his countrymen, many of the best physical specimens having been killed in the devastating wars. He resolved to appeal to his Government, and tried to demonstrate that—the numbers having been reduced—they ought to aim at improving the quality of those remaining, and especially of their successors. As a result of this appeal and at his instigation, the Royal Central Institute of Gymnastics was established by the Government under his own personal supervision."

By this short description of Ling and the beginning of his work we see that it was a great aim he had in view, namely, to give the Swedish people a system of physical education, by which the increased physical and mental powers would compensate her the loss of her sister country, Finland. For this purpose he commenced to study anatomy and physiology, his conviction being that no rational system of physical education would exist without a thorough knowledge of the human body, of the laws of the action of the organs, and of the effect of different movements upon them. Having acquired this knowledge, and deduced his system, he succeeded in introducing his ideas, so that in 1812 the Royal Central Institute of Gymnastics was erected at Stockholm by the Government for the training, theoretically and practically, of students as teachers. The fundamental theory of Ling *is the harmonious development of the body*, by which is understood, that every part of the body should be developed in harmony with all the other ones, according to the work it has by Nature to carry out. But in order to cultivate the body harmoniously, and thereby to gain health, the exercise of muscles is a means only, the chief object being the sound development of the nervous and vascular systems, for if our nerves and vessels are in perfect order, then, as a rule, our muscles are also perfectly healthy and

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instantly able to obey the commands of our will. Thus Ling separated decidedly between muscular strength and health, although a person trained after his method generally also got his muscular system well developed. Knowing the regenerative mission which the lungs and the heart had to fulfil for the whole system, Ling believed the nearest way to success in his idea was never to use an exercise, not even a leg exercise, that directly or indirectly did not tend to the expansion of the thorax, thus giving more space for vital organs. Ling was a man in possession of a great spirit for "the beautiful," and a great admirer of the old noble Greek gymnastics, from which, in fact, many of our exercises have been taken. He thought, therefore, with full reason, that every rational exercise, that is, a movement performed in accordance with the natural construction of the body for a human want, always can and must be done beautifully; physiology and esthetics go therefore hand in hand in his method. Knowing the anatomy and physiology of the human body as well as Ling did, and talented with a great power of judgment and selection, it was not difficult for him to construct and join with his system the exercises fulfilling his object. But after the first selection of rational movements was made, a second selection was necessary, for if all the exercises which were mechanically possible to perform with the body were retained, very often in a day-scheme the most necessary exercises would have to be laid aside for movements of less importance. Therefore Ling joined with his system only those exercises *which satisfied the chief wants of the human frame.* The movements were divided into certain species, according to their physiological effects on the body. Exercises of different species were brought together for the construction of a day-scheme. The different movements were gradually increased in strength, or exchanged with quite different and stronger movements of the same species, as the physical development of the gymnasts advanced. Ling was in lively opposition to the performance of bodily exercises under the pressure of all kinds of weights, as clubs, dumb-bells, &c. The reason of this is that such exercises instead of expanding the thorax, compress it. When we are lifting a heavy weight, it is not only several of the muscles of the arm which are tested. Many groups of the muscles of the trunk are brought into play, and in order to act to their utmost extent, the abdominal muscles must contract, thus compressing the thorax. In Ling's method of physical education, although some few appliances are used, these, as a rule, do not charge the body with any burden surmounting the weight of the body itself, but only make it easier to get greater variety of movements. In truth, most of the appliances are not needful at all, and the exercises can be executed very comfortably, and often advantageously, with the assistance of a fellow-gymnast working in the same squad. The practical performance of Ling's method is built on a military basis. Thus the ordering of a squad that is going to be drilled, the opening of the

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rows, the word, of command, &c., have quite a military stamp. The movements which generally form a day-scheme consist of:—

1. Leg movements and exercises for rousing the attention of the gymnasts. 2. Tense-bending movements. 3. Heave-movements. 4. Balance-movements. 5. Movement for the dorsal muscles. 6. Movements for the abdomen. 7. Alternate side-bendings. 8. Heave-movements again. 9. Vaulting and jumping. 10. Marching and running. 11. Respiratory movements.

As it would make my letter too long if I tried to explain the special effect of all these different kinds of movements, I will limit myself to a description of the great physiological *rôle* which the respiratory movements play in the circulation of the blood. The lungs are, by the air-pressure in them, expanded over their natural volume. This expansion is further increased during inhalation. The effort of the lungs (negative pressure) to regain their natural volume causes a diminution of the air-pressure (positive pressure) on the internal walls of the thorax as well as on the heart and the great vessels in the chest cavity. Thus, when during inhalation the air-pressure is less on the chest cavity than on the other parts of the body, the blood in the veins is sucked from these parts towards the heart, while the blood in the arteries is not impeded in its course towards the periphery, as it ought to be, by the walls of the arteries being so much more elastic than those of the veins, and by the blood in the arteries being exposed to a high pressure from behind as a result of a contraction of the heart. If now the strong inhalation is followed by an ordinary expiration, the increased negative pressure of the lungs is diminished to the normal state (corresponding to the pressure of a pillar of mercury of 7·5 mm.), but during a very strong expiration the lungs, by the compression of the thorax, do not only regain their ordinary volume, but are compressed themselves, whereby the flow of the blood is retarded in the veins towards the heart. Thus we are able by respiratory movements to increase to a great extent the circulation of the blood in the body, thereby causing a livelier oxidation of it, and consequently also a livelier regeneration of the whole system.

At the Swedish Government schools (all the elementary and high schools belong to the State) the physical education after Ling's system is now compulsory. Every school has its teacher, graduated from the Royal Gymnastic Central Institute, and its own gymnasium. No one of the pupils is exempt from partaking in the drill, unless, after having been examined by the teacher of gymnastics and the physician belonging to the school, he be found to suffer from rupture, severe lung and heart diseases. Weak and ailing children are drilled by themselves in separate squads, and special regard is paid in their treatment to their complaints or bad predispositions. By drilling the pupils for three-quarters of an hour every day, between the studying hours, many of the dangers following the present system of cramming, which is now so common in nearly every civilized country, are avoided.

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From what has been said about the treatment of the weak and ill pupils we see that it is rather difficult to exactly draw the lines between the pedagogical and medical modifications of Ling's system. (I ought perhaps, in a parenthesis, to mention that by modifying the movements in a more minute way, and by using more passive movements, as rollings, kneading, tappings, shiverings, and a kind of nerve treatment, Ling was able to successfully treat several kinds of diseases, such as curvatures of the spine and many other deformities, sprains, nervous exhaustion, rheumatism, sciatica, anæmia, sleeplessness, hyperæmia of the liver, several kinds of paralysis, &c.) Chiefly I have endeavoured to describe in a few words the theories of Ling's system of physical education.

Everyone who visits Sweden will, in the healthy appearance of the people, no doubt see that the great creation of Ling has carried fruit. In no country, I am sure, you will discover more harmoniously developed, broad-chested, human individuals, with straighter backs, more suppleness in the hip joints in walking, or flexibility in the shoulders, which latter qualities do not generally stamp younger people—at least from other countries. What measure of courage and toughness this system may have given its practitioners we have fortunately not had any opportunity to test in wars, but I, for my sake, am convinced that we cannot in that respect be our forefathers' inferiors, and if my opinion is right, we ought to be satisfied with and thankful for what we have got from Professor P. H. Ling.

HARALD BILLBERG.
(*Graduate of the Royal Gymnastic Central Institute of Stockholm.*)

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ART OF THE MONTH.

I.—ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NEW GALLERY.

It has become rather the fashion of late to abuse the Royal Academy, and no doubt much that is exhibited there richly deserves to be abused. On the whole, however, it must be confessed that the exhibition pretty accurately reflects the artistic temper of the nation. The fault is no more with the artists than with the public. If mere prettiness and finish are the qualities most prized, there will be no lack in the supply, as the walls of the Academy only too abundantly testify. Signs are not wanting, however, that English taste is changing. Conventionality and respectability will not always be accepted as substitutes for real artistic expression, nor will the British matron always be allowed her way. How devoutly it were to be wished that the public would learn to discriminate for itself, that, putting aside that bugbear of artists, official criticism, every man, woman and child who walks through the rooms would ask himself or herself, is this emotion truly expressed? is that effect accurately rendered? We should then have no more jingling of artistic catchwords, no empty smartness at other people's expense, but something to which an artist might appeal without fear, the real instinct of a real human being. At present, however, this is a mere dream. It is only necessary to overhear the remarks at our exhibitions to know the rudimentary state of public criticism. The opinions are generally violent in proportion to their superficiality. It is not as a work of art that the majority regard a picture, but as a real scene. Like a dog who sees his image in the glass, and thinking it a reality, is sufficiently interested to bark, so the public, looking into the mirror of art, give vent to their feelings. There is a *naïveté* about this which has its charm for an artist. But with the more educated classes he goes farther and fares worse. They will tell you at a glance—nay, sometimes before—that a landscape is utterly unlike nature, though the painter may have spent a year in the painting and a lifetime in the study; they will tell you that painting like Mr. Sargent's is mere daubing, and that they could do it better themselves—this, and more, with a rapidity that takes one's breath away. No, it must be confessed, these are not the real human beings we alluded to above.

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The Academy of this year has nothing remarkably distinctive about it. It is neither better nor worse than its predecessors. A striking feature of all recent exhibitions has been, and is still, the incongruity of the works exhibited. The most old-fashioned conventionalities hang cheek by jowl with the latest triumphs of modern impressionism, and look like ghosts surprised by daylight. In the higher walks of ideal art there is not much to praise. The President, who ought to lead the way, is far from at his best. The legend of Perseus and Andromeda, so dear to artists, becomes in his hands a mere pattern of lines and colours, not very pleasing in themselves. The wing of the dragon overshadowing Andromeda is painfully suggestive of an umbrella, while the safe distance from which Perseus attacks the monster deprives us of all interest in his proceedings. The return of Persephone is somewhat more satisfactory; but can this flowery aperture really be the mouth of Hades? If so, it suggests a very tempered kind of punishment. In neither of the pictures is there any real touch of human interest or emotion, nor, considered simply as decorations, can they be considered agreeable schemes of line and colour. Mr. Solomon's "Judgment of Paris" is a more pleasing because more natural version of an ancient myth. The goddesses, if not more goddess-like, are at least more human, and the colouring of the picture is fresh and suggestive of open-air effect. The figure of Venus, too, has more refinement than some of Mr. Solomon's other nudes. Of Mr. Dicksee's ambitious canvas called "The Mountain of the Winds" nothing can be said in praise. He is clearly out of his element in decorative art. Amongst ideal pictures ought certainly to be classed Mr. Tadema's "Earthly Paradise." If it does not reach any great height of poetic expression, it abundantly satisfies the eye. The colour is rich and harmonious, and there is a daintiness and grace about the figures to which, in spite of all his qualities, Mr. Tadema has not accustomed us. Another charming picture is Mr. Grieffenhagen's "Idyll." The picture is frankly decorative, whilst the subject is treated with a sincerity and freshness of feeling as rare as it is delightful. In Mr. Waterhouse's "Sirens" there is much that is attractive, the colour is rich and the treatment original. It is a pity that there is not a little more air and space in the picture. Mr. Margetson's "Pygmalion" contains some good work, but where the subject is so poetical, realistic detail rather weakens than enhances the general effect. In Mr. Bunny's "Sea Idyll" there is much freshness and unconventionality. These are real children of the sea whom we should not be too surprised to come upon, wandering along some lonely coast. A piece of work that deserves especial praise is Mr. Reginald Stephen's "Summer," executed for the Royal Academy. Though treated throughout in a very light key, it is perfectly solid and substantial. There is a distinctly original note in the general effect of this design, and both in colour and drawing it satisfies the eye.

Of portraits the exhibition contains a large number. It is pleasing

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to find Sir John Millais quite himself again. His "Mrs. Chamberlain" is as charming a portrait as he has ever painted, fresh in colour and vigorous in handling. Mr. Orchardson this year puts all his strength into his portraits, and has no important subject picture. In spite of an obvious defect—their excessive yellowness—his two portraits of Mr. Walter Gilbey and Sir Andrew Barclay Walker stand out conspicuously as some of the very best work of the year. There is a distinction of style and expressiveness of touch in Mr. Orchardson's work which make it always interesting. He has none of that heaviness which spoils so much English work, and if the term humorous can be applied to painting, Mr. Orchardson deserves it in its best sense. Mr. Tadema has done better portraits than that of Mr. Balfour. It is wanting in vigour and looks over-modelled. Simplicity does not suit his peculiar genius, and it seems almost cruel to condemn him to paint a black coat when we know what intricate and harmonious schemes of colour he can evolve if left to his own invention. Mr. M'Clure Hamilton's portrait of Mr. Gladstone is a very charming piece of work, as dainty in colour and execution as anything in the exhibition. It is the Mr. Gladstone of private life upon whose privacy we are allowed to intrude for a moment, and anything like vulgar accentuation of character has been carefully avoided. Artistic portraiture such as this is only too rare. Mr. Herkomer's best portrait is undoubtedly that of Sir Sydney Waterlow, which is manly and vigorous; but these qualities with Mr. Herkomer sometimes degenerate into a summary execution which spoils the undeniable merits of "On Strike" and his portrait of Colonel Kitchener.

Mr. Ouless sends a number of workmanlike portraits and maintains his level. The best, perhaps, is that of the Duke of Sutherland. The work of this painter, however, is too dry and monotonous to interest us much. Mr. Richmond contributes some of his refined and well-modelled portraits, but none are specially representative of his genius. Mr. Shannon's work is perhaps not quite so good as usual this year, but certainly his "Mrs. George Coates" deserved a better place; his painting is always pleasing and artistic. Mr. John Collier's "Professor Huxley" is simple, life-like and vigorous. Such portraiture will have a value for posterity which more artistic work may lack. Last but not least we may notice a charming portrait without name by Mr. John Longstaff; the scheme of colour is agreeable and the head is painted with great *finesse*.

Among genre pictures, we must first notice Mr. Fildes's "Doctor," which is hailed with acclamations as the picture of the year. It certainly has great merit, and it is only in the face of universal praise that a little adverse criticism may be allowed. There is something rather commonplace about the whole aspect of the picture, both in sentiment and treatment. It entirely lacks, as the French say, the unexpected. The light is carefully focussed to strike in the right places, while the problem of mingled artificial and natural light is

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solved on old-fashioned lines. It is in the rendering of the doctor and child that the strength of the picture must be sought. Yet, highly finished and carefully modelled as the heads are, they lack interest in handling. The modelling is rather of the photographic kind. Without wishing to exalt the Old Masters at the expense of the Modern, we may instance Rembrandt and Velasquez as supreme in the quality which Mr. Fildes lacks. With Mr. Sargent's "Carmencita" the case is exactly opposite. Take away the interest of handling, and it would be difficult to say what remains. The vitality which can be imparted to painting by mere dexterity of touch is here most forcibly illustrated. We seem to follow the working of the painter's mind as touch follows touch, until the whole creation is complete. It would be absurd to say that no painting could not be good without this quality, witness Holbein; but the want of it must be made up for by excellence in other directions.

The Newlyn School, by the mark they have made of recent years, demand special attention. It is rare amongst English artists to find a body of men professing a kind of gospel, and working consistently in certain directions. Somehow the chief pictures of this school are less successful than usual this year, or else a certain monotony of treatment and subject has diminished our interest in their work. It seems to be a part of their creed to avoid anything like accentuation of motive in their pictures. In this they are perhaps rightly prompted by a hatred of obvious and claptrap sentiment, but motive there must be in a picture, of some kind or another. An artist, of all people, is not a scientific machine, and he must adopt a view of some sort. The attempt simply to record nature is not only an impossibility, but leads to unmitigated dulness. What a host of possibilities Mr. Forbes' subject, "The Salvation Army," suggests! It is humorous or pathetic, trivial or solemn, according to our mood. Even supposing that the mere dulness of the whole thing were to be the motive, is it not possible to relieve or accentuate that dulness by contrast; nay, is it not necessary to do so to arrive at any artistic result? But no, Mr. Forbes is not satisfied until he has imparted the same look of leaden dulness to his whole composition, sea and sky included; and at last we trun away with a feeling of impatience and disgust. Having said this, it is only fair to allow that in Mr. Forbes' work there is no shirking; every part is conscientiously studied and rendered; though we could wish his touch were less heavy and monotonous. Much the same criticism is applicable to Mr. Bramley's picture; we are grateful for the avoidance of claptrap sentiment, but surely in such a scene some greater interest might be found. Even if it were necessary that all the faces should be as inexpressive as they are, must Nature be inexpressive too? Is there no play of light and shade, no arrangement of line or colour, by which the eye might be legitimately pleased? Surely there is, and Mr. Bramley himself has shown how it may be done in his admirable picture "A

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Hopeless Dawn," bought for the Chantrey bequest, and now at South Kensington. Mr. Chevallier Tayler's picture strikes a somewhat gayer note, and is full of clever workmanship, but there is the same want of interest. The Newlyn School have had high praise, and deserved it; they must pardon us if we have insisted rather strongly on some of their defects. They have at least the great merit of being in earnest; they believe in their work, and do not paint to catch the public eye. What they want is a little more flexibility, a little more sweetness and light. It is well sometimes to admit the possibility of error, even in what we believe strongly. Artistically, perhaps, it is true that any subject will do, provided it is strongly enough felt; but in that limitation the whole root of the matter lies. Do Mr. Forbes and his followers feel their subjects strongly enough? Are they really alive to all the varying moods of nature, all the play of human emotion? Have they not rather built a prison for themselves with their theories, and forgotten that, outside, the world is full of life and light? A picture that has been very unfairly treated is Mr. George Hitchcock's "Maternité." It is perhaps rather a landscape than a figure subject, as the name implies; but the effect of blistering heat is finely rendered. Mr. Frank Dicksee is a favourite of the public; but, his picture "The Crisis," if fine in intention, is tame and unpleasant in execution. In landscape, Mr. Adrian Stokes and Mr. David Murray are easily first, while Mr. Hook and Mr. Moore still hold their own amongst marine painters. Sir John Millais' landscape has, it is true, an interest of its own; there is real feeling for nature in it, but from a scientific point of view it is not up to date, values being almost ignored by him. Mr. Stokes' "Through the Morning Mist" is both true and poetical; nor is he only a painter of one effect, like many of our landscapists, as his marines of former years abundantly show.

Mr. David Murray's work, though at first sight less poetic, is admirably observed and thoroughly English in sentiment; his landscapes are full of atmosphere, and yet there is no sacrifice of detail—a combination of qualities as rare as it is delightful. He too shows great variety in his effects, and shirks no difficulties; witness his painting of "Mangolds," where the almost vertical light is reflected back from the mangold-leaves in glistening spots, and the eye is fairly dazzled as it follows the long line of rooks coming down to feed. It is a pity that the sky in the picture is not so good as usual with Mr. Murray. Mr. Leader is, we believe, the most popular landscape painter of the day, and his picture of the "Manchester Ship Canal" will no doubt find many admirers; we certainly prefer it to most we have seen of his. His work, however, will not bear comparison with that of the two painters just mentioned; it has no solidity and no freshness of colour. After landscapes like this, Mr. Lemon's "All among the Barley" is like a breath of fresh air, the whole picture is alive with movement and sunshine. Mr. Stott's "Bathers" is one of his earlier pictures, and

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earned a deserved success in the Salon some years ago; the tone is admirable, but surely the shadows on the figures are too brown. Of historical and military pictures there are not many that deserve notice. Mr. Calderon's "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" seems to have found favour in some quarters, and has been bought, it is said, for the Chantrey bequest, why it is difficult to see. Surely, the notion that St. Elizabeth divested herself entirely of clothing on this occasion is repugnant to all we know of the spirit of the time, and unsupported by history. It is quite enough to suppose that she threw away her royal robes. True, it is a detail in the picture; but does not Mr. Calderon know that in the Roman Church crucifixes are always veiled on Good Friday? If it were not for the utter feebleness of the painting, we should almost side with the British matron as regards this picture. There is something shocking in a painter trying to make his painting of the nude acceptable by combining it with claptrap religious sentiment.

In the New Gallery Mr. Burne-Jones is represented by two large designs, in which, however, his genius is not seen to its greatest advantage. Perhaps the surroundings do not suit their prevailing colour, but certainly the general effect is heavy and unpleasing. In decorative work of this size no elaboration of detail will compensate for want of beauty in the general effect; the detail is lost at the distance from which only the whole composition can be grasped. Will posterity ever believe that work so different as this and Mr. Sargent's could ever have been hung in the same exhibition? Can there be any principles or standards of Art when such divergence of aim is possible? The answer is Yes, for Art is a mirror which can and should reflect every aspect of life, every phase of feeling. It is only necessary that the feeling should be strong enough to awaken its echo in the minds of others. Mr. Sargent's portrait is indeed amazing in its vitality, and never, we think, have his peculiar qualities been seen to such advantage. That such work will ever be popular is unlikely. It is, so to speak, the raw material of Art, flung rather contemptuously before a public, whose ideal is wholly different; to whom art is an amusement, and prettiness more than truth.

In Mr. Stokes' "Setting Sun," we have a picture which should please all tastes, for it unites both truth and beauty in no common degree. As is usual with Mr. Stokes, the poetical motive is strongly felt and fully expressed, every detail helps the whole. This is not merely a picture of cows being milked, it is the expression of one of Nature's most sympathetic moods, and in looking at it we are penetrated with all the charm of the hour, all the content that simple acts of rustic life suggest. There is more of the ideal, rightly understood, in this simple picture of two cows, than in all the pompous and official idealism of Andromeda and her tin dragon. Mr. Lemon's "Lost Comrade" is another piece of fresh and primitive nature. The wind whistles over

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the grey stones, and there is something wild and savage in the whole scene, which well accords with the motive of the picture. Mr. Waterhouse is interesting as usual, in his picture of "Circe," but he is too much occupied with all sorts of amusing details, at the expense of his main conception. Circe has little of the weird sorceress about her, and as for turning anybody into a pig, she is obviously incapable of it. Another classical story, gracefully told, is Mr. Weguelin's "Si prisca redit Venus." Mr. Tadema's large picture is full of rich colour, but there is almost too much elaboration of beautiful detail for the human interest of the picture. He has a charming little portrait of Miss Marks in the North room. What a contrast between such a conception of art and that of Mr. Tuke in his "Lamp-cleaners," which is, however, a piece of serious and fine work. No painting could show more complete obliviousness of the public and its tastes. There is no story; it is a mere fragment of life recorded in a large and almost solemn style. Mr. Tuke's colour has none of that leaden dulness which characterises some of the Newlyn School; on the contrary, it is rich and harmonious. To some people this might seem an unambitious picture, what the public are fond of calling a mere study. To us it seems to err rather in its excessive ambition. To raise a common act of every-day life to the dignity of a work of art is perhaps the highest feat that art can achieve. It is to place oneself at that lofty point of view where life is seen as a whole, the meanest act inseparably linked with the greatest. In fact, a point of view, where great and small have no meaning. Occasionally in the history of art this note has been struck by a Rembrandt or a François Millet, but it is a hard path to choose, and great must be the sympathy which by sheer force of style can obliterate the ordinary distinctions of life and make the real ideal. It is nothing less than this which Mr. Tuke is aiming at, whether he knows it or not. Nor is he alone. It is almost pathetic to watch the persistency with which most of the seriously disposed painters of our younger school have followed or tried to follow the footsteps of François Millet and Bastien Lepage, both of peasant origin, and so specially fitted for their task. They are like a man who tells a story having failed to grasp its point, and in sheer weariness we cry "enough, the peasant has had his share of attention; is there no other phase of life that is capable of artistic treatment?" As to the future of art, we may note, in concluding, that the realistic wave seems to have spent itself. The next wave seems to be carrying us towards Romantic and Poetic Art. But here, too, we must have reality, and inspiration must come direct from nature. The choice of subject is immaterial, but the feeling must be fresh.

AN ART CRITIC.

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II. THE PARIS SALON.

MANY changes for the better have taken place in the galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie since last year. *A quelque chose malheur est bon*, and the existence of a second Salon has obliged the official Société des Artistes Français to look to its laurels. The galleries have been altered and enlarged, and a large, airy hall, hung with the finest specimens of modern Beauvais and Gobelins tapestry, makes a restful break to picture-weary eyes.

On the whole, nothing but praise can be given to this year's exhibition, and the work shown is of a higher all-round quality than has often been the case during the last few years; indeed quality, not quantity, has been the jury's motto. Then again—taking a hint from their younger rival—the walls of the Salon boast some 700 spaces, where presumedly hung in former years the mediocre canvases, now happily conspicuous by their absence. The most remarkable piece of painting in the exhibition from every point of view is undoubtedly George Rochegrosse's "La fin de Babylone." On a canvas of truly extraordinary size the artist has endeavoured, with no small measure of success, to present a realistic picture of Balthasar's Feast, choosing the moment when the orgie has drawn to a close, and the King's wearied guests, sleeping heavily on the soft carpets and couches provided for their comfort, take no heed of the armed hosts approaching stealthily through the silent streets of Babylon. The grouping of the sleeping figures, arrangement of light and shade, and indeed the management of every technical detail, is above all praise, and it is said that every jewel, garment, ornament, and wall-hanging has an historical *raison d'être;* yet some critics have declared "La fin de Babylone" goes perilously near to recalling a skilfully arranged operatic scene. M. Rochegrosse spent three years over this picture, and was allowed to do most of it in the Palais de l'Industrie, a favour rarely if ever accorded to an artist. A pupil of M. Boulanger and M. Jules Levebvre, his work had hitherto been remarkable for its high finish and brilliant though subdued colouring, and it is to be hoped that having now shown what he can do, he will return next year to his usual manner.

These large pictures give the thoughtful food for reflection. What will be the future fate of "La fin de Babylone"? If M. Rochegrosse obtains the gold medal, the painting has a chance of immortality, firstly at the Luxembourg—if room could be found for it therein, which I much doubt—and afterwards rolled up in the dusty forsaken garrets of the Louvre. Its alternative chance of existence is that, bought by the State, some provincial museum, *bien embarrassé de l'honneur*, will needs make room for it, prepared to boast of its presence, should the artist become a second Regnault; but otherwise resigned to relegate its great proportions to the cellar or garret, when some less cumbersome gift

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arrives, four or five years hence, to prove that a paternal Government is not unmindful of the Province's artistic taste.

The official place honour has this year been given to M. Jean Paul Laurens, whose "Voûte d'Acier" is the first thing that strikes the eye on entering the Salon. Louis XVI. receiving from the hands of Bailly and his colleagues the tricolor cockade might have been made a deeply interesting and dramatic study of the end of the old *régime*. As it is, the picture is *banal*, without being realistic, and will not add to the glory of the hall in the Hôtel de Ville for which it has been painted. As every figure in the picture has been most carefully made up from portraits and engravings of the time, "Voûte d'Acier" is interesting to the historical student, but it is noteworthy that the King himself does not by any means resemble the best portraits taken of him. Close to "Voûte d'Acier" hangs the most imaginative poetical attempt exhibited at the Salon. "À Chacun sa Chimère" is the pictorial commentary on Baudelaire's words, "Sous un grand ciel gris, dans une grande plaine poudreuse, sans chemin, sans gazon, sans un chardon, sans une ortie, je rencontrais plusieurs hommes qui marchaient courbés. Chacun d'eux portait une énorme chimère." A motley company and representative of humanity has M. Henri Martin attempted to depict—soldier, monk, poet, fanatic, all walking ankle-deep in sand, with uplifted eyes fixed severally on their ideal, typified by a veiled figure floating slightly above them in the still air. A little more and "À Chacun sa Chimère" would have been a great composition: but the picture is disappointing after Baudelaire's prose.

After all, the most notable difference between the Salon and Royal Academy lies in the fact that English artists, however original in their methods of producing certain results, keep, on the whole, to the same range of subjects, and year after year illustrate the same topics, attempt to translate on to canvas the same writers and poets, and paint the same historical scenes. In France there is far wider choice of subject, but the French artist, attempting to do more, often achieves less than his English fellow-painter. Rather than lack originality—in design more than execution, for your Parisian art student is a conservative individual with a latent though unacknowledged respect for the Schools—the French painter is ever *cherchant midi à quatorze heures*—a profitless and witless occupation, in which the one succeeds for the hundred who fail; but this gives more than its due value to anything in the shape of a *tour de force*.

Munkacsy is represented by two fine exhibits—"L'Air favori," a tavern full of Hungarian peasants listening to a couple of Tziganes, and a large "Portrait of a Lady"—which challenge comparison with the last year's admirable treatment of a similar subject. The portraits, taken as a whole, are what are best in the Salon this year, and would form a fine gallery to themselves. Benjamin Constant's portrait of his wife recalls to a singular degree Sir Joshua Reynolds' Mrs. Siddons as

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"Tragedy," and is being considerably discussed. It is thought that this painting may obtain the gold medal, but it is impossible to pronounce on this point, for never have there been so many *premiere médaille* paintings gathered together in one Salon; much is so excellent, but nothing, if we except M. Rochegrosse's ambitious attempt, manifestly superior.

A small easel-picture by Chartran, the charming Mademoiselle Brandès of the Comédie Française smiling full at the spectator, bids fair to be the most popular portrait in the exhibition, and is a charming little study, full of subtle *nuances*, and with the accessories painted as only M. Chartran can do them. Bonnat's "Portrait de Mme. A. C." is interesting as being by him, but is not otherwise noteworthy. The last portrait painted by the late Charles Chaplin will remain as one of the best pieces of work he ever did, and makes the void left by him painfully apparent; for though several of his pupils are represented by fine vigorous work, none seem to have caught the trick of his palette. Excellent portraits of Jules Simon and Léon Bonnat testify that even at the advanced age of *ninety* M. Gigoux's hand has not lost its cunning. Several of the best portraits are due to the palette and brush of lady artists; this is notably the case with Mademoiselle Baury-Saurel's charming figure of a young girl, lightly painted in on a clear background, entitled "Travail"; the same artist's charcoal study of Frais, the fencing master, is an excellent piece of work, and takes a foremost place in the black and white exhibits. Mademoiselle Louise Abbéma has also a fine "Portrait of a Lady," as has the daughter of General d'Audlan; Mademoiselle Belinska sends a full-length portrait of Joseph Hofmann leaning against a piano; Mademoiselle Carpentier, two men's portraits; Mademoiselle Colin Libour, her own studio; Mademoiselle Marguerite Godin, who obtained last year's Marie Bashkirtseff prize, and whose work recalls vaguely that of Bastien Lepage's "Sur la butte"; while Mademoiselle Anna Nordgren's "Quand on est jeune" is one of the best peasant-life scenes in the Salon.

Madame Demont-Breton's two exhibits are of a high order, and would have undoubtedly, were it not for the artist's sex, a great chance of the first medal. The pupil of her father, the veteran Jules Breton, this lady's painting has always been exceptionally powerful, and now bids fair to give her—different as are their two styles of painting—Rosa Bonheur's succession. Two years ago "L'Homme est en mer," a fisherman's wife sitting with wide-open eyes, her baby asleep in her lap, and only lit up by the reflection of a wood fire, shared honours with Dagnan Bouveret's "Pardon Breton," and took a greater place in public estimation. "*Loti en peinture*" aptly described much of her easel-work; choosing seafaring scenes and fisher-village life in preference to other more elaborate subjects, it looked for a time as though that was to remain her only, albeit exceptionally good, style of work. This year's "La Jeunesse de Giotto," and "Le Messie," a Blessed Virgin and Child treated with broad simplicity and originality of design, have again

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drawn attention to the latent possibilities in her painting, and make many of the best French art critics predict for the artist a great future.

Levebvre's "Diane" is the only remarkable study of the nude, where there are generally so many; the painter's "Lady Godiva" will be remembered by all those who look at this fine picture, which is worthy to form a *pendant* to the sculptor Falguière's exquisite statue of the same swift-footed goddess. Bouguereau's "Premiers Bijoux" and "Amour Mouillé" are, as usual, but replicas of his last year's exhibits, and next year's *envois*. It is curious that an artist who can train so many original and admirable painters, both men and women, should seem unable to produce at least occasionally a fresh piece of work. His French critics, after hinting at the exigencies of the American market, content themselves with mildly "chaffing" *le maître* on the astonishing likeness of his year to year dark and fair models; but as it is France more than any other art centre which has always boasted of educating the art patron, and not being led by him, it is time that M. Bouguereau should cut short the supplies of white nymphs, olive-tinted fairies, and babbling cupids, while there is yet time. And the same supplication might be addressed with profit to M. Henner, whose "Pietà" and "Madeleine" are even now being hopelessly confounded with what has been aptly styled "les faux Henners," for while it is well-nigh impossible to imitate M. Bouguereau's perfect drawing and delicate tone of colouring, naught is more easy—there are several proofs of it in this year's Salon—than to take off *à s'y méprendre* Henner's methods of dealing with light, shade, and meagre models.

The military element is strangely absent, but what there is of it is good, the more so that since Edouard Détaille's secession to the Champs de Mars, comparisons may cease being odious. "Le Réveil," by M. Marius Rey, depicts the scene the morning after the battle of Solferino, and is an impressive study of the grim side of soldier life; Berne Bellecour's "Aux Armes!" a party of *Chasseurs à pied* surprised by the enemy just as they are getting over their evening meal after a long day's march, is also a well-thought-out piece of work, full of animation and colour.

"Présentation de Lord Byron à la Comtesse Guiccioli, 1819." This picture of George Cain's must surely be of exceptional interest to English visitors at the Salon; for the artist has taken infinite pains both with the technical and historical side of his painting, and gives a very fair counterfeit presentment of the one Outre-manche poet really appreciated, and read even now, by the Parisian. Stiff Louis XV. furniture has still its place in the lofty room of the old Italian palace, where the momentous introduction is taking place, and the *nuance* between her austere slightly old-fashioned surroundings and the lady's new 1819 Paris gown as she stands up to make a curtsey to the susceptible English Mylord, is cleverly indicated, and tells an eloquent story without words. By the same artist is "Une Partie de Whist, 1805," delicately observed and

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one of the best genre pictures of the Salon; though M. George Vibert's party of Cardinals congratulating the *chef* on the excellent supper, of which the remains lie on the table in front of them, must take the front place in this school of work.

The two best-known French landscape painters, Messieurs François and Harpignies, are both well represented this spring. Indeed, with but few exceptions, the Paysagists remained faithful to the older Society when the split took place last year between the two Salons. François exhibits a "Source au crépuscule," and "The Garden of Hesperides at Cannes:" Harpignies, two exquisite studies of still nature, entitled respectively, "Twilight" and "Dawn."

Voyson, the animal painter, with his "Rappel des Vaches," a sober, simple piece of painting, proves the value of open-air study; and "Le Taureau Normand" of M. Howe would compare favourably with the bull exhibited by Roll two years ago.

Mademoiselle de Hem and M. Vollon carry off the palm for still-life work, and all the *nature morte* is good; though comparatively little attention is now being paid to it, this class of work is making extraordinary way in France, and will run close the best Flemish and Dutch examples left by the masters of the craft.

Considering that the pupil system is in France almost universal as opposed to the Schools followed by English students in London, it is striking to note the originality and power of the work turned out in the Salon, and says much for the consciousness of both *maître* and *élève*. Two of the best teachers have disappeared this winter, and will be difficult to replace; Chaplin, who had an important atelier, taking very few men, but who had trained most of the older lady artists now in Europe; and Chapu, the sculptor, one of M. Julian's most popular masters. His still unfinished life-size marble statue of the Princess of Wales is the finest portrait-figure among the sculpture exhibits, and will form one of a group with the Empress of Russia and Duchess of Cumberland, to be placed next year in the market place of Copenhagen.

As always, the sculpture is of a high order. Falguière's "Diane," already mentioned in connection with Levebvre's painting of the same subject, will rank with his best work, though differing somewhat from his former treatment of the goddess of the silver bow.

The Franco-German war has inspired more sculptors than painters. Gustave Michel's large plaster groups, "Souviens-toi!"—Alsace whispering to a youth "Remember!"—recalls, unfortunately for itself, Mercie's "Pro Patria;" but a fine figure, "La Frontière," of a young soldier mounting guard, is one of the best pieces of sculpture, both as regards design and execution, shown.

The painter Carrier-Bethune has executed for America an extraordinary but not ill-conceived medley—Costa Rica, Niagara, the States, &c., &c.,—a marble allegory of a somewhat imposing order. Auguste Cain's "Aigles et Vautours," so much noticed last year in plaster, makes

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its reappearance in marble. A part of Bartholdi's Monument to the memory of Gambetta is, as everything coming from the great sculptor's studio, a fine imaginative piece of work; on the one side of *l'Autel de la Patrie*—the expression is untranslatable—a young mother is clasping her child to her heart to hide him from the horrors of war; on the other the same group, both figures grown older, and this time the mother showing the boy hope in the distance, evidently an allusion to Gambetta's famous phase anent *la Revanche*, "N'en parlons jamais, pensons y toujours!"

Among single-figure studies too high praise cannot be awarded to "Harpiste Égyptienne," a simple but admirably modelled girlish figure holding a harp, the work of Mademoiselle Itasse, daughter of the well-known sculptor of that name. Barrias' "Mozart Enfant" is also a charming plaster study. Ludowic Durand's "Amphitrite," Thivier's "Le Passant," inspired by Coppée's verse, and an astonishingly clever "Prometheus" by M. Astruc, a piece of work which should prove a liberal education to the young sculptor with eye to see and heart to understand are worthy of careful note. In both painting and sculpture the foreign element is well represented. M. Julian Story's portrait of his beautiful *fiancée*, Miss Emma Eames, is interesting, if only as proving once more that versatility is a characteristic of the American nation. Mr. Barrett Browning exhibits the bed of a river, taken near the Dolomites; Mr. Alfred East, "A Quiet Evening"; Mr. Louis Grier a couple of Cornwall landscapes; Mr. Spindler, a curious portrait of Sarah Bernhardt; Mr. J. Swan, "Maternity," exhibited in last year's Grosvenor Gallery exhibition.

MARIE A. BELLOC.

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NOTES OF THE MONTH.

DR. LUDWIG WINDTHORST—NOTES FROM PARIS—THE GIRL'S CLUB CHORAL COMPETITION.

DR. LUDWIG WINDTHORST.

The death of Dr. Windthorst, which took place after only three days' illness, concludes a period in the history of Germany, especially parliamentary and political Germany, which is of the gravest importance and certainly deserves considerable attention. Dr. Windthorst died in the height and glory of his success, when he had seen almost completely fulfilled his ideals—the abrogation of the "Kulturkampf" laws. He was not only the wonderfully successful leader of the "Centre party" in the "Reichstag" and "Landtag" respectively, and consequently also of the Catholics in Germany, but the most able parliamentarian and politician, the greatest parliamentary strategist and diplomatist out of office who ever lived, at least in Germany. The life-work which he accomplished during the last two decades, and the place he had created himself and occupied up to his end, leave a gap which will not, which cannot, be filled by any one of his survivors. He has done more for the development of parliamentary liberty and tactics in the young constitutional bodies, and for the general welfare of the country than any one of his contemporaries. And however widely one may differ from the tendencies he followed, it is true that he had not a single personal foe either in the "Reichstag" or "Landtag," and certainly none amongst the reasonable and educated classes in the whole German Empire, a fact which says much for a man who during twenty-four years stood continually in the very thick of political strife. Windthorst knew no pride, and his private life was pure and exemplary and of the most simple description. Without envy, the leaders of the other parties acknowledged his wonderful intellectual working power, the almost unlimited range of his acquirements, his extraordinary tactical skill and, above all, the noble unselfishness and disinterestedness of his character. Hence it can be understood how he was loved by those who preferred to be led by him.

All kinds of eulogistic adjectives have been applied to him in great

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abundance and variety; but all seem inadequate to do justice to his exceptional attainments. One must have known him personally, must have witnessed in the "Reichstag" what it meant when Windthorst was going to speak. The rumour, as it passed along, affected his fellow-members magnetically, so to speak, with that sense of awe which attaches to the presence of some superior power. And when he lifted his voice there was instantly deep silence, and many a member left his seat and moved as near as possible towards him, in order that not a single sound might escape their attentive ears. He spoke distinctly and slowly, and his speeches were dialectical masterpieces.

Windthorst, as is well known, was the most formidable and effective opponent of Bismarck, and one of the chief, if not *the* chief, cause of his premature retirement. The contest between them, as it was conducted, has no precedent. It was a bitter contest between physique and intellect—Windthorst being rather diminutive in size—between force and wisdom, between the iron sword and a wise strategy. Bismarck was never intellectually able to beat Windthorst; while, on the other hand, it is an established historical fact that the "Little Excellency" or "Pearl of Meppen," as he was generally called, has beaten, thoroughly beaten Bismarck.

It must be taken into consideration that Bismarck and a great number of influential Prussians had, after the Franco-German war, become somewhat intoxicated by the glorious victory, by the sudden change from slavery into mastership, and it required a long and painful experience before there dawned a slight consciousness of the position, of the purposes, aims and duties of a leading European nation in the latter part of the 19th century, not so much towards Foreign Powers as with regard to the rights and liberty of the individuals of whom collectively the State is composed. To lay restriction on the ordinary liberty of the people, to interfere grossly with the conscience of nearly twenty millions of Catholic inhabitants, to spoil the property of private bodies and corporations, to persecute the Jews, to create exceptional laws against the Socialists and not to allow the ventilation of grievances and complaints, from whatever quarter they came, no matter whether just and reasonable, are, in our present enlightened age, dark spots in the movement of a nation, and the one who follows such principles has certainly very little claim to be a statesman. Bismarck has done it; he began with the historical "'Kulturkampf," and for no other reason and without any other motive than to exercise and increase the arbitrary power of the Government, at the time so absolutely embodied in himself. He accused a man with the most genuine patriotic heart of lacking in national feelings or possessing no patriotism at all, expelled him from the country, or sent him to prison simply on account of a difference of opinion, no matter whether one had returned from the war full of honours and as a cripple, or the brother or some other near relative had paid their patriotic tribute on the battlefields with their own blood. And whatever service

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Bismarck may have done to Germany, and however successful he may have been with regard to foreign policy, there is much to be said of what he might have left undone in home affairs, for which the application of the antiquated *régime*, to exercise unscrupulously arbitrary power, was certainly out of date. His conception of the spirit of the time, and of the relationship existing between the individual and the Government —as our present state of civilization conceives them—was certainly greatly defective. In his latter part of his official career he seemed to have recognized his errors, more or less compulsorily, and he studied his opponents and learned more of them than he ever before would have dreamt of.

Windthorst began his campaign under very critical circumstances and with very little prospects. The most powerful statesman in the world was against him, and although qualitatively of some importance, he formed numerically with all his followers a very weak opposition. But being confident of the just causes behind him he was not afraid; he had his fixed aims, towards which he pushed on, and never lost sight of them. Like a great commander-in-chief, he was fighting strictly in accordance with audaciously drawn-up plans, at the same time wisely utilising all the circumstances. With his admirable ability he never confined himself to the questions which awaited decision, but used their attainment only as a means for arriving at other ultimate objects. He was never led astray, he never lost his dispassionate diplomatical tendency, however critical and heated the moment might have become, and at all times he kept his way open for farther advancement. He was extremely resolute and considerate, and ready at any moment to speak on any question; and through his witty expressions, with which he very often intermingled his speech, he managed frequently to deceive his opponents as to his far-sighted plans, and to give the most important and vital matters a harmless and unimportant appearance. Bismarck cast all kinds of reproach against Windthorst's patriotism. But Windthorst was always ready with a fitting answer. On one such occasion, when I happened to be present in the house, I remember his words: "For what purpose are we sent here by our constituencies? Under what pretext do we possess a Parliament? If we should not be allowed to change our opinions on one question or the other, then we better go home and leave the Legislature entirely in the hands of the Government! And, however much our views in the House may differ, however strongly we may find ourselves here opposed to each other, with regards to any foreign enemy we stand closely united as one body, every moment ready to take the arms."

The Centre party had in the meantime grown gradually, until it reached the number of 139 members in the "Reichstag," and until it formed a phalanx against which the ordinary means of parliamentary tactics and conjoint action of the respective governments were powerless. Windthorst was a man of great power of will, of a firmness and inflexibility

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only to be met with in very singular cases. He never gave way until Bismarck came to terms with him—that is to say, Bismarck had to buy the concessive policy of Windthorst by consenting to abrogate the "Kulturkampf" laws. Only at such a price could the centrifugal movements and the particularistic tendencies be bought. Windthorst never gave one jot without being sure of receiving full value in return. By his undoubted intellectual superiority he understood how always to lay hold of the most opportune moment in order to procure decisive power for his party and carry through his plans. And thus for the last ten or twelve years every important decision of the "Reichstag" rested practically in Windthorst's hands. He found in Leo XIII. an equally skilled confederate, who, with his characteristically diplomatic acuteness, availed himself of the means which were offered to him by Windthorst. A few years ago, when Bismarck dissolved the inflexible Parliament and appealed to Rome in order to carry through his Septennate Army Bill, and when Leo XIII. issued the direction to the German Catholics to give their approval, Windthorst declared publicly that in religious matters he would willingly submit himself to the Papal order, but in political questions he would only be governed by his patriotic and parliamentary conscience. However, he relinquished his opposition, saying, that he had not changed his opinion, but he neither wished to embarrass the Government nor to cause ill-feeling amongst the Catholics —and thus the Bill became law. On this and other occasions a clash with Rome was threatening, but always avoided by the dispassionate diplomacy of the Vatican as well as of Windthorst. He died as he had lived, the leader of the German Catholics, and the Catholic Church never possessed a more doughty, a more valiant, and a more successful champion of her interests than Windthorst, and in his last days Leo XIII. showed fully how he recognized his services by sending him the Papal blessing and conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Gregorius.

In spite of the impassable gulf of the political antagonism, Windthorst was for many years a regular guest at Bismarck's luncheon or dinner parties. And a few weeks before his death at a dinner at the Reichskanzler von Caprivi's he was drawn by the Emperor into a long and searching conversation, wherein he justified the refusal of the new Steamer Bill. And how much the Emperor esteemed him—the very one who till recently had always to endure to be called a betrayer of the Fatherland—can be seen by the fact that on hearing the news of his illness he immediately drove to the modest residence in the Alte Jacobstrasse in order to inquire after his health, that the Empress sent him a bouquet to his sick-bed as a sign of special favour, and that a special attendant represented the Court at the funeral.

A. WINTER.

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NOTES FROM PARIS.

Parisians are so accustomed now to "manifestations" which come to nothing, that not even the dynamite, though a new feature, had power to disturb their equanimity on this last 1st of May. The streets were quieter than usual, there was less of the roll of carriages and more of the hum of voices, but everything went on as on other days, and well-dressed ladies paid visits as usual, only avoiding the Place de la Concorde, where from time to time a sort of roar arose, when the police or the military charged the crowd. As smiling *élégantes* took leave of hostesses, the careless question, "You know that Rothschild's house will probably be blown up?" was the only notice taken of the events of the day. "Ah bah! il n'arrivera rien!" became the conclusion universally adopted by the gay talkers of *salons;* and after all, they were not mistaken in their expectations, so far as the present time was concerned. But we have noticed a much more serious appreciation of the general symptoms on the part of high military authorities and politicians. All speak gravely, seeming to consider the evil day as only deferred, and the coming deadly struggle as inevitable, with a most uncertain result. A celebrated General, holding the command of an important army corps, said to us, that "those fellows" (the Socialists) were getting everything into their hands, and although such manifestations, announced beforehand and carefully guarded against, were not dangerous in themselves, yet the spirit, now fermenting among the lower classes and constantly increasing in power, must end in some terrible social explosion, which will come with unexpected force and carry all before it.

The one idea which now reigns in all classes is how to get money, no matter by what means. It is not the "struggle for life," it is the struggle for luxury, and the means of gratifying every sensual appetite. The solemn magnificence attending high rank in some aristocratic circles is not what attracts the envy of the crowd; they are rather inclined to laugh at it, but they all long for the comfortable prettiness of Parisian modern luxury. The "nouveaux riches" never imitate the gloomy Louis Quatorze grandeur of the old Faubourg Saint-Germain; when they have the power of purchasing one of those ancestral dwellings, it is quickly modified and completely modernized. Only those who have been "brought up to it," could feel at ease in large and lofty rooms of ancient splendour, with their heavy antique furniture, rich gildings and carvings, but complete absence of modern comfort; grim old ancestors scowling down from the walls at intruders; all the stiff-backed chairs placed in two rows on each side of the fire-place; not a lounge, not an easy chair, not a cosy corner; the noble mistress of the house, seated in the middle of the room, very upright and very stately, with a small table by her side, where rests her basket of work, or perhaps, though more rarely, a book.

But small apartments, with "cabinet" pictures, Pompadour silks and

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downy cushions, with a multitude of pretty trifles cast around, so that it is scarcely possible to move freely; draperies everywhere, and portraits of supposed "grandmothers," with powdered hair and roses; flowers and perfumes; smart servants, smart carriages and showy horses; excellent dinners, amusing theatres—this is what all wish to have and try to get. No one is satisfied with mediocrity, and in the vain hope of reaching the goal with the golden gate, every one speculates madly. Some succeed, and large fortunes made at the Bourse are quoted, which of course only increases the general frenzy to get rich by any means, for few scruples of conscience come in the way. All classes gamble at the Bourse, either directly or indirectly, through the medium of bankers offering interest at from 60 to 120 per cent., who suddenly disappear with the money entrusted to them, as might have been expected. Several such instances have occurred this winter, and many poor dupes, having risked their all in such speculations, have been utterly ruined. Then comes a furious hatred against the wealthy speculators, and the great banking houses, "les voleurs," as they are then called, who would fare badly in any Socialist commotion. The anarchists have openly declared their determination to blow up the great banks (especially those held by Hebrews), the Opera-house, and the private dwellings of well-known capitalists. The old aristocracy would seem to be comparatively forgotten, they are not the present enemies; the particular objects of hatred are the "nouveaux riches," who have made money rapidly by successful speculations, which have ruined others.

The rage for money-making began during the Empire. Previously, there was only too much placidity, too much indifference as regards the possibility of improving positions and fortunes. People inherited a small, safe income; called themselves "rentiers," and cared for no lucrative occupation or profession. They lived very plainly, and were perfectly satisfied with small, inconvenient apartments with tiled floors, and only tiny squares of carpet placed before each chair, to protect the feet of visitors from the cold. They had probably no regular servant, and only a *femme de ménage* who came for a few hours a day. Madame had one or, at most, two silk dresses; the daughters wore only cheap materials till they married, when they began again, under another roof, the lives that their mothers had lived before them. And it was all very quiet and very pleasant. They had friends, plain people like themselves, who came every now and then to drink what they imagined to be tea, and to eat hot "brioches" (the French substitute for English Sally Lunns). They had also a few dances to amuse *la jeunesse*, for which one or two "tarlatane" muslin dresses were considered a sufficient provision for the season.

Usually one of those festive occasions served as an introduction to an interesting young gentleman, got up to look as completely like a hairdresser's assistant as possible, carefully curled and very fascinating, intended to be shown to the daughter *à marier*, for approval. The

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whole thing, of course, was prepared beforehand; the suitor announced as *très-bien*, a respectable family, as much money to begin with as the *dot* of the young lady and a good many relations not likely to live long. This is called having "des espérances," "beaucoup d'espérances." The young lady having herself probably a satisfactory background of invalid uncles and aunts, there would be every prospect of a favourable conclusion. All this answered very well; such lives are still seen in the provinces, and they are as happy as need be. In Paris, all this went on undisturbed through the reign of Louis Philippe.

But when the Empire came, Napoleon III., with the intention of favouring the interests of trade, and also of raising his own position, chose to have everything connected with his Court on a scale of great magnificence, and gave splendid *fêtes*. But who attended the Court balls? Not the old French aristocracy, with few exceptions, and those generally of the least estimable kind. The majority of the great families, partly from political opposition, but perhaps still more from pride of lineage, would not condescend to cross the threshold of the Tuileries. So the doors were thrown open to all who chose to come. The *grands bals* were accessible to all, even those in the least distinguished positions; nothing was so easy as to get an invitation. There were four balls during the season, for each of which 4000 cards were issued. Of course, all those who knew nothing of aristocratic circles tried to be admitted to fairyland. They were dazzled, fascinated, and could no longer be content to live as they had lived before. The *petits bals* of the Empress were more select; but the dearth of French aristocracy opened the doors to foreigners—Russians, covered with jewels, North and South Americans, showering dollars, whose fortunes had grown like soap-bubbles. The origin of all this wealth was whispered; some lucky speculation—some wonderful investment; the brilliantly dressed *élégantes* who feared no expense, and astounded the *couturières* by their unlimited orders, had begun very humbly, and stories were told of their early days. Then came a frenzied desire to go and do likewise. Many speculations in the early days of the Empire were successful; the Emperor's friends made large fortunes rapidly. How, no one cared to ask. They were rich, they were powerful, they led the fashionable world, and any antediluvian scruples were quickly silenced. Money, like fire, seemed to purify itself. The contagion spread rapidly. Nothing but money was thought of; rich girls, whose fortunes had the most disgraceful origin, married even into families on the borders of the great Faubourg Saint-Germain. The keen edge of old French honour was blunted. From the higher classes it reached the lower—the slow growth of fortune by legitimate trade or industry no longer satisfied hopes and expectations. Riches must come at once by a "coup de Bourse," or by some wonderful speculation.

Some succeed, and are then stigmatised as "voleurs," perhaps not always unjustly; the vast majority fail, after having lost the competency

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which they despised, and which satisfied their fathers. Disappointed ambition for some, disappointed covetousness for others, producing an under-current of hatred and rebellion, which is now a permanent threat against all social institutions. Several recent violent publications have attracted great notice, attacking some eminent financial houses, especially all those in any way connected with Hebrews. Some terrible attempt at destruction directed against such capitalists is by no means unlikely, sooner or later; but such would evidently be only the beginning of a great general conflagration.

The Girls' Club Choral Competition.

The London Girls' Club Union Choral Competition was this year quite an important event. We have before now spoken as to the great value of this Girls' Club movement, inaugurated and splendidly carried forward by the Hon. Maude Stanley, whose untiring work in such matters is well known; but the use of music in the movement, and the practical result of its teaching, to be determined by a competition, is a comparative novelty of only three years' standing.

The competition was held in the beautiful Hall of the Benchers of the Inner Temple, and was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and her two daughters. The interest shown by the Princess's presence on this occasion was most thoroughly and heartily appreciated by the work girls of London, and must indeed be gratefully acknowledged by all who have the movement at heart. A year ago a similar competition was held in the same place, and it is most interesting to note the wonderful musical improvement even a year's work has produced, more to be heard in the much higher general average than in any individual case. To raise the musical average year by year is what all such societies should consider their greatest achievement. On this occasion nothing was bad, and a great deal of work was remarkably good, testifying to careful instruction and willing practice. The prize for sight-singing, given by Miss Wakefield, for which there were only three entries, is still capable of much further development; but there is no reason to think that this important branch of musical instruction, new this year to the Club Union, will not rise in average just as that of the performance of Part-songs has done. Its value, musically, is far before that of the performance of any piece of part-music, and we are sure that another year the teachers will appreciate this fact, and endeavour to impart to their pupils a desire to excel in this all-important respect.

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ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. By GEORGE MEREDITH. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Like many other remarkable authors, Mr. George Meredith demands from us a special point of view and almost a new method of criticism. If we approach him as a novelist who has an interesting story to tell us, we are bound to be disappointed, for the elements of romance, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, are just those which Mr. Meredith neglects. On the other hand, the judgment which finds in his work only a sort of elaborated Chinese puzzle is equally false, for the labour which we expend over one of his creations is emphatically not spent in vain, but rewards us with a rich interest in psychological knowledge and graphic characterization. In the last of his novels, 'One of our Conquerors,' the usual qualities are present. The same *primâ facie* difficulty, the same eccentric powers of description, the same fondness for an aphoristic style; but, as we read, the characters grow upon us, and the Nesta and the Nataly of Mr. Meredith's latest romance stand out clearly defined as pathetic personages, full of the complex charm of actual life. It is impossible to summarise such a novel as this. We can only suggest that it deals in its own fashion with the old problems of free love and unconventionality, and the eternal struggle between the individual and the society which in many ways imprisons him, a struggle which always ends in the victory of the stronger battalions. For our part we dislike the aphorisms, because, however good they may be, they are in reality a somewhat poor form of industry in which many even second-rate writers can obtain a good deal of distinction.

PHILOMYTHUS. By Dr. EDWIN A. ABBOTT. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Dr. Abbott's book has already provoked an acute controversy in one of the literary journals. It is not surprising that such should have been the result of its publication, for the book is very plain spoken, and deals in a somewhat truculent manner with a man who, rightly or wrongly, has been accounted one of the ecclesiastical heroes of the time. The object of Dr. Abbott's book is to expose the credulity of Cardinal Newman, especially in his essays dealing with ecclesiastical miracles. The criticism appears to us to be extremely successful, although the

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manner and spirit in which the attack has been conducted leaves something wanting on the score of ordinary courtesy and politeness. Dr. Abbott is careful to say that he does not criticise the man, but only his system of thought. This, however, is a distinction which it is almost impossible to maintain in the course of a prolonged and acute controversy, and it is natural enough that the many friends and followers of Cardinal Newman should have felt aggrieved at the acerbity with which the doctrines of so distinguished an ecclesiastic have been handled. Apart, however, from the personal aspects, the book is an extremely able one, and the protest which the author makes against some of the weaknesses of credulity is one which is specially appropriate to an age like ours, alike distinguished for the wantonness of its scepticism and the absurdity of its superstitions.

LUXURY. By EMILE DE LAVELEYE. (*Swan Sonnenschein & Co.*) Monsieur de Laveleye strikes the key-note of his treatise on Luxury, when he says that in treating of a moral science "our search should be for *what might be*, and above all for *what ought to be*." His claims and expectations are those of an idealist, his standard that of a Puritan. An asceticism so uncompromising is a hard saying for an age in which many things that M. de Lavaleye condemns as unjustifiable luxuries, have become the necessities of our social life. "All that administers to rational needs" he admits to be legitimate and good, but he allows of no elasticity in the term, and defines our "rational needs" within very strict limits. Whilst exalting the Christian standard as the highest type to which man's moral nature can aspire, in so far as it neglects the physical development of the individual he places it behind the Greek ideal, and points to the latter as our example for the normal development of all the faculties. Luxury, by diverting us from the ideal life, encourages habits of self-indulgence, and thus prevents the well-balanced growth of the individual and consequently of the State. All that M. de Laveleye says is noble and stimulating, and though there may and probably will arise prophets assuring us that his theories are unpractical, we cannot put down his eloquent and suggestive book without feeling that it would be better for us and for our country if, like him, we had the courage to set up St. Paul and Socrates as our models.

THE DE QUINCEY MEMORIALS. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D. (*Heinemann.*) We cordially agree with Dr. Japp's opinion that there is a peculiar charm about every member of the De Quincey family, and it is clear from the letters of the mother and sisters that they possessed a remarkable facility in composition, and at times a rare felicity of expression which reminds us of the more famous Thomas. Dr. Japp has done his work well. The letters in themselves are of uncommon interest, the transition from one to the other is made as

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smooth as the exigencies of the case would allow, and moreover the book has been kept within reasonable limits. The early letters of Wordsworth to his boy-admirer De Quincey are well worth preserving, and those of Dorothy Wordsworth, when the acquaintance thus begun had ripened into a warm and life-long friendship, are perhaps still more delightful. Altogether it is a pleasant picture which these 'Memorials' offer us, and even the sternness of De Quincey's mother seems to us to have been a little exaggerated. At any rate, many of her letters breathe a tenderness toward the wayward son, who must often have sorely tried her earnest spirit, which we should hardly have expected from the disciple of Hannah More. This book may not add very much to our knowledge of the family circumstances, but at least, by bringing us into personal contact with each member in turn, it brings into prominence their most amiable characteristics, and that this should be the result of such an ordeal is a strong point in their favour. Altogether we think that Dr. Japp is to be congratulated on the success of his work.

THE COMING TERROR. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. We are surprised that Mr. Buchanan should have thought it worth while to reproduce such ephemeral and often unintelligible essays as are grouped together under this alarming title. He is, as he truly says, "out of harmony with the minority as well as with the majority, and little likely to find favour with either party." But a gentleman who rails indiscriminately against Liberalism, Trades Unionism, Socialism, Zola-ism, Huxley-ism, the new Journalism, Militarism, and what he is pleased to call the Puritanism of Science, will scarcely expect to find himself popular with that "modern young man as critic" who seems to be the object of his deepest detestation. We do not profess to understand Mr. Buchanan's point of view, and we have long ceased to hope for even the appearance of consistency in his writings; but we do think that even a small amount of ordinary consideration and good taste would have suggested the omission of the numerous and offensive personal references, and the passages which were "too outspoken for the columns of the daily newspapers of the period."

FORTY YEARS IN A MOORLAND PARISH. By the Rev. J. G. ATKINSON, D.C.L. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is much to be wished that more people would follow Mr. Atkinson's example, and preserve for posterity the curiosities of speech and of manner to be found amongst the people of England. But few observers have Mr. Atkinson's opportunities or qualifications. His book is a perfect mine of information concerning the dialect, history and customs of North Yorkshire, and it is written with a knowledge and insight born only of long study and quick sympathy with the Dalesmen. As an example of his literary power we might cite the description which he gives of his first ride to

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his lonely parish, and of the condition of the church, which was used as a refectory for the Sunday-school teachers. That he is a born lover of Nature no one who reads the later chapters, in which he paints the moorland landscape in its autumn and winter beauties, can for a moment doubt; but the greatest merit of the book is its invaluable additions to our knowledge of English folk-lore and of local antiquities. We do not remember to have met before with so good an account of the ceremonies connected with bees, and the communication to them of the news of the death of their master. Much that Mr. Atkinson has to say about wedding and funeral customs will serve to illustrate the theories of Dr. Tylor and others, and will be doubly valuable as evidence admitting of contemporary verification. Indeed, any one who knows Yorkshire and Yorkshiremen to any extent will feel that the life-likeness and truthfulness of the picture here given can scarcely be too highly praised.

FAMOUS GOLF LINKS. Edited by HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (*Longmans & Co.*) Until we read Mr. Hutchinson's valuable collection of essays we confess that we were in the depths of heathen ignorance with regard to the number and variety of excellent links to be found within the United Kingdom. We knew, of course, that for the majority of our acquaintance there was but one absorbing pursuit, the game which, though at first regarded "with contemptuous compassion," wins for itself recognition even at the hands of Corporations and railway directors when found "to have money in it." But this is unpardonable levity; we beg Mr. Hutchinson's pardon, we should have said cult, not game. True worshippers at the shrine will find in this little volume all the information that the heart of Golfer can desire, and even the uninitiated will with ourselves enjoy the lively descriptions of the scenes of so much sorrow and joy.

A RIDE TO INDIA. By HARRY DE WINDT. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Mr. de Windt's account of his journey in mid-winter, attended only by a Russian servant, from the shores of the Caspian to those of the Indian Ocean, would have been a valuable addition to our knowledge of those regions, had he so far respected his readers as to condescend to distinguish between original observation and quotation. As a traveller's journal of no slight literary merit we are ready to enjoy his book; but when an author lays claim to original discovery, we feel that at least he is bound to tell us what previous efforts in that direction have been made. It is absurd to find Mr. de Windt writing of Baluchistan as though he were indeed "the first who ever burst into that silent sea." The most ignorant of readers will suspect that a country so close to India can hardly be a "terra incognita," and, as a matter of fact, it has been visited by a long line of travellers since Sir Henry Pottinger first traversed it in 1816. A few footnotes explanatory of such points would

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have removed from Mr. de Windt the suspicion of ignorance or of literary arrogance, without in any way detracting from the charm of a well-written book of travels. We hope that in a later edition he will see fit to supply this omission.

MEMOIRS OF SIDNEY GILCHRIST THOMAS. By R. W. BURNIE. (*John Murray.*) We have here another addition to the long list of Biographies of struggling men of genius. Thomas, who lived long enough to attain great fame as an inventor, though still dying prematurely, was of an ardent, aspiring temperament, and of indomitable will, notwithstanding his feeble frame. His parents were of the middle class; but as his father died early, the battle of life began very soon for young Thomas. While acting as clerk at one of the Metropolitan Police Courts, he grappled for years with a problem which had defied the finest scientific spirits and the greatest chemists of the age—the dephosphorization of pig-iron in the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes. Success at length crowned his efforts; but when he announced his discovery at the Meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, his statement was received with jeers and incredulous smiles. But his patents soon convinced the scientists that he was correct, and in a few years the whole iron trade throughout the world acknowledged the enormous value of his invention. Thomas's letters reveal a tender and generous nature, and one almost womanly in its sympathy. Unfortunately he did not live long enough to push on to further scientific conquests. Mr. Burnie's account of this hero of industry is most interesting.

NEW GRUB STREET. By GEORGE GISSING. (*Smith, Elder & Co.*) "I want to deal with the essentially unheroic, with the day-to-day life of the vast majority of people who are at the mercy of paltry circumstances." This literary aim, which Mr. Gissing puts into the mouth of one of his characters, is clearly his own object in his latest work. His characters are for the most part emphatically unheroic, and the one or two who by their ideals and aspirations rise above the common herd are the victims of miserably sordid conditions. Throughout the three closely-written volumes there is little or no relief from the monotone of poverty, failure, ineffectual struggle, and ignoble success. Where our sympathy is awakened, as with Marian Reardon and Biffen, we are called on to suffer; only when our contempt is aroused, as with Jasper Milvain, are we allowed to congratulate. We would fain believe that this powerful picture of the strain and stress of literary and journalistic competition is painted in too sombre colours, and that life is less relentless than realism. This, of the book as a whole; taken separately, the characters are drawn with vigorous, life-like touches. Each stands out from the canvas in strong and well-defined

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individuality; but in the relentless setting of "paltry circumstances" they are allowed little freedom of action, and are constrained by conditions as painful as they are unpicturesque. Deeply interesting as the book is, we feel that it is not Art, and we trust that it is not Life.

A RAINBOW AT NIGHT. By M. E. Le Clerc. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) A disappointing novel. When we read the first volume, we rejoiced to have found a fresh and pleasant story written to preach no new doctrine and to expose no social evils. But when we began Vol. II. we wished that the writer had brought her tale to an end before she became enamoured of the manner without possessing the matter of Miss Yonge. For, oddly enough, a very pretty novel suddenly drops down to the level of the domestic tale, "which any girl might show to her mother," as the 'Saturday Reviewer' once had it. The authoress seems to get tired of her characters, substitutes description for action, and brings her book to a lame and impotent conclusion, at which her readers feel that they have a right to be aggrieved. This is the greater pity, in that she had got together some really good material, and in Ambrose Stapleton, at any rate, had created a character worth the trouble of developing.

KINSFOLK. By Mary Deane. (*Hurst & Blackett.*) Miss Deane's novel is an extremely careful and elaborate piece of workmanship in which the authoress handles the historical characters and incidents at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Perhaps the plot becomes to some extent too intricate, owing to the multiplicity of prominent personages, but it is impossible not to praise the earnestness and zeal with which Miss Deane has elaborated an extremely conscientious study of an obviously difficult period.

PRETTY MISS SMITH. By Florence Warden. (*Heinemann.*) This is a very good story of the type which is usually to be found in paper covers upon railway bookstalls, and though not in a paper cover, and devoid, therefore, of those attractive and blood-curdling illustrations therewith connected, it is sufficiently interesting to while away the most tedious of journeys. As we should expect from the authoress of 'The House in the Marsh,' there is a terrible mystery connected with 'Pretty Miss Smith' and her fortune, which defies our ingenuity until we are almost at the end of the story. To hint at its unravelling would be to spoil the pleasure of future readers, and we will only say that this is a book heartily to be recommended to those suffering from ennui.

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A MODERN MARRIAGE. By the MARQUISE CLARA LANZA.

LOS CERRITOS. By GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON. (*Heinemann.*)

We have received these two novels, which resemble one another externally, and, to a certain extent, internally. That is to say, they both deal with modern American life, but there is a wide difference between them in manner of treatment. 'A Modern Marriage' undoubtedly has power, and we believe that the writer's intention has been to point the moral of what she seems to consider the prevailing social system; but it is as unpleasant a story as we remember to have met with. The characters introduced are in the highest degree unattractive, and the picture of fashionable life in New York most repulsive. The heroine breaks all the commandments beginning with the eighth, and seems scarcely to give even a passing thought to her husband's honour and happiness. It is a relief to turn to the idyllic purity of Carmelita in Mrs. Atherton's Californian romance. There is a distinct reminiscence of Mr. Bret Harte in a good many passages of 'Los Cerritos,' but there is also a grace and delicacy of handling which are Mrs. Atherton's own. Peculiarly original, too, is the notion of the tree-lover, into whose ear the innocent daughter of the woods pours all her joys and sorrows. The padre, with his secret sorrow, and the rich American, who finds in Carmelita and her beautiful surroundings the ideal of his dreams, are both in their way vividly pictured, and the quaint dialect in which much of the story is written gives it a charm of its own.

THE PRINCE OF THE GLADES. By HANNAH LYNCH. (*Methuen & Co.*) This is a fascinating book, full of the hopeless romance, and the vague, unreal sadness which belong to Ireland's history. "Un rêve bien triste, mais non pas la vie," as the half-Parisian sister of the disinherited Prince sighs sadly over her struggling country. But it is in Godfrey himself, the son of a line of kings, dwelling beside the enchanted lake and by the graves of his ancestors, passionately devoted to his country whilst despising the ignorant peasants who are his only companions, that the interest of the story centres. How love penetrates his solitude, and patriotism leads him to cast in his lot with the Fenians, we leave it to the reader to discover, only warning him to steel his heart against the pitiful ending which we think the authoress might have spared us. Although the note of sadness thus predominates, there are not wanting scenes in which a brighter key is struck, notably the vigorous chapters which describe the heroine's sixty-mile ride to warn the conspirators on the eve of their arrest. Altogether 'The Prince of the Glades' is above the average of novels.

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FROTH: A NOVEL. By ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÈS. Translated from the Spanish by CLARA BELL. (*Heinemann.*) Mr. Heinemann's International Series is full of interesting volumes. The latest of these is a Spanish romance which forms a very striking and clever study of modern Spanish society. The book can hardly be called a novel, for it has no obvious beginning or end. It is a leaf torn from the contemporary records of Madrid, and, viewed from this standpoint, it presents us with a series of characters drawn with great fidelity and acumen. Apart from the heroine Clementina, there is nothing better than the study of an essentially Philistine but wealthy nobleman, the Duke de Requena. Some of the descriptions are well worthy of notice, especially one towards the close of the book, which paints in vivid colours the desolation of a mining district. To all who care for vivid characterization of the life of a foreign capital in all its artificiality and its mingled comedy and pathos, we can honestly recommend Signor Valdès's 'Froth.'

SPORTING SKETCHES. By DIANE CHASSERESSE. (*Macmillan & Co.*) One criticism that irresistibly forced itself on us while reading this book was that, amongst other sportsmanlike accomplishments, the authoress had great skill in handling the long bow. But fact is stranger than fiction, and on the last page we have the authoress's assurance that these delightful sketches have the additional merit of being absolutely true. They are tales of sport and adventure by flood and field, told with a vividness and directness that infect the reader with the enthusiasm and keenness of enjoyment of the writer. The early sketches of child-life and sport in the Highlands are *taillès sur le vif*, and are the best things in the book. There is no attempt at writing for effect or of heightening the impression by elaborate treatment, but the very air of the Highlands blows through these pages. Though the scenery painting is subordinate to the sporting experiences, we are conscious as we read of the mountains and burns, of the moors and rocks among which these pleasures were pursued, pleasures which entailed an amount of energy, pluck, and endurance, which we generally associate with the avocations of the sterner sex. The account of "Trots," the pet beaver let loose in a West-end London house, is told with great humour.

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